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Smith, Henry Boynton, 1815-
1877.
Henry Boynton Smith



Henry B. Smith

HENRY BOYNTON SMITH.

HIS

LIFE AND WORK.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

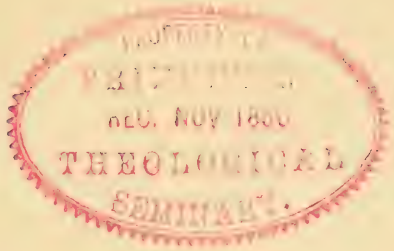
Elizabeth Lee (Allen) Smith

WITH PORTRAIT ON STEEL BY RITCHIE.

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1881.

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1880,
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Death, the dark Angel, placed within my hand
A goodly picture set with jewels rare :
He spake no word ; he gave me no command,
Whether to hoard it or its worth declare.
Keep it, lone heart, thy treasure through the years !
No gaud is this to please the careless crowd,
Heart's blood its rubies and its pearls are tears,
Fame's faintest breath its purity will cloud.
—Nay, 'tis the Master's work, and His own touch
Graces the picture with divinest art ;
He in white raiment trod our earthly soil,
Nothing for Him too sacred or too much!
His works shall praise Him, and the loyal heart
Is no less praise than all the life-long toil.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This volume in memory of my husband has been prepared with special reference to his many students in this and other lands, in the assurance that the better knowledge of himself will give increased honor to his memory and emphasis to his teachings.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to many friends for contributions to its pages; particularly to the venerable Professor A. S. Packard of Bowdoin College and Rev. Dr. Withington of Newburyport, to Rev. Cyrus Hamlin of Constantinople, Professor Park of Andover, President Seelye of Amherst, Professor March of Lafayette College, and Rev. Drs. Hastings and Vincent of New York.

The important counsel and assistance of the two life-long friends of my husband, Professor Goodwin of Philadelphia and Dr. Prentiss of New York, are also most thankfully acknowledged.

E. L. S.

Northampton, Mass., *June*, 1880.

PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

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HENRY BOYNTON SMITH.

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.—1815–1837.

Henry Boynton Smith was born in Portland, Maine, on the twenty-first of November, 1815.

"And what is this Maine, which produces men like these?" once asked Professor Tholuck, of Halle. The question has sometimes needed to be answered, even on this side of the Atlantic; for this border State, with its noble scenery, the rough, strong virtues of its country people, and the quiet culture of its towns, is somewhat remote from the central current of affairs. Yet its influence has been widely felt in the character of many who have gone out from it into the more stirring life of other States, retaining a devoted and even romantic attachment for their early home.

No city on our coast has a fairer site and outlook than Portland,

> "The beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea."

It was equally conspicuous in former days for the dignity of its social life—the days when Payson and Nichols were its divines, when Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow and Grenville Mellen were its youthful poets, and their fathers were among its jurists, and when brilliant and cultured men like John Neal and Charles Stewart Daveis were in their prime. It was an auspicious birthplace whose attractions kept their hold through life.

Rev. John Smith, the paternal grandfather of Henry Boynton, was born in Stonington, Connecticut, and was a graduate of Princeton College and Seminary. He was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in Dighton, Massachusetts, where a large family of sons and daughters were born. In 1802 he removed as a missionary to the vicinity of Canandaigua, New York, to which town he gave six thousand acres of land in order to found a seminary of learning. Afterwards he lived in Pennsylvania, and still later in Kentucky. Most of his children found homes in Kentucky and Illinois. One of his brothers was Rev. Isaac Smith, for more than twenty years the minister of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, from its first settlement; another, was Judge Smith of Plainfield, New Hampshire, for some years a trustee of Dartmouth College. Numerous descendants of still another brother remain in Norwich and Plainfield, Connecticut, among the well-known families of Coits, Lanmans, and Huntingtons.

In the large family of Rev. John Smith, the only son who remained in New England was Henry, the father of Professor Smith. He became a successful merchant in Portland, where he lived many years, admired and esteemed for his fine personal qualities, and for his high character. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and of the most delicate sense of honor and courtesy. After the failure, from no fault of his own, of the business firm to which he belonged, he lived, for years, in the straitest economy, in order to pay, to their full amount, debts of the firm, for which it was not legally liable. He was an intelligent, public-spirited man, with

a high appreciation of scholarship, and he eagerly gave his sons every possible advantage of education. Later in life, after his pecuniary losses, he superintended a manufacturing establishment in the village of Saccarappa, seven miles from Portland. There he maintained an unusual care over the conduct and morals of his little community, admitting no one to his employ who had not signed the temperance pledge. As a father, he set a high standard for his sons and made strict requirements of them, while he was always companionable and tenderly affectionate.

His wife, the mother of Henry B. Smith, was Arixene Southgate, the daughter of Robert Southgate, and the granddaughter of Richard King, both of Scarborough, near Portland. The "History of Scarboro" gives the following account of Judge Southgate :*

"The late Hon. Robert Southgate was distinguished for acute and discriminating intellectual powers. He originated in Leicester, Mass., and established himself here before the Revolution, as a physician. In this profession he stood pre-eminent, but he relinquished the practice at the close of the last century, being then appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; and, although not bred a lawyer, but self-educated, he honored and dignified the office by his good, sound sense, and was highly esteemed both by the bar and the public.

"He was simple and plain in his manners, of easy access, social in interview, but rather severely laborious in his life. No individual in town ever performed more labor in the same period of time, or made greater improvements in husbandry than Judge Southgate. Agriculture was his delight. Few of his day better understood the adaptation of seeds to soils. Independent in property, he still devoted himself to all the duties of a practical farmer, even in old age. He was consulted by the inhabitants in all their difficulties, both public and private, who always found his responses faithful and true. His advice,

* From the manuscript notes of Rev. Nathan T. Tilton.

always gratuitously bestowed, saved them hundreds of vexatious lawsuits. Hence the remark became proverbial, that no lawyer could live by his profession in Scarborough while Judge Southgate survived. In one point of view he stood perhaps without a parallel, for he held a commission as Justice of the Peace for nearly forty years, and no case of the many decided by him was ever known to be tried at a higher court. Having survived his wife and eleven of twelve children, he closed his earthly career, November 2, 1833, literally worn down by the weight and toil of ninety-two long but useful years. Scarborough may never see his like again."

Judge Southgate's wife, the grandmother of Professor Smith, was Mary King, the sister of Rufus King, the statesman and diplomatist, and the half sister of William King, the first Governor of Maine. One of her sisters was the mother of Mrs. President Nathan Lord of Dartmouth College, and another was the mother of Harriet Porter, the second wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mrs. Southgate had the strong mind and character which pertained to her family, united with gentle, lady-like manners, and a heart of large charities.

Richard King, their father, was born in England. He was a man of prominence in his day, from his wealth and his long and faithful public services, as well as for his strong personal character. He was unjustly suspected of Tory principles, and the excitement against him was at one time so great, that his house was mobbed,—but, according to the statement of one of his granddaughters, there was no firmer foundation for this suspicion than the facts that he was born in England, and that, foreseeing the embargo, he had filled his barns with grain for the benefit of the poor. It is said of him that he was "a man of great energy and industry, a great reader, in public life honored and esteemed, and in private life beloved,"—"*a Christian gentleman.*"*

* History of Scarborough.

The unpretending old house of Richard King was still shown, at Dunstan's Landing, Scarborough, until 1878, when it was taken down. About half a mile distant stands the more commodious brick house, built by Judge Southgate, on a wooded rise of ground, commanding a wide outlook over the farm and woodlands, and the salt marshes which reach to Saco Bay. This pleasant home was inherited and kept by his oldest son, Horatio, after whose death, in 1864, it passed into the hands of strangers.

Here grew up a large family of sons and daughters. Of the latter, Hon. William Willis, the historian of Portland, wrote: "They were renowned for beauty and grace, and were everywhere the observed of all observers." Mary, who died in her beautiful youth, was the wife of Grenville Mellen; Eliza, whose loveliness is shown in one of Malbone's finest miniatures, was the wife of Hon. Walter Bowne, at one time Mayor of New York. Most of the others married in Portland. Their brother Frederick died while a tutor in Bowdoin College, leaving a memory which is still fragrant. A row of white head-stones in the old cemetery at Scarborough marks the graves of some of this household, who were early cut down by the same destroyer, consumption.

Arixene Southgate is described as singularly beautiful in person, with a calm dignity of manner, and a lovely yet strong character. From the time when she was a school-girl in Boston, she was the object of ardent admiration. She was the mother of five boys, two of whom died in infancy. Henry was the oldest of the three who survived her; he was five years old when she died. Her last days were triumphant in Christian faith. Her habitual reserve gave way to rapturous expressions of love to Christ, and hope in Him. A few days before her death, she asked to have her three little sons brought to her, and, as she sat in her bed, supported by pillows, she clasped her arms around them all at once, and sol-

emnly gave them to God. Although she lived for several days afterward, she declined to see them again. "Never," said the clergyman who attended her, "did I see a face more radiant with Heaven's peace and joy than hers." She died in 1820, at the age of twenty-seven.

Her place was filled, four years afterward, by one who has survived the three sons whom she trained with the wisest and most faithful care, which was repaid with rare filial devotion. This second mother, Sally Maynard, was born on the island of St. Croix, but came, when a child, with her father's family to Boston. For several years in her youth her home was at Scarborough, where she became an intimate friend of the Southgate family. "When I came home to them," said she, "their father brought Horatio, then four years old, and placed him in my lap. Then he led Henry and Frederick to me, one by each hand, and said, with a trembling voice, 'Train them for Christ.'"

Thus began a relation, which had the strongest and happiest influence upon Henry's character and life. His mother guided him in his studies, entered into his interests, and watched his moral growth with prayerful love. She was his most interesting companion and his most intimate friend. Her own words will best tell the story.

"There is little to record of Henry's childhood," writes his mother. "Where everything was so pure, obedient, and excellent, there is little that stands out prominently. We *expected* everything of him.

"He was nine years old when I became his mother; a bright, beautiful boy, gentle, good-tempered, obedient and lovely; so fond of reading that we found it difficult to induce him to take sufficient exercise, and had to resort to many expedients to keep him from books. His father told me that Henry could read *correctly* before any one knew that he had learned the alphabet. He read well when four years old. His first teacher, Mrs. Rachel Neal, mother of Mr. John Neal, said: 'That boy

learns everything without any teaching!' He went next to the public school, Mr. Joseph Libby being teacher. At both these schools he was recognized as 'a remarkable scholar.' I think that he went to the Portland Academy soon after he was ten years old, Mr. B. Cushman, Principal, where he was soon distinguished in all branches of study, and also for his amiable disposition and the loveliness of his deportment. He made rapid progress in all his studies. At home he was always kind, affectionate, and obliging. He studied in the family sitting-room, at the table at which we were all seated talking and often some one reading aloud an interesting book; it never seemed to disturb him, though, after he finished his lessons, he would often repeat to us parts of what we had said or read. (We did not give him a room to himself, as our object was to keep him from reading and studying too much.) He read everything, every book and paper that he could find; we could not restrain him. When he found anything that especially pleased him, he would follow me all over the house to read it to me: he craved sympathy. He read rapidly; he said to me, 'How is it that I often read sixty pages in an hour, and yet, when I try, it *always* takes me more than a minute to read a page?' He read understandingly, and remembered with wonderful accuracy, his perceptions were so quick and his memory so retentive. He said to me once: 'It seems to me that I have boxes in my head where I put things to remember, and shut them up and open each one when I want the thing in it.' His power of abstraction and concentration was very discernible even at that early age. He attended a course of lectures upon History, given by a Miss Clarke in Portland—he was about eleven then, and when he came home he used to write all he remembered of the lecture, writing in the midst of the talking, laughing, etc., going on. It became quite a book, and he told me (within the last three years) that he had used those notes in his own historical lectures, and found them very serviceable. When he was thirteen he had assigned him a discussion on the subject or question, 'Which has the most influence in society, wealth or knowledge?' Mr. John Neal, then recently returned from Europe, and much interested in the cause of education in his native city, was present, with several other gentlemen of education and discrimination. Mr. Neal came to me

the next day, and, in his earnest way, bluntly charged me with having 'helped the boy; no boy of his age could write that. It would do credit to any *man*—such an amount of reading—such apt quotations. We were all astonished.' I assured Mr. Neal that Henry wrote it all at the table where we all talked or read; that he never asked for help and no one ever thought of offering any; that it was all done in two evenings, and delivered from the first and only copy he made. I asked Henry how he could write so fast and without pausing to think. He replied, 'I had it all laid out in my *head* before I began to write.' Henry was always interested in politics and used to hold discussions with his father; he was always modest, never put himself forward, but ready, if called upon, to say what he thought. He meditated, studied everything, was usually serious, but when at play as animated and noisy as other boys. I think his childhood was happy. He was our blessing, pride and joy. He was generally well, but never strong. His memory was marvelous; he never forgot anything that had any interest for him. I am confident that he would have been a student and a scholar under any circumstances. His delight in reading and studying was absorbing, as was his industry. A minister who was visiting us asked him, 'What would you do if you were left on a desert island and had no books?' Henry promptly replied, 'If I had any writing materials I would write every verse or sentence from the Bible I have ever read, and I think I could remember a great deal.' He was about ten then, and was in the habit of committing, daily, portions of Scripture, often whole chapters, to memory. I became convinced of his remarkable intellectual power soon after he came under my care, and made earnest prayer that it might be consecrated to the service of Christ. His own mother on her deathbed, solemnly and consciously gave her three boys to God, and this made me feel strong in faith when pleading for them. During his last year in college, he gave by request an address on Temperance in Saccarappa. I think it was his first public effort, and he asked his father to go up into the pulpit with him (being overcome with diffidence) when he entered the church. He was eighteen then. He was converted soon after, and in that year dedicated himself to God in his service as a minister."

We place with this his father's record of him when he was a few years older:

"His natural powers are of the first order, his acquisitions greater than any other person's I ever knew of at his age. He writes with great purity and with strength. Metaphysics and philosophy are the subjects best adapted to his tastes. . . . He is an humble and devoted Christian, and withal very child-like and simple in his conduct, never angry and never unkind or forbidding. Everybody loves him. . . . He makes warm and attached friends wherever he goes. . . . I think he will, by-and-by, be a professor in some theological or literary institution; that he will be a maker of books I have no doubt."

The earliest of his writings which are preserved are school-boy compositions in the form of letters to his teacher, giving an account of his vacations. Two of these were written in his twelfth year; half a dozen others, some in Latin, bear dates of the two following years. They tell the same story, of pleasant visits with his brothers to his grandfather; of rising at half-past five, of reading before breakfast and at intervals during the day; of busy occupation, farm work, trips to the sea-side, bathing, swimming, picking wild strawberries, "four quarts in half an hour," stowing hay, and walks and games with his cousins.

When a school-boy of fourteen, he kept a journal, which closed with the account of his admission to college before he was fifteen. "Such was my earnestness upon this subject," he writes, "that ever since the project came into my head, I have literally thought and dreamt of nothing else; and here I am up at five o'clock, this twenty-third day of July, 1830, sitting at my desk in my chamber, writing a preface to it."

The journal is a remarkable record of a boy's thoughts and aspirations, mingled with well-told incidents and anecdotes, with criticisms of books, persons, and political events, and with long quotations of poetry. "On

the same day that I began this journal, as they say that good deeds go hand in hand, I likewise made a book to note the passages that struck me as being the best and most beautiful in the works (prose) which I peruse" This was, apparently, the beginning of his habit of making extracts, which grew during his life to a vast accumulation.

From his Journal:

July 31, 1830.

Saturday is a day which by all schoolboys is greeted with joy, because it is a half-holiday. I can well remember the feelings with which I anxiously expected its return, for the purpose of flying my kite in the pasture, or playing with my ball, or wandering through the woods with some of my companions, either to gather wild flowers, or, with a basket on my arm, to pick blueberries, raspberries, or strawberries. Now it is time for me to hail its return for something beyond these childish amusements; as a season of reading some useful or entertaining books, or writing or studying some of my lessons for another day. My time is now to me too precious to be idled or frittered away in every amusement which may chance to come before me.

Monday, August 16, 1830.

At the Sunday-school yesterday afternoon we had a new kind of lesson. We were required to take a particular text of Scripture which Mr. Willis (our teacher) assigned to us last Sunday, and write a sermon and make some remarks upon it. Fred and I were the only persons in the class who did it. Dr. Nichols came down to the pew just as Mr. Willis had finished reading mine, and Mr. Willis handed it to him and asked if he would not like to look it over. Dr. Nichols took it and I immediately jumped up and begged him not to read it. He, however, persisted in it and read it through, and when he returned it, said that it was a very good piece, and that the ideas were well collected and sorted (as a barrel of fish I suppose, pell-mell).*

* This sermon is still preserved. The text is: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Coming home from meeting, I saw Judge Mellen and father a little ahead, and came up with them. After some conversation the honorable judge said to father :

"When is this *young gentleman* of yours going to college ?"

Father. "We intend to send him this autumn, but keep him at home, and let him pursue his studies here one year."

"Plague on it," thought I.

Judge. "I do not know but that will be a good plan." Turning to me he said, "You must come out with the English oration : " turning to father, he said, "That will depend upon three things : first, his character and morals, which are very good now, and will I have no doubt continue so ; secondly, his scholarship, which is, I understand, now very good, and which will be better in college, I hope ; and, thirdly, the discernment of the government in making a right decision."

Would to God that it could so happen !—that my character should remain fair and unstained, that my scholarship should be of the first order,—these two depend upon myself—and lastly, that the government should have the sense to appreciate my merit (if I had any) ! Then would my day-dreams of honor be partly accomplished—and only partly—of this more hereafter.

August 9, 1830.

Last evening, father, aided by a few of mother's interlardations, gave me quite a lecture upon trifling, and spending so much of my time upon trifling amusements and occupations, and smirking and smiling so much in meeting and elsewhere. Mother said that whoever spoke of me, whatever else they might say, almost invariably concluded with, "but he trifles rather too much." Is my reputation as a trifler—one of the most low and contemptible of beings—established ? I can hardly think that such is the case. "Has it come to this ?" Father likewise added that my instructor, Mr. Cushman, told him that I was in the habit, formerly more than at present, of smiling and laughing whenever he made any of his everlasting remarks. I—inwardly, of course—determined to invoke to my assistance the genius of reform ; and with the aid of this truly

benevolent personage to pursue a different and better course. Laboring under this determination I entered school. The piece we read was an extract detailing the sufferings of a schoolmaster, and so, as the piece in some parts happened to come pretty âpropos to the boys, Mr. Cushman would repeat what they read after them in a very impressive tone and manner. After the piece was done he began to make a "few remarks," and in the course of them managed to introduce something about myself, blaming me, although he did not mention my name, yet every one knew what "poor devil" he meant. Now, was not this provoking? In the morning I had come in with a full determination to do better, and not smile so much in school. I came into the school-house, went through with great order and propriety my reading-lesson, when the first thing that assailed my astonished ears—"omnes conticuere"—was a charge for inattention. This was enough to overthrow any resolution that ever was made, and to destroy the patience even of a Job. Without provocation, without the least reason to set his "dreadful ire" on fire,

> "There came a crash of thunder sound,
> The boy, oh! where was he?"

Seated at his desk studying his lessons, as if nothing more than common was going on. I declare I was almost tempted to persevere in my former course, but thought upon more mature reflection that I would persevere in my determination, and accordingly behaved quite well for the rest of that day.

He entered Bowdoin College in his fifteenth year, 1830. One of his classmates recalls him as a slight, delicate, refined boy, gentle and affectionate, full of fun as well as of scholarly earnestness. He was called "Little Smith" in distinction from his classmate "Big Smith," who was his ardent friend and champion. His extremely youthful appearance, his overflowing spirits, and his winning social traits might have made him a sure victim to evil companionship, had it not been for the strong safeguards of home, and of a friendship

formed early in his college course, and never, through life, weakened. His brother Frederick, who was his room-mate during the latter part of his college life, wrote: "I suspect that we receive more letters from home, and write home oftener than any other two boys in college."

At the sophomore exhibition of oratory in 1832, he spoke what he once said was "the only piece of poetry he ever wrote"—a translation into blank verse of Virgil's episode of Orpheus and Eurydice. His themes in his junior year indicate his metaphysical tendency. He wrote of them afterward that the professor could not understand them, neither could he himself, yet he felt that there was a truth at the bottom.

We come now to the most important turning-point in his history. During the winter and spring of 1834, in his senior year, there was a special religious interest in Bowdoin College. For several months previously, his mind had been in an unusually thoughtful, inquiring state, so that he was already disposed to feel the new influence. Soon he became an earnest seeker after salvation. But, at first, his mind was harassed by so many doubts and difficulties, that he seemed to himself to make but little progress. Some of his perplexities were of a theological character; others grew out of his peculiar intellectual habits and temperament. His early training under the pastorate of Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D.D., had led him to regard as irrational the doctrines of orthodoxy, and to question the reality of any such spiritual change as conversion. On this subject, however, his opinions were already unsettled. "I have long doubted Unitarianism," he wrote (at this time) to a friend. Various causes, indeed, had conspired to weaken his prejudices against the Trinitarian (Evangelical) system, and to pave the way to its hearty acceptance.

At length, after a severe struggle, yielding all his ob-

jections, he gave himself up gladly and without reserve to the service of his divine Redeemer. This act of self-consecration he ever after regarded as the beginning of his true spiritual life. A few extracts from his letters will best indicate the workings of his mind during this eventful period. He wrote to his parents: *

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, March 22, 1834.

. . . I have had several conversations with Hamlin, and last evening Professor Upham came in, and we conversed a long while. I stated to him, fully and explicitly, my doubts, fears, hopes, and, in fine, my situation in every respect, and he talked to me calmly and reasonably. I am to see him again this afternoon. I have many friends here who are interested in me; my judgment and reason are convinced, and I have resolved to devote one hour each day to the subject—to seek if I may find. I know that there will not be much heart in the business at first, but I must and will persevere.

April 6th.—I do not feel that I have made any advances in my spiritual condition, though I think that God has given me grace to persevere thus far. My difficulties have been as many as there are evil thoughts in my heart. But the bell for prayers is ringing, and I must go to endeavor to obtain some peace and joy among the many Christians who are zealously devoted to their Master's cause.

After meeting.—The revival here has operated wonderfully; no excitement, no threatenings; calmness, love and peace are prevalent. . . . I feel a want of faith, of full confidence in my Redeemer, and yet I know how lovely is his character, and how worthy of supreme love. I will not falter. I am now the Lord's whether He blesses me or not. This solemn determination is registered in my heart.

His father, on forwarding this letter to his mother,

* It is thought undesirable to indicate all the omissions in the letters of Professor Smith, of which few are given in full. In a very few instances, in order to avoid repetition, passages have been transferred from one letter to another of similar date, but always without change in their import.

wrote on it in pencil: "Write him at length and encouragingly. I think he is correct in attributing his protracted state of doubts to his speculative habits; but all such hindrances will be uprooted, and he will stand on stronger ground."

My dear parents:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, April 9, 1834.

Last night and this morning my heart has been rejoiced by the letters I have received from you. . . . My determination to seek religion was formed solely in consequence of my complete persuasion of its reasonableness. I did not feel my need of it. After I had formed my determination (and in doing that, my dear mother, your letter written three weeks ago was a great inducement), I wished, sensibly wished, that I might have more deep and sincere feeling of my own sinfulness, so that I might know my need of a Saviour. . . . For some time I was anxiously inquiring what to do, of God, and of myself. . . . So I went to work, performing my duty so far as I knew, praying for light and love, having God before me always, and his approbation my motive of thought and action, feeling full reliance upon Christ for pardon, and having my soul lifted up as it were into his presence. . . . I talked with Professor Upham about the Trinity. Of one thing I feel assured, that I need an infinite Saviour. Further than that, may the Lord in his mercy and wisdom guide me! My prejudices were fixed in regard to this point as well as to the innate sinfulness of man. On the latter point I am convinced. As to the former, I know nothing but that Christ is my Redeemer and has atoned for my sins. . . . I should like to spend all the day in writing to you. Do continue your prayers, my dear parents, that I may be strengthened in every good word and work.

Affectionately your son, with new ties of love and motives for obedience,

HENRY B. SMITH.

To his parents:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, April 20, 1834.

I have been, I do believe, gradually obtaining clearer views of Scripture, of God, of Christ, and of myself. I have had many

times of disquiet, of temptation; many great conflicts with my heart, more knowledge of its wickedness, more necessity of relying upon my Saviour. I am determined to set my standard of Christian character high, and, trusting in God for his ever-ready assistance, to go forward and do all my duty.

April 28th.—The thought has sometimes come across me that I was too hasty in writing to you about going to Andover. But the more I think about my future course of life, the more convinced do I feel that I must take up the service of my Redeemer. With my present feelings—and I pray ardently that they may continue—I do not think that I could be contented in any other situation. Still I would not be hasty over much, but I would not be irresolute. I am so near the end of my college course that I must frequently think about my future prospects, and these are always associated with my religious feelings. But whatever course may appear right, that I am determined to pursue.

In regard to his letters written at this period his friend Mr. Goodwin* writes:

"They contain the most important points of his religious history, its quiet beginning, its fair development, its pure and ardent and beautiful and loving character. It is interesting to see how, and how rapidly, Henry's mind grew and matured, and how religion, which was to him the love of his Saviour, infused into him new life and vigor, and at the same time wonderfully ripened and steadied his powers."

At the close of a long letter to Mr. G. L. Prentiss, dated April 26th, he writes:

I think, if *after* writing me (my selfishness would say, but, as your benevolence would dictate so do), you should write —— [a classmate] a letter, it would really be consoling to him. He

*Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin, D.D., successively Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College; President of Trinity College, Hartford; Provost of the University of Philadelphia, and, since 1865, Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia.

has had a letter from just about nobody this term. I wish I were away, if only that I might scribble a few words to him.

It was with much reluctance that I consented to take part in the prayer-meetings, but I thought it my duty. The private devotion is my choice, for then I am nearer my Father, and I never forget while there to ask for a blessing on all my friends. Let us be faithful to one another as friends, not only from the principle which our natures would dictate, but from the higher motive of a mutual trust in Christ through grace. Therefore, do admonish me, and thus try whether I am indeed what I profess to be, your true friend,

HENRY B. SMITH.

The following reminiscences by his friend and classmate, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., since so distinguished as a missionary, educator and practical worker, in Constantinople, depict vividly one phase of the conflict through which he passed to Christian faith and peace:

My acquaintance with Professor Henry B. Smith, commenced in Bowdoin College as his classmate in the class of 1834. He was one of the youngest of that class, and when he entered upon his course, he had, in a very eminent degree, the attributes both of the boy and the man. He had the overflow of spirits, the joyous hilarity, the love of fun of the boy; but also, the power of thought and of keen analysis belonging to far riper years. I remember that to the religious students he was an object of interest and concern, for they knew that he was destined to no common life, and they feared that his generous, social impulses and boundless enthusiasm might expose him in college life to peculiar temptations. In one of those college revivals, which might justly be called *the power of God*, he was looked upon by some of us with very special regard and earnest solicitude.

His appearance had begun to show to the watchful eye that the powers of the world to come were taking possession of his soul. I hesitated to speak to him, for I had once had a conversation with him which had resulted, apparently, in no good. He loved to question every position and criticise every statement, and in that peculiar critical faculty which searched for the last analysis

of truth, he had no peer in college. The seeds of the golden harvest of riper years had already germinated. I remember well how he met me one morning, at that time, in a passage-way of "Maine Hall," and with a certain tone and look, which now, after almost half a century, reproduce themselves as of yesterday, he said to me, "Good morning, Hamlin, would you like to take a walk?" I knew at once his object. We went silently across the campus into the walks of the "pine woods." I think he broke the silence by stating his difficulties about prayer. He had come to feel prayer to be a want of the soul, a religious duty, but God's unchangeableness and infinite wisdom excluded the idea of influencing the divine mind. It was the ever-recurring difficulty of human and divine agency, the eternal counsels of Jehovah and the freedom and responsibility of man.

I did not attempt to remove his difficulties. I confessed the same, but I believed in prayer, from testimony and experience. We must believe more than we can understand. Faith is good for nothing if it cannot carry us farther than knowledge goes. We need a Saviour, and we have the Saviour we need. We must believe on him, and have peace in believing. The safest and best thing for us amid all our perplexities is discipleship to the Lord Jesus Christ. Difficulties will still remain, but we had better adjourn them or hold them in reserve for eternal consideration. Quite possibly we shall never comprehend them as we do our own free agency and responsibility. He was evidently gratified by the confession I made, and by my not trying to help him. Our walk was a pleasant one, with that marvelous consciousness of a Divine Presence, which used to characterize the revivals of forty and fifty years ago.

With inward joy and exultation, I felt sure that Smith had passed the Rubicon: whether conscious or not of the change himself, he was wholly changed and was born into a new life. The next time I saw him, he had a peculiarly calm and steady trust in Christ as his Saviour. He made no reference to his previous Unitarian views, nor did I, for he had received Christ as his hope of eternal life, and that was enough. We belonged to rival literary societies, and this rivalry often amounted to animosity of the college stamp. Our intimacy was naturally to some degree affected by this, as each was the presiding officer of

his own corps. But with a great deal of spirit, he had a sunny nature. His social characteristics were admirable. In all our college course I cannot remember one unfriendly act, look, or expression. He was generous and noble, and when he emerged from doubt and danger into a clear, calm, settled faith, we knew he was destined to be a leader of the Lord's hosts.

The venerable and honored Professor A. S. Packard, D.D., the only survivor of the college faculty of Professor Smith's time, writes as follows. Although portions of this letter refer to a later date, they are given here:

BRUNSWICK, October 1, 1878.

. . . I recall distinctly his appearance when he was admitted Freshman, a youth scarcely fifteen, with light hair, a fine eye, slender form and active movement, full of life, mirthful, of winning ways. He soon gave proof of superior scholarship in all branches; but, in due time, of a special tendency toward a region of thought in which he became so eminent. The subject of his English oration (then of the highest class of assignments) at Commencement is worthy of notice, as revealing the same tendency, combined with a recent critical change in his religious life and opinions. The subject was, "The character of erroneous belief, and its influence on the conduct." He gave, soon after graduating, a further proof of such predilections by a Review of Professor Upham's "Intellectual Philosophy," especially as he was requested to prepare the article by the Professor himself, which indicated the estimate his instructor had formed of his talents and acquirements. Few have passed through college who attracted more interest. While his manners and temperament invited unfavorable influences from without, the same qualities, with the brilliant promise borne by his talents and scholarship, awakened a very tender solicitude for him in both the faculty and his friends among the students, which culminated in the religious struggle to which I have alluded. I am sure that the college faculty anticipated for him a brilliant future, should his life and health be spared. The estimation in which he was held by them was shown by his early

appointment to a tutorship in 1836, and still more decidedly, when one so young was selected to take charge of the President's class in their senior studies, Paley and Butler, during the absence of the latter in Europe, 1840–41.

The writer is also sure, that if the matter had been left to the judgment of the faculty, they would have welcomed his appointment to a permanent position in the college; in this, other institutions, as in other cases, gaining by the loss of his alma mater.

His religious life, thus earnestly begun, went on with a steady growth. He had, in his own words, "a new Master, a service that the world knows not of," and an humble, trustful, adoring love of this divine Master was thenceforth the motive of his life. He decided to enter the Theological Seminary at Andover in order to prepare himself for the sacred ministry. Thither he went in October, 1834. His life, during the few months spent at Andover was full of enjoyment, not only in its high Christian studies and associations, but also in the closest intimacy with his dear friend, Mr. Goodwin. "That life," writes this friend, "had no way-marks, no outside events to be commemorated, no external history. It was an unspeakably happy time. No two room-mates ever loved each other so much as we did.

"But all this was suddenly brought to a close by an alarming attack of illness. He had come from the close of the college year quite worn down. At first he rallied, and for a while seemed very bright and well, but suddenly came the terrible prostrating stroke, and he was laid low. He was a long time in recovering, and, meanwhile, I went to Brunswick, and, subsequently, he went to Bangor, and so our Andover life came to an end."

ANDOVER, November 6, 1834.

This night I have devoted to the cause of self-improvement; to the completion of plans I have been projecting for my intellectual and religious advancement. I have been variously hin-

dered, by the want of resolute self-determination, perhaps, as much as by anything, from maturing and enforcing those projects. . . . The deprivation of the sleep of one night is of little avail, in its effects upon my body, compared with the advantages which a strict system of intellectual and religious discipline, such as I now mean to frame, and, while I am *in time*, go on toward completing, will inevitably bring to my mind and heart. Therefore, to-night is my own, with that intent.

The plans of this night, so far as recorded, were for keeping manuscript books, seventeen in number, intended for as many different purposes, *e. g.*, a book of analyses and abstracts of sermons, an intellectual journal, a journal of religious feeling, a book for subjects of thought, speculations religious or abstract, an Index Rerum, etc., etc. Some of these he kept through life, others were amusingly foreign to the habits of his later years.

In the morning he wrote:

The five o'clock bell has rung. Since nine o'clock I have written two letters and a half, devised these plans and begun to carry them into execution; a night well-spent, I trust, in the beginning of attempts to forward my race in life, in the best mode that my experience suggests.

About this time he also drew up a set of "plans and resolutions" for daily use, strictly apportioning every quarter of an hour, from five in the morning until bedtime. At the end come general rules like these:

Exercise the soul of health.

Be avaricious of thoughts.

Each week review and make indices.

In reading and study, think beforehand of the subject; always fix attention.

Get definiteness of thought and purpose and action. Carry out a thought or plan as soon as formed.

At the close of the week, demand of my intellect what it has done; of my heart, ditto; of my body, ditto.

He had in these days a favorite project of constructing a "comprehensive practical philosophy," in distinction from an abstract philosophy—a definite system, embracing the whole sphere of the conduct of human life, exposing fallacies, and going to the simple roots of actions and motives.

The enfeebling effects of his illness lasted for many months, which he spent, for the most part, at home with his parents, with occasional visits and journeyings. In the autumn he entered the theological seminary at Bangor, where he remained through the academical year. During this year at Bangor, he wrote his first published articles—for the *Maine Literary Monthly Magazine*, and for the *New York Literary and Theological Review*, the latter being edited by his friend and instructor, Prof. Leonard Woods, Jr., D.D.

To his parents:

Bangor Theological Seminary, November 21, 1835.

I feel my responsibility here, much more than in Andover. I feel the need of watchfulness over tongue and action, and I do strive, I believe, to live as I ought, and to show my faith by a well-ordered life and conversation. True, I feel pride and vanity often striving to overpower me; but I struggle, and though as I cut off one head another seems to grow, yet I do believe that the Holy Spirit will be granted according to our infirmities.

I have not yet become as systematic as I mean to be, but shall soon get all planned, my resolutions all drawn up. I rise at six and go to bed at eleven o'clock.

I have been appointed a reporter for the *Monthly Concert*. My field is China and Northern Asia. My duty is to collect the facts and report them monthly. The seminary is divided into two parts, theological and classical; the classical students

are under Mr. Adams. To-day I received a visit from him, requesting me to hear for an hour a day two classes in Latin, terms a dollar and a half a week. I think I shall accept this offer.

November 25th.—Prof. Woods has come and we are all delighted with him. He is an admirable instructor.

To Mr. Prentiss:

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, December 28, 1835.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Prof. Woods * is a delightful man. In the exegesis of Scripture, as we should say—or to speak in plain English—in the interpretation of the Bible, he is very excellent. He not only gives you the plain meaning of the text, as found out by its grammatical structure, but dwells very particularly upon the connection of the parts, the logical arrangement, the reasons for the things narrated, the style and peculiarities of each evangelist, and more than all, he develops the spiritual meaning, the deep things of God, and strives to throw upon the Bible the light which a renewed and believing heart would impart. He is a very slightly built man; but the tokens of intellectual superiority are in his countenance. He has the most complete simplicity, nay, humility of address and manner, as though his own esteem was that for which he least cared. But sometimes he will become rapt in the subject, especially if it be one that calls for more spiritual views or nobler intellectual powers, and then his usual measured tones break through their trammels, his slight frame exhibits the movings of his mind. The fire of his thoughts beams in his eye, and he speaks on and on with rapidity, and yet with precision of thought, with feeling, and yet with feeling chastened by intellectual discipline. He has read much and thought much and felt much. And his learning, his thoughts, and his feelings have all modified each other, and made a harmonious character—a lovely and an admirable character. In private life he is a model of affability.

To Prof. D. R. Goodwin [then in Europe]:

BANGOR, July 10, 1836.

Prof. Wood has applied to me to write an article for his *Review*

* Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., D.D.

upon the subject of "Moral Reform," and I think I shall attempt it. My heart burns when I think how men in such enterprises turn away from the spirit of the Bible, and found their plans upon anything rather than the principles of Christianity. The whole philosophy of radicalism is opposed to the philosophy of the Bible. In the highest point of view, every form of immorality is but a development of the devil's agency, and the prince of evil can only be opposed by the spirit of grace. Or if we leave the highest "standpoint" and come to fact—what does the history of the world show? The entire inefficacy of mere moral means to moralize men. Religion is the only thing that can promote morality. The Spirit of God is the only instrument which can make men better. As a *general truth*, as the only true *general principle*, if we are to adopt and act upon any general principle, *regeneration* alone can make men *morally* better. I know that this view ought to be limited, that many modifications ought to be made out. I do not think that I shall make much use of this argument against the Moral Reformers, because they would evade it by bringing the temperance analogy, etc. Yet still I believe that the philosophy of anti-radicals in religious things, in things which concern the Church, must be resolved into that or a similar principle. But I forbear to inflict any more of my crude philosophy upon you.*

To his parents:

BANGOR, July 13, 1836.

The editor of the *Maine Monthly Magazine* some time since asked me to contribute to his periodical, and the other day I sat down and reviewed one of the "Scientific Tracts" as severely as I could, for a more unscientific production I never saw; if it appears I will send it to you, so that you may know what your son did for one afternoon and evening of this term. The weather is very pleasant and I have been rejoicing in it. I have scrambled among the rocks and over the burnt ground, and have been

* This article made a marked impression, and even led to an entire change of opinion in some persons who had previously favored the organization. A friend wrote to Mr. Smith: "Dr. Woods of Andover expressed a very great liking for the article on Moral Reform, and was quite curious to know the name of its author."

round studying nature, and thence returned to my studies theological with fresh alacrity. Sometimes the mere feeling of animal existence is a positive enjoyment. There is no specific like the open air and the exercise of the body. I have always been an excellent theorist.

August 12, 1836.

My article has been somewhat severely criticised—*tit for tat*—in two or three papers, which troubles me very little, as the editors did not understand *why* I criticised as severely as I did. . . . But enough of this. If *you* think it too severe, my next shall be more lamb-like.

. . . In four weeks from to-day, at the furthest to-morrow, I shall be back with you again, and my heart is always glad at the thought of sitting down with my father and mother. . . . My principal care will be for my anniversary part, and, as I am full of the subject ["The Power of the Gospel"] I fear the result but little. That I shall write next, so that between the ardor of composition and the time of performance, I may have opportunity to prune and arrange more distinctly, especially as I shall exhibit the Gospel as the great instrument of moral reform, and as that is rather opposed to the spirit and practice of the present times, I must be unusually guarded, so that I may state what I know and feel to be the truth in such a way as to injure the Christian consciences of none. I feel that I shall be on delicate, on somewhat hazardous ground, but the cause is strong if the advocate be weak. I feel my danger of going to extremes, of indiscriminately condemning temperance and peace and moral reform societies, but I hope that I shall be moderate and firm. And may God give me wisdom. Professor Woods knows my views and encourages my design. Mr. Cummings wants me to publish some articles in the *Mirror* on this subject.

To Prof. D. R. Goodwin:

Saccarappa, September 14, 1836.

Soon after I received your last letter I started on a foot expedition to Mount Katahdin, in company with Weston and Blake. We were absent sixteen days, and in every

variety of weather and condition. Each day brought its novelties, its new fatigues, or rather new modes of being fatigued, and its new calls for ingenuity, enterprise, and perseverance. We first ascended the Penobscot sixty-four miles, to a place called Mattawamkeag, and there all regular road ceased, and no more villages did we find for many days. Twelve miles further is a place called Nicketo; for that we started, and our accouterments would have called a smile upon your face, if not a hearty laugh from your mouth. We supplied ourselves with ten days' provisions, that is, half a barrel of hard bread and a dozen pounds of pork; these two in packs upon our backs. We also carried a gun, hatchet, spy-glass, etc. And above our packs a blanket was strung, in front was suspended a little dipper for making tea. I should think we had at least twenty pounds upon our backs, apiece, besides a heavy gun. I said it was twelve miles to Nicketo. There is a path through the woods, a mere foot-path which those accustomed to such things might find; but, as for us, we could no more keep it than we could the trail of an Indian, so constantly was it intersected by other paths; and so we wandered about the woods for two days before we got to Nicketo. I should think we traversed a piece of country ten miles square. One time we were up three miles at some mills not knowing how we got there; at another we found ourselves three miles up a little stream, and not knowing how else to do we jumped into it and waded down, sure in this way of reaching the Penobscot. The Penobscot was our constant landmark, and when we found ourselves in danger we plunged through cedar swamps and forests to reach it. At Nicketo the river divides into the east and west branches; the latter we took, and followed it up twenty-four miles further to Great Falls. Our mode of going, for we had learned wisdom by experience, was to follow the river up, by leaping from stone to stone, on its banks, a very slow but still a sure fashion. Great Falls is truly a great spectacle. The immediate fall is only about twelve feet, yet the wildness of the whole scene and the peculiar characteristics of the river, make it impressive. The bed of the stream appears as though hewn out of a solid ledge of slatestone. Just opposite the falls, on either side, the banks are very precipitous, at least thirty feet, and thus they continue for twenty rods, not a regular

precipice, but forming deep notches in the bank and then jutting out in a bold bluff into the river. Three such deep recesses you see on each side, and in them the water, after leaping over the precipice, eddies and foams and crosses itself in divers currents. Please imagine the rest. At Great Falls we took a bateau with two men, to go through the chain of lakes, of which the greater part of this western branch is composed. This is a most remarkable and distinctive feature. For sixty miles this branch is thus formed: a wide-spread lake, miles in length and breadth, and then a rapid of from a quarter to three miles in length, and so on, lake and rapid, in unvarying succession. As a sample of their names let me give you, Quaquogamus, Abalajakomegus, Quakish-Sowadehunk and Sowadehunk Aumokziz. Through a chain of lakes thus named we sped our way. Would that I could tell you of the peculiarities of our boatmen, of their dexterity, perseverance, and hardihood, especially of their individualities and specialities. Would that I could paint for you the living beauties of the scenery through which we passed, inimitable and unsurpassed by any which Maine or New England can present. It was in all its glory and strength when we saw it—the wide-spreading lake, the hills thick set with innumerable trees, whose tops only were visible, *the mountain*, "old Ktaadn" beyond, frowning upon us, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," the most striking of all the natural objects which I have ever seen. Alone it stands, a vast mass, in nothing but its hugeness comparable with any other hill. The little summits which peep up in its neighborhood are only foils to its greatness. It meets you at every turn; you cannot, you would not, get rid of its impressiveness and obtrusiveness. As you sail along, it approaches nearer and nearer, huger and huger, vaster and more mighty than any pyramid of man. It is the masonry of Jehovah, solid and impenetrable and unshaken.

After leaving the boat we pressed through thicket and wood, guided by the compass alone, sixteen miles further to this mountain, and about five o'clock one fine evening were two-thirds up its side. A slide about twenty years ago made a favorable pathway, disemboweling the mountain, and showing its internal resources, here and there exposing to view the solid granite. And then the vast prospect beyond, the interminable masses of

forest, the lakes interspersed to give variety and life, and the rivers intersecting the whole region in their fantastic windings. The whole was spread out like a map below. There we camped, that is, we made up a fire, toasted our pork, made our tea, and ate our crackers; and then, between some rocks which gave a partial shelter, lay down and threw our blankets over us before a fire, and tried to sleep. By snatches we took our naps, the night becoming colder and colder, until about two hours before morning, when it began to rain. We stretched a blanket and took the pelting until daylight, when we roused ourselves, thoroughly drenched, and began to finish the ascent, determined still to reach the top. We climbed, we scrambled, we went on all fours, and at last stood on the summit, six thousand feet above the place from which we started. The thermometer was at 45°, we were in a dense cloud, the rain was pouring, the wind was fiercely blowing, and there we were, with fingers numb, with mouths parched, without shelter or comfort. It is said that there are nearly eight hundred acres on top of the mountain, but we did not dare start from the spot on which we stood, for fear of losing ourselves in the fog. You may suppose we were not long in determining to descend. Our average prospect, instead of being forty or fifty miles, was three or four rods. From that point I suppose we may be said to have begun our homeward journey, which we pursued in another direction, and came out at the foot of Moosehead Lake, having traversed forty miles of forest without an inhabitant before we reached that point. We "swamped" it through the wood, and "farmed" it up the rivers, and "sacked" it round the lakes. We tore ourselves and our clothes, so that when again we came within the sound of civilization our plight was most deplorable. What was still worse, we spent our last cent just as we got among inhabitants: three bowls of milk, a shilling apiece, and just forty-nine and a half cents in the party. It was a somewhat hazardous expedition, full of peril and incident "by flood and field;" fatigued we were, beyond what I thought myself capable of enduring, but I now know what virtue is in my muscles and frame. Five times we were completely drenched by storms, eight times we forded streams, five times we camped out with no shelter but our enormous fire, for which our hatchets and the woods supplied fuel,

in perils often but not in fastings, gorged on pork and trout and bread. Nothing ever tasted so sweet or *satisfying* as did our rudely-roasted slices of pork; the flavor remains with me yet. *Ours was a pleasure expedition,* but every one thought that we were speculators, except one man who took us for U. S. troops returned from fighting the Indians. We traversed two hundred and fifty miles, and most hale and hearty were we on our return, though severely exhausted. I thought for the first two or three nights after our return I should sleep myself away. The recollection of this expedition is most pleasant to me. I love to go over all we felt and saw, and to think of the merciful protection of God in the midst, not only of the perils which we saw, but of those of which we were unmindful. How many times was his hand between us and death!

Next year I spend at Bowdoin. Prof. Newman is to be absent for some time, and leaves $325 of his salary, and I am to be tutor in Greek and librarian with this salary. I thought it, upon the whole, advisable to accept this appointment, though somewhat regretting that it abstracted me from the more immediate study of theology. But I reasoned thus: I am now twenty; for at least three years, probably for four, I should not wish to be a pastor. This time I need for study. After I enter the ministry, very little time will be left for study, except what directly bears upon my ministerial duties. There are some studies, not directly included in a ministerial course, which will be important to my future usefulness. I want a fluent knowledge of the German, so that I may pursue my future theological studies in that language. The offer at Brunswick will give me time which may thus be profitably employed. It will also pay all my expenses and add something to my library. Consequently, etc. I think, Daniel, I decided in view of my highest usefulness. In the ministry of reconciliation I have a growing interest. Its motives move me more, its doctrines feed me more, and I love more to dwell upon them. I think, by the grace of God, that I am enabled to understand more of the spirituality of its truth, to bring my mind, by self-denial, into nearer harmony with its spirit. My prayer for both you and me is that we may love to think upon the character of Christ, that we may become increasingly like him, that we may gaze and dwell upon his loveliness until

our minds are transformed into his likeness. To preach him is the purpose of my soul, from which my sins cannot deter me. It is a duty, a high privilege, to declare his glorious name and character. The more we think of him the more we feel the truth of this. What a deep and rich meaning there is in the expression having "our life hid with Christ in God." That such may be our part, that united in this we may live here, and united thus, enter upon life hereafter, is the fervent prayer of

Yours most affectionately,

HENRY BOYNTON SMITH.

To his parents:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Oct. 24, 1836.

Yesterday I went to Harpswell to preach, in company with W. A. The place where we went is almost destitute of a regular ministry, although there are more than a hundred substantial people who attend the meeting. The previous week we went down to announce our design of coming. We rode down Sabbath morning—it is seven miles distant—and arrived there in season for the services. I preached forenoon and afternoon. Allen performed the rest of the services in the afternoon. There was an interval of only fifteen minutes, and we consequently had no dinner, so that by the time I had ended my second sermon I was somewhat exhausted. We received divers invitations to go and take some refreshments, and accepted one from a Mr. Orr, who lived two miles on our road homeward—a Congregationalist and a pious man, who has had a great deal of religious experience. The sagacity and wisdom of those who have received no other instruction than what the Bible and their own hearts have given them is truly surprising. It shows how those who have been born of God will be also taught of God. They gave me some very kind invitations to come and talk to them again when I could, and if I can find a way of getting there, I shall very much like the opportunity. I feel that I need something of this kind, some strong external call, to keep my heart interested as it ought to be in the great work of saving souls. And if I can, once a week, be called to this, by preaching the great truths of the Gospel, I shall thus, in a degree, ward

off that secular disposition, which must result from the absence of direct efforts in the service of my Master. And another important end I shall gain in my mental training by preaching to such people. I shall be obliged to change, in some respects, my mental habits. I have been accustomed more to a logical and metaphysical mode of viewing any question which is started, than to a practical and familiar view of it. This is well enough for a student—but to a minister, a proclaimer of the Gospel, it is essentially unfitted.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Nov. 21, 1836.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I have purposely delayed writing until to-day, that on my birthday I might hold some converse with you, especially upon that birthday which makes *the* era in my life. I have looked forward to it with much solemnity, realizing in some degree the importance I ought to attach to it, and the deep responsibilities which I take upon myself. If any feelings overpower others to-day they are my religious feelings. To thee, O Lord, I consecrate myself. I desire to be wholly thine. I know not what I wish to reserve in making such a consecration. I do not know of a feeling that I am not desirous should be brought into dominion to the spirit of grace. I do not know of a desire which I am not willing to combat, with God's assistance. In Jesus Christ I would place all my trust and all my hope. To him my heart turns. In him is my hope and my strength. My body, soul and spirit, my life, health and strength, my time, acquisitions and powers of mind are given to him in solemn trust.

I have solemnly reviewed my life, and I think I see all its prominent incidents as a connected series. *God has been leading me to himself in all of them.* The deep knowledge which I have got of my own worthlessness and impotence is the most striking moral I can draw from my own history.

You have been thinking of me to-day, my very dear parents, with mixed emotion, and I have thought of you with the deepest feeling and the sincerest love. I have faithfully gone over your surprising love to me, your forbearance, your kindness, everything by which you have won my affection, and shown yourselves the kindest and best of earthly parents. And with

the truest feelings I can to each and both renew the warmest assurances of my love and gratitude. My love to you has grown as I have known you more, and reflected more. Never have I felt a momentary alienation from your affection. And now my love to you is more pure, more instinctive, more heartfelt, more tenderly cherished, than ever before. Though the law separates, yet affection supplies all that can bind me to you. I do not feel independent. I cannot; I always want to be bound to you. As much as ever I want, more than ever I value, your counsels, your wishes, your admonitions, your prayers. And more fervently than ever do I put up the petition that God will bless you in temporal and spiritual things, and spare you long, very long, to be the guides and directors of your children. May God abundantly bless you, my dear father and mother, especially with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Goodwin:

More than a year has passed, Daniel, since I saw you. I trust in many, very many respects, it has been a profitable year to me. I have had very many speculations about religious things, and think they have not been wholly profitless. I cannot find truth in any one systematic view of it. I cannot find religious truth in the Old School or the New. I find it only in the doctrine of redemption. My object is to make and harmonize a system which shall make Christ the central point of all important religious truth and doctrine. Such, I am convinced, is the Biblical scheme; does any human scheme correspond to this? Such a system, too, would be a practical system; it would, at any rate, require that all preaching should be made in reference to Christ, of course in reference to redemption and sanctification, and Christ as the cause of both.

I have given you much of myself internally; but myself externally, in my relations to space, you want to know; my relations to time I have to let you into. No. 23, New College, then, is my domicile. 'Tis ten o'clock; a cheerful fire is blazing. Horatio has gone to bed, and I am uniting the old world with the new, in thought at least, and at most. Thus far I have had a truly delightful time, not a momentary trouble or inconvenience, at peace, and in pleasant relations to all

others. Everybody is kind and courteous. My regular lesson is a forenoon one in Greek—Xenophon. My afternoons I read German; in the evening either philosophy or writing or miscellany or visiting. I have been studying the Greek grammar thoroughly, and have made many advances in my knowledge of this language. I have been reading both Büttmann's and Thiersch's grammars, and find peculiar faults and excellencies in each. Büttmann is the practical scholar, and Thiersch the theoretical grammarian. A union of both would complete a system of grammar. I have also read in Greek Plato's Apology of Socrates, and intend next to take up his Phædo. My progress in German is rather slow, but I hope to be able to read it with some fluency by the end of the year. The officers of the government are all very kind to me, and in visiting them I find a good deal of social pleasure. A very pleasant society originated here this term, which meets weekly for the reading of a paper made up of original contributions. Of this paper, called *The Nucleus*, I am editor, and the chief of my duties is to read the contributions at the weekly session. Will you be a contributor? We are invited round to all the houses, and are now in high repute and popularity.

I have started a metaphysical club among the students. Six or eight of the seniors come to my room weekly, and we talk over some interesting question. I think this will be very profitable all round. We are now following the course of Cousin in his criticisms upon Locke. Thus you have an outline of my employments and pleasures. In the midst of them I hope that I am preparing myself for usefulness, and for sustaining whatever part I may be called to bear in my future life. My mind still fastens most firmly upon the preacher's office, as the one in which I can do most good, and for which, in some respects, I am best fitted. But opportunity and circumstances are generally the best guides to duty and usefulness, and for these I wait, feeling assured that God will direct my path by his monitions and his providencies.

The first of this month was Thanksgiving, and I wish you could have seen us all of the three houses * together at Prof. New-

* Professors Smyth's, Packard's and Newman's. H. B. S. was at this time partially a member of Prof. Smyth's family.

man's, encouraging the children's plays and taking part in them, with great hilarity. It did me very much good to see the round dozen of their children, so lively and pleased, bouncing together and all round. I entered into it with all heartiness, for I have neither lost my love of seeing children at their sports, nor my disposition to make sport or make myself a sport for them. I have taken two or three times the office of speaker at the Saturday evening meeting; to my own profit certainly, even if the benefit reached no further.

To Mr. D. R. Goodwin:

Bowdoin College, March 4, 1837.

. . . I spent a very delightful seven weeks at home, probably a longer time than I shall ever again spend there, for the duties of life will leave me hereafter only short vacations. I enjoyed myself in reading, writing, talking, and lounging—and preaching—for Mr. Searle was part of the time disabled, and I filled his place. . . . I like such extemporaneous trials of myself. I think the discipline does me good, and it keeps my heart warm in the great work to which I have devoted myself wholly. I do not know how my voice and strength will hold out as a public speaker, but I think that in some respects I am better fitted for the situation of minister than for any other office. Much of literary attractions and opportunities for intellectual indulgence other situations may hold out. It would be more delightful to keep the situation of a student. I am a student by habit, and am becoming a more thorough one, but I doubt its being the post where I can do the most good. I read Jocelyn during the vacation, and was enchanted with it. I never liked French poetry before; there was always too much etiquette about it.

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

Bowdoin College, April, 1837.

. . . For nearly three weeks I have been prohibited from the use of my eyes for any but absolutely necessary purposes. In my right eye I am threatened with amaurosis. . . . The diagnosis I cannot stop to give. 'Twould be very uninteresting. . . . All my studies I have been obliged to give up, and I walk and talk and

think, make plans of sermons and addresses, commit the Bible to memory. But I find talking as agreeable a mode as any of passing the time. I was obliged to give up an address before the Colonization Society, which I had begun to prepare, but am still thinking of one before the Brunswick and Topsham Athenæum, upon the nature of the Government under which we live, the abuses of the Constitution which are beginning to prevail, and the peculiar dangers to which this Government is internally liable; and I think it a very interesting subject.

Sub rosâ. Prof. Upham is issuing a new edition of his "Mental Philosophy," and wishes me to take the whole series of his works and write a review of them for the *Literary and Theological Review.* I have had several very interesting conferences with him upon the general theories and principles of mental philosophy, and find him more inclined to the spiritual school, more conformable, *e. g.*, to Cousin's principles, than I had supposed, and he says that in his new work he has done them more justice than before.

He spent most of the May vacation of 1837 in a trip to Philadelphia, where he attended with great interest that memorable meeting of the General Assembly, which was the scene of the disruption of the Presbyterian Church; little dreaming of the important part that he was to take in healing that disruption thirty years later, in the same Assembly and the same church-building. He continued till September in his office of tutor in Bowdoin College, struggling through the summer with enfeebled health and with a serious disease of the eye. These and other causes brought him to a depth of physical and mental depression, which became threatening to life itself. A year's trip to Europe was recommended and decided upon, as the best, if not the only restorative. During the last weeks before sailing, feeble and oppressed as he was, he completed his Review of Prof. Upham's Mental Philosophy for Prof. Woods' *Literary and Theological Review.* His chief

point was, that the affections and not the will, are the source of moral character.*

Prof. Woods wrote to him:

BANGOR, August 19, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I shall insert your notice of Prof. Upham's book with great pleasure, and rely upon the review of it which you propose in the December number. The views which you express respecting the moral character of our spontaneous, native affections coincide with my own, and I cannot but regard them not only as philosophically just, but as practically important. The opposite view, by removing morality from its proper seat in the heart, and making it rest on deliberate volition, deprives religion, theology, and ethics of all their vitality. With regard to your going abroad to complete your theological course, I fear that I am too much interested in having you remain at home to give impartial advice. It is my very strong conviction that the "best good" of foreign travel can be obtained after the completion of the regular course among us, and after the mind has become more definitely fixed with regard to its particular pursuits. Whatever course you pursue, my warmest wishes for your usefulness and happiness will attend you. Should you come here the next year my hope is that we may have your service in our paper; perhaps we may need it in the seminary.

To Prof. Leonard Woods, Jr.:

SACCARAPPA, October 30, 1837.

I hope to be able to send you the article for your *Review* by the last of this week or the first of the following. I feel its

* In this article he strikes the key-note of his later writings:

"Philosophy and religion have long been aliens, exchanging only angry or contemptuous glances. Oh! the glories of that hymeneal day when they shall clasp inseparable hands, and 'rejoice in overmeasure forever.'"

"How ceaseless and unavailing has been man's search for truth! The vase is shattered, the fragrance of its contents alone reaches him. Truth *immer wird, nie ist*, 'never is, always is-a-being.' Like the search and wailings of Orpheus for his lost Eurydice, has been the ineffectual search of the human soul for truth, its desire and aliment."

deficiencies more than any one else can, but it is all that I could do in my present state of health.

It would be hazardous for me to go on with my theological studies, and therefore I have concluded to go on a voyage and spend the year in Europe, principally in Germany, hearing lectures and learning the language more thoroughly. This you will see is contrary to the advice you so kindly gave me in the letter which I thanked you very much for writing, and to which I have not before replied, because I would not intrude upon you until I could say something definite. The circumstances, however, have also altered, so that though I feel the full force of your reasons, and see that if I could go only once, it would be much better to wait until I could, with some propriety, seek the intercourse of the good and great of those countries, yet I know not how I could spend the next year so profitably, or with a surer prospect of regaining health and restoring my mind to its balance.

My state being such, you may wonder that I undertook the article; but I felt myself bound to Prof. Upham, and thought that, for a last act of imprudence, I might by the "categorical imperative" force myself into a state of sufficient excitement to write something which might not be wholly skipped over by your readers. But I have been upon a dead level all the time. I do not know how much, in copying, I shall be able to reduce and compress the thing; but it will, I fear, be long, as I have not force enough to compress.

From Prof. Leonard Woods, Jr.

BANGOR, November 8, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I should have sooner replied to your grateful letter which I found on my return to this place, had I not expected to have occasion to write you after the reception of your article. The feelings which you express towards myself are the highest reward of an earthly nature, which, as a teacher, I could desire to receive. To be in any humble measure the instrument of leading inquiring minds into the secret treasures of divine truth, affords me a purer pleasure than any which the world gives. May this reward and pleasure be richly yours, my

dear friend, both in your present office, and in that higher one to which you have devoted yourself.

After receiving the article, Prof. Woods wrote:

It has more than met my high-raised expectations. Give yourself no concern in regard to it. The views it contains will bear examination, and are worthy of an older head. My only solicitude is that you may have overtaxed yourself in the broken state of your health. Let me exhort you now to dismiss awhile all the hard subjects which you have been accustomed to revolve, and to open your mind to the influences of the great living and moving world. . . . May God keep you in his watchful care, by sea and land, and bring you back to us, in due time, with a body which will enable your mind freely to accomplish the great and good work, for which I have no doubt it is destined. With sincere affection,

Yours, etc.,

LEONARD WOODS, JR.

In great feebleness and uncertainty he parted from his friends, and sailed from New York for Havre. As he left Portland, his friends Hamlin and Prentiss accompanied him to the boat and bade him farewell, fearing that they should see his face no more.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN EUROPE.—1837–1840.

He spent the winter of 1837–8 in Paris, in a weary, almost desperate struggle with disease and despondency, yet, as he wrote, "forcing himself to unremitting exercise and attention to all the rules of health." He wrote in March: "My days are filled up with reading, hearing and seeing. I write enormously—between forty and fifty letters since I came here, and between twenty and thirty sheets of my journal." These were all closely-filled quarto or foolscap sheets. His journal is rich in its descriptions and criticisms of buildings, pictures, statues, music, lectures, and men. He heard, from day to day, the prominent lectures at the Sorbonne, at the Institute, and at the Royal Academy—Barthélemy and Isadore St. Hilaire, Jouffroy, Ampère, Poset, Wailly, Ducarroy, Magendie, etc. Rev. Edward Kirk* of Albany was in Paris that winter, eloquent and enthusiastic. Rev. Robert Baird collected at his Saturday evening reunions for the exposition of the Scriptures, a circle of Christian friends, whom it was the greatest pleasure of the lonely invalid to meet. Mr. George Ticknor, whose receptions were a great attraction to the American residents, was very kind to him. His acquaintance with Mr. Charles Sumner began at this time.

"But," as he wrote to his parents, "the sick, sad, solitary days still return, when the past is all black and the future is thick clouds—days which, thank God! are

* Afterwards of Boston.

less frequent than formerly." "I feel most bitterly that I am alone, and I sometimes ask myself if a life of such constant striving should be striven for, and then am full of shame that such a question should arise. O God, help me still to struggle!"

These were days and nights of prayer out of the depths; but the heavenly Hand, to which he never ceased to cling in the darkness, was leading him on to peaceful and sunny paths.

To his friend, Mr. Prentiss, he writes, February 2, 1838:

The insufficiency of the mere pleasures of this world to satisfy the mind I have never felt so strongly as I now do. Here fashion and pleasure have hoarded all their stores, and decked themselves most sumptuously. And yet, I have never felt so disappointed as in finding that this is *all* that wealth and taste could do; and I return to simplicity and nature, and to those arts which are only the expression of the natural and simple, with a double relish. And here, in studying the works of painters and sculptors, a new development of the mind is experienced; and the love of beauty and the knowledge of what is beautiful grow within you.

To a friend:

PARIS, February 6, 1838.

This morning I went to hear St. Marc Girardin, the Professor of French poetry at the Sorbonne. Rousseau's "Emile" was his subject. Girardin is not only a professor at the Sorbonne, but also a prominent member of the French Chamber of Deputies. This is the way France rewards her men of literary talent, and, by making them mix in politics, makes them less visionary as writers. Lamartine was this year returned as deputy by three different colleges, the only one who had that honor. . . . Thus literary men, instead of being a separate class, are a part of the State.

I went into a church at almost the extreme end of the city, sufficiently insignificant on the exterior—but I make it a point to see everything—and there I found two or three most beauti-

ful pictures, which would reward a pilgrimage. Generally, I may say, that in the splendor and gayety, the external magnificence of Paris, I am disappointed—partly because I expected too much, partly because I have seen little of it, and partly because I know it all to be a vain show. I can *imagine* a thousand entertainments more splendid than any which the wealth of kings in all their prodigality could furnish. . . . But in sculpture and painting it is different; in the works of the mighty masters of the arts there is a source of *fathomless* delight, and precisely because it is *fathomless* it never deceives, it always endures. I cannot comprehend them at once; I cannot pass them over in general terms; I cannot be satisfied with a partial inspection. They are the development of something which I feel to be stirring in my own soul; they are the outward expressions of the ideal which is given to every human being. And as I look upon them I can feel that my own soul is smitten with the love of beauty, and that here is *described* all which I have vainly sought to express. I acknowledge these to be my masters, and I bow before them. I do not comprehend them, but as far as I understand I only admire, and I feel that there is something which I have not learned which they knew, that they had studied and developed their natures more than I have; and that it is possible for me, having the same nature, to develop it until it can understand and appreciate those whom the cultivated minds of all ages have ever honored. And, such is the harmony between all the arts, that I likewise feel that I am preparing myself to be a better preacher, if God grant me life and health to fill that most important station, and give me grace, too, that I be worthy of it,—that I am preparing myself to be a better preacher, by the study of statuary and paintings. These speak to and kindle the same souls to which I am to speak, which I am to try to arouse; they touch chords in the same hearts and minds which I am to endeavor to persuade. Can I not, then, learn much from them? Besides, the principles of taste and harmony are the same for all the arts, rhetoric inclusive. And if my taste can in any degree be formed by studying these principles as developed by the painter and sculptor, will it not influence my style in preaching and in writing? From these two arts at least one thing is learned, and that is *simpli-*

city; this is the garb of the beautiful and the true. One would be ashamed—as I am most heartily, of some of mine—of tawdry ornaments, and affected prettinesses, after looking at that statue, so simple, yet how expressive! and the more simple the more natural, and the more answering to the ideal within us; or at that painting, the Assumption, and the Virgin, how lovely, mild, innocent, simple, natural!

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

PARIS, February 14, 1838.

. . . The lectures in which I have been most interested have been those of Jouffroy, upon Psychology, at the Sorbonne. He has more depth and originality than Cousin, though not as much of the eloquence of philosophical enthusiasm. Cousin is immersed in politics, and he, the philosopher, in the Chamber of Peers, has given the lie direct to another member! He has found time, however, to publish an edition of the inedited works of Abelard, in the introduction to which he gives, if I may judge from a liberal analysis with large quotations, a very fine view of the discussion between the Nominalists and Realists, and of the real worth of the scholastic philosophy. His value is in the ability with which he develops and the clearness with which he comments on the views of others. He is more highly eulogized in America than in France, while in Germany he is known only as a retailer of doctrines which their philosophers have more ably developed. But Jouffroy is different. He thinks deeply, thoroughly. There is a great deal of sobriety in all his philosophizing.

A course of lectures upon Aristotle, after a long desuetude, has been lately commenced at the Royal College of France, by Bartholomew St. Hilaire, a very promising scholar, who has lately translated the Logic. His translation was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Science of the Institute. At this "Renaissance of Aristotle" I "assisted," as a Frenchman would say, and I was very highly interested, and heard how *essential* to all future progress was a thorough comprehension of Aristotle, and how St. Hilaire was going to raise the veil which long had hung over him. . . .

Remember me, my dear friend, in your prayers, for I need them much.

To a friend:

PARIS, February 26, 1838.

Last Sunday we had some most interesting services in the chapel where Mr. Kirk regularly preaches. The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered, and two persons were received into the Church, "not," as Mr. Kirk observed, "to a sect or a party, but to the Church of Christ." The ceremony was most interesting, and was made deeply impressive by the exhortations of the fervent heart and strong mind of Mr. Kirk, whom I like very much. And most interesting, most deeply so, was it to partake of the Lord's Supper thus in a foreign land. There is a strengthening influence in this ordinance when rightly received—a calming and a purifying influence, which can only be felt. The elements are something more than mere *signs;* they are *symbols* also. I do not think that the majority of Christians have a sufficiently deep apprehension of the nature and effects of this sacrament. Coleridge once, when comparing the views of the Catholics and of those who considered the bread and wine as only signs (just as a word is the sign of a thought), said that "the former ossified it into an idol, and the latter volatilized it into a metaphor," and most admirably was this said, and well does it show the two extremes. But if we say that the Spirit uses this sacrament, rightly received, as a special means for imparting his richest influences, and that these influences are bestowed more fully in the case of observance than otherwise, and that, as a general truth, this ordinance is necessary for the completest growth in the knowledge of Jesus, I think that we thus have a scriptural view of its character, and one, too, which unites the opposing views. And with this view is not the danger of neglecting it most fully shown; and will not the benefits realized from it be greater to the well-instructed Christian, than to him who has not a just appreciation of its real character? It did me good; it was a real delight to be there with my brethren, and for a time it calmed some of my anxious thoughts and gloomy fears; but alas! only for a time. . . .

To the same:

PERE LA CHAISE, February 27th.

Yesterday I went and enjoyed (with a certain kind of mourn-

ful pleasure) a walk among the sepulchers and splendid tombs and hallowed spots of this consecrated place. I need not say how impressive, how much more so than an ordinary burial place, is this spot that contains the remains of so many great men. . . . I witnessed the burial of one of the sisters of charity, and the Catholic forms were certainly impressive; the chants, the crucifix held at the head of the grave, the pall held over it and sprinkled with water by all the mourners, each in turn, and the priests themselves throwing the first earth upon the coffin. To this place Silvestre de Sacy has been recently consigned. I was present at St. Sulpice during the whole of the ceremonies there. To the sound of the muffled drums, and the deep bass of the musical instruments, and the resounding chantings of the priests, and the voices of an immense throng, were the funereal rites performed. And attended by many an armed soldier, by the great in science, art, literature and politics, all in full array, and by the plumed hearse and the pomp of a long procession, was his body borne to its kindred dust. And attended, as we may hope, by angels, was his spirit carried to the God who gave it. And thus he died and was buried, and by his side was carried to the grave one whom few knew, whom none lamented, who was thrown into the common trenches. Yet, were not their spirits equal before God?

He left Paris in April, 1838, journeying, mostly on foot, through Belgium, to Cologne, thence by boat up the Rhine to Mayence, and on by diligence to Halle. There he remained, with occasional absences, for a year, his original purpose of returning home in the autumn yielding to the advice of friends, and to his own conviction of the benefit of a longer course of study in Germany. This year in Halle was one of the greatest interest to him, and of the strongest influence upon his after life: it was brightened by returning health and hope, by enthusiastic study, and by close intercourse and warm friendships among both students and professors.

To his parents :

NAMUR, March 18, 1838.

All the apprehended difficulties of traveling vanish as I meet them, and though 'tis a strange land and a strange people, yet 'tis human nature still, and I find laws and conscience everywhere, often kindness, also, because I am a stranger, and "so young!" as the old women say, "traveling about all alone!" And the tone in which some ask me if I am not afraid to do so, assures me that I have nothing to fear from them. The days, the weeks are passing. I can count my absence now by months, and how glad I shall be when I shall count the time before I shall see you by days only! May God grant me that great joy! . . . Our friendship [that between himself and Mr. Goodwin] is something to rejoice in. It has never known a blight or a suspicion. It is, I believe, as perfect as any friendship can be in this world. It has increased as we have known one another more thoroughly : it is to be immortal.

To a friend :

HALLE, April 12, 1838.

Safely arrived at length, just about at the time when I had become tired of wandering. I walked, with my knapsack on my back, my umbrella in my hand, and my Testament and Handbook in my pocket, as far as Coblentz, spending a Sabbath on the top of Drachenfels, stopping a day at Bonn where Schlegel lectures, a most lovely place, with a grand University building, once a palace, seeing a thousand things of which I cannot now write. I went among the tufa hills to the volcanic region of the Eifel, climbed the hills to see on their top the singular lake which is called Laacher Zee, and went into the depths of the earth to see the millstone quarries which are excavated in the heart of the mountains, and which are also very remarkable and grand. At Coblentz I took the steamer for Mayence, and sailed up the Rhine between these two places on a most delightful day. . . . But it was the "glorious Rhine" which was my best company. Though the vine is not yet green upon its hills nor have the trees put forth their foliage, yet the grand outlines of the scenery remain the same always. The grand in nature is always grand, and all I lost was its contrast with the

beautiful. Still left to me were all the historical associations connected with every city upon its borders, and the legends that add a charm to every rock, and make all the ruined castles as interesting in the narrative as they are in the scenery. Still left, too, was the *Rhine*, with its broad and steady flow, with its windings and its precipices, its teeming cities and frequent villages, its hills of grandeur and quiet vales, and, more than all, its ruined castles and dismantled towers ("robbers' nests," as the Germans call them), making it indeed to be the "castellated Rhine." . . . The most striking thought which one has in journeying upon the Rhine, and it is the same throughout all Europe, that which, especially, an American has in the strongest degree, is that the old is everywhere struggling with the new. Familiar as this was to me from the whole history of modern Europe, I had not expected to find it so distinctly written upon the very face of the country. You see it everywhere, and wherever you see it, there also may you prophesy that the old will pass away—the old institutions, the old policy, the old forms, the old ranks—all are passing away. The castles are tenantless, and now make only the scenery more picturesque. The churches which the papal despotism erected, and which only a despotism could have constructed, are also crumbling; magnificent are they, but they are the monuments of oppression. The palace of the Bishop of Liege is now an establishment for the iron manufactories of an enterprising merchant. I saw a church on a hill, at a distance. I climbed up to it and heard the clatter of the machines of a cotton factory. A nunnery upon the banks of the Rhine now sends forth an excellent broadcloth. These, and such-like are the signs of coming events. It is the "monarchy of the middle classes," which is to succeed the oppression of the Pope and the despotism of the Emperor. It is the merchant who buys the castle of the baron; it is enterprise which is taking the place of hereditary power. Everywhere are the marks of change, but it is a change which is a progress also.

"The old is passing away," he wrote in his journal at this time, "and they are blind who in the very edifices of Europe cannot read this distinctly. It is passing away, too, gradually, like all healthful changes. Whenever it has made a galvanic start it has always been rebuffed and beaten back for a time, and

for the moment lost; but when the change has been gradual, it has always kept the ground which it has taken. The changes achieved by war have been less durable than those made by legislation."

From Frankfort (where I spent a day and a half very pleasantly with some Christian friends), I rode all the time for two days and two nights in haste to get to this place, partly because I was almost tired of sight-seeing and traveling, and partly because I had been nearly five weeks without any letters. My stage companions show well what European traveling is: a merchant from St. Petersburg, who spoke four languages, among them the English, very well; a good old lady from Geneva; a student from London who has been here four or five years, and whom I found to be a very intelligent fellow; a couple of Prussian officers, etc. The old lady from Geneva interested me a good deal. She knew not a word of German. She knew not how far was the place to which she was going. She had traveled all the way from Geneva alone. She was going to rejoin a daughter whom she had not seen for twenty-two years. She knew not the money of the country, and gave her purse into the hands of the inn-keepers. But such a woman might almost travel to the ends of the earth in security.

Great was my disappointment on being told at the post-office that there were no letters for me! Professor Tholuck, too, is absent, and had it not been for an almost accidental meeting with a young theologian, who is the amanuensis of Prof. Tholuck, I should have been entirely at a loss. But he has been very kind to me, and, through his good offices, I am now most comfortably established in the family of Prof. Ulrici, who, with his wife, is most kind to me, and they give me a real *home* and a hearty welcome. He speaks both French and English a little, and with that, by the help of Latin and Greek and German, we manage to keep talking all the time that we are together. I have not been so comfortable, really comfortable, since I left my own home in America. Were I a brother they could not be more kind to me. As to the letters, I have found out that two packages came here for me, but the Paris bankers forgot to put on the *poste-restante*, and they have been sent back to the American consul at Havre. I am very well now. The goodness, the marvelous goodness, the

free and boundless grace of God has mercifully kept me in the midst of all dangers. I trust that this will only make my gratitude greater and deeper.

To his parents:

HALLE, April 20, 1838.

I had left my letter of introduction at Professor Tholuck's house, and, about a week afterward, the servant came into my room and gave me a message, of which I managed to understand "Tholuck," "come back," and "four o'clock this afternoon," and from this as the raw material, I framed the rest, and at four went to see him. After talking a little while, he proposed a walk, and for two hours we walked and talked. He speaks the English remarkably well, even with the English accent, and you could detect him only by the *too attic* precision with which he dwells upon the more difficult sounds, as *Oh*. He *speaks* also French, Greek, Latin, Polish, Russ, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee, Low Dutch, etc., etc., and that *etc.* is not a vain expletive, for he does *speak* yet more. His conversation would not lead to the inference that he was a man of profound attainments, except occasionally, when some great and rich thought, some very striking remark, arrests the attention. But he is most quiet and unpretending, and perfectly simple in all his ways. He received me with the greatest cordiality, has given me the free entrance of his house, and permits me to go with him in some of his walks, has thrown open his library to me, and, in every respect, treated me more kindly than I could have anticipated.

To a friend:

HALLE, May 12, 1838.

He [Professor Tholuck] is a most delightful man, and has been most kind to me. He speaks English remarkably well; and when I am talking with him, I feel as if my tongue and my heart were both let loose from the bonds. In person he is very slender, his face is very mild, his smile very lovely, a good forehead, though not striking, except from its breadth, a large, full blue eye, around which, however, pain and disease have contracted the lids. He suffers much. I was walking up and down his room with him the other evening, when he

suddenly seized my arm very strongly; a spasm of pain was upon him; this he soon mastered and was soon laughing heartily again. His learning is most varied, and accurate also. As an instance, last evening Prof. Ulrici (my host) had a small company, among whom was Prof. T., and read a German translation of the Antigone. Prof. U. was reading very animatedly, when Prof. T. interrupted him, asking whether such a word were not a palpable mistranslation of the original. It was found to be so. After the reading was finished, he also commented in his clear, full voice (a voice which *surprises* you because it comes from so slight a frame) upon various parts of the drama most admirably. I have been reading some of his sermons, and admire them exceedingly, they are so impassioned; there is so much movement, feeling, energy and naturalness in them. There is far less of *logic* in them than in most of the American sermons; neither can they be admired as *logical wholes*, but I have long since given that up as being the *only* canon of criticism. And here I am at one of those German Universities. And I think I am here, too, with soberer views and feelings than I have ever had before, holding fast to the faith and principles, which, from my own experience, I have found to be true, and which I have drawn, I believe, from the Bible, and have found adapted to both my heart and my intellect. I think I have some deeply-grounded principles in regard to religious truth which cannot easily be shaken. But I feel my weakness, and can only pray to God for light and strength; for only when the heart is kept pure and *dependent upon* him, will the theology be correct. Feeling this dependence, and praying that it may ever be increased, as to the rest, of course, I must think, study and decide for myself.

My principal studies at Halle are Theology and Philosophy. I *am* getting into the German metaphysics, for I cannot keep out of them. Whatever may be said against the German philosophy, it must still be acknowledged, that in philosophy itself this people has made astonishing progress; that, in the investigations of the fundamental questions of metaphysics, they are far before any other nation.

May 19, 1838 (Journal).

Dined with Prof. Tholuck, and, after his lecture, went to walk with him. He explained to me the Trinity of Hegel, according to the interpretation of some of his followers. Wondered at my receiving so calmly such an opinion, without crying out at its strangeness. Explained to him my mental habits. "So un-American!" said he. He said that he had read the book of Reed and Matheson with two different, almost contradictory feelings. One was, where he was often moved almost to tears, when he read of the state of Christian feeling and Christian activity and Christian trustfulness: but, again, when he read of the state of social intercourse he felt chilled, it being too much the case that there was only one round of topics, etc. He could not bear to live in a country where *art* was not respected, and where ideal and universal interests could not be discussed. Then followed a long discussion upon the American character. He inquired a good deal about American institutions, climate, people, etc.; said that he had sometimes seriously thought of going there, and still had some expectation of one day doing it.

A discourse on the German Höflichkeit, and a message to Prof. Ulrici, viz., "Herr Prof. T. wünscht dass Ich der Fürsprecher der tiefgefühlten Verehrung von den hoch zu achtenden Gesinnung sei, wodurch schon längst der Herr Prof. allen Edeln des Landes theuer geworden zu sein, das stolze Bewusstseyn haben kann;" and said he would one day introduce me to a friend who spoke in the same style. But the message he gave me two or three days since was his chef d'œuvre: "Herr Prof. T. wunscht dass Ich das lebendige Binderglied der wechselseitigen und hochachtenden Gesinnungen sei, wodurch sein Gemuth mit dem Ihrigen in unauflöschlichen Zusammenschlingung verbinden ist."

I sent him by Prof. U. the next day, the following: "Herr S. wunscht dass Ich der Grussbotschafter der unmittelbarsten und durchdringensten Gefühls der Ehrerbietung sei, mit welchen Er, der dankbarste Diener Ihrer ausgezeichnetesten und durchlauchtigsten Consistorialrath-schaft die Ehre zu sein hat." He sent me back a "Bravo," and an invitation to dinner.

To his parents : HALLE, June 11, 1838.

I spent the week of vacation in Berlin. I went there principally to consult a celebrated physician, Dr. Jüngken, the first occulist of Prussia. Prof. Tholuck strongly advised me to see him. I saw Dr. J. three times, and told him all about myself, and he inquired very particularly and minutely about all my symptoms, and his conclusion, expressed after deliberation, and expressed repeatedly and decidedly, is that I can become wholly well again. But in order to this he says that I must not yet study, that though much better than when I left home, I am still not well enough to authorize close application, and particularly that I must spend the summer months in relaxation entire ; that the very best thing I can do, will be to go with Prof. Tholuck to Kissingen, as Prof. T. proposes, there to use the baths for three weeks, and then among the Tyrol Mountains, there to breathe the fresh air, and to strengthen my system, for which by the baths it will already have been prepared. He says that he considers this not only useful but *necessary* to my surest and quickest recovery. I told him of my attacks, of my state of mind, of the whole progress of the disease, and of my wish to know decidedly his opinion, and this is the result. And this opinion, coming to the confirmation of the hopes which I have been beginning to form, has brought me nearer to a sober confidence in the probability of life and health than I have before had. He says that my nervous system has been unstrung, and, for one of my age, alarmingly so ; and that I must be very cautious and prudent, and use all the means of recovery. And now the question with me is, what shall I do ? I have not time to hear from you before the time when I ought to go to the Baths. Prof. T. will go the last of July or the first of August. Left thus to myself, I have decided to go at least to Kissingen till the last of August, and there to hope for a letter from you. Here, in Halle, I shall stay and study moderately, till the time of my departure comes. . . . God has been so overflowing in his mercies to me that I will still hope that the blessing of returning and of finding all whom I love yet in health and life, and, more than this, yet more devoted to the will of God—that this may still be granted me ! And when will this be ? And will you be

unchanged ? and shall I be changed ? Not in the love in which I am as ever, your son, Henry.

On his journey in August, in company with Professor Tholuck, he wrote :

Parting with Professor Ulrici and his wife was painful, for I love them very much, and they also love me. Before leaving, I told the Professor what my circumstances were, and that I thought I should be obliged to leave him and take a cheaper lodging ; but he would not hear anything about it, and said that I must stay with him and give him what I could and he would be satisfied, "for," said he, with all the simplicity of a German's heart, "I love you and want you to stay with me."

To his parents :

Wild Baad Gastein, August 25, 1838.

You cannot think what a joy it has been to me to make this journey in company with Prof. Tholuck ; it was, I believe, the very best thing that could have been done for me. He has such a boundless store of knowledge, he is so kind and so Christian, he has such a lovely and exalted character, and withal, I may say, he has taken such an affectionate interest in me, that language fails me to express my gratitude and my admiration. What a dream it would have been had any one a year ago told me that I should make a journey in his company ! As we kneel together to pray, his prayers are so simple and so fervent ; as we talk upon religious experience, his feelings are so deep, his faith so childlike and sincere ; as we discuss questions in philosophy and theology, his knowledge is so extensive, and his philosophy so Christian ; or as we talk upon men and manners, his remarks are so just, his criticisms so acute, and his detection of the humorous so rapid, that, take him all in all, I have never met and do not expect again to meet such a man. Here he is universally beloved. Wherever he goes troops of admirers and friends crowd around him. Of every party where he is he is the life, and now makes all laugh by his admirable art of story-telling, or all listen in silent attention while he develops and explains some great truth, and entices even the indifferent

or the hostile, if they will not love Christianity itself, to admire it as developed in him. Among all the mercies for which, in this separation from home and friends, I have to thank God, the greatest is that I have found in him such a friend.

To Mr. Prentiss:

WILD BAAD GASTEIN (TYROL), August 30, 1838.

MY DEAR GEORGE: The journey thus far has been a very delightful one—how could it be otherwise in such company? and the merciful Providence of God has been nigh unto me, confirming my health and strength, gradually lessening my fears, and displacing despondency with hope. After leaving Halle we came first to Weimar. At Erfurth the principal object of interest is the cell where Luther studied, and the church where he first officiated. At Kissingen we remained three weeks to use the waters, and met much pleasant company, especially English and Scotch.* At Erlangen we spent a couple of days with Prof. Olshausen, as delightful a man in personal intercourse as he is in his books. At Munich we dined with von Schubert, whom you perhaps know as the author of the "Geschichte der Seele," a warm friend of Tholuck, who possesses a great personal influence among the friends of religion, though by others he is accused of mysticism; yet they still say if he be a mystic he is one from conviction, "and would," said one man with whom I was talking about S., "would that I could have his conviction —but I cannot." . . . Of all that I have enjoyed, and thought, and learned since I came here, I can tell you nothing, except the result, which is, as you may already know, the determination to remain here another year. If we could so contrive it, George, as to make a part of the tour of Europe together! What say you? The state of religious things is worse than I thought, very much. Rationalism is, to be sure, already "antiquated," as the Germans say, but Philosophy is lifting up its head most fearfully against religion, and in the guise of religion is perverting its purest doctrines. And the literature now the most current is that of a party whose object, as they themselves

* It was here at this time that Prof. Tholuck first met the lady who soon afterwards became his wife.

say, is to bring out more clearly the rights of the flesh in opposition to the arrogance of the Spirit. Strauss's "Life of Christ" represents the opinion of this class of writers so far as they have any in a religious point of view. It is wonderful what influence that book has exerted among all classes. What one person said after reading it, "it is now all over with Jesus," speaks the mind of many. And the Catholic question in regard to the bishop of Cologne and mixed marriages, important not so much in itself as in showing what an unsuspected power Rome still has—the spread of Catholicism in many parts of Germany and in France, all are of inauspicious augury. How little do we in America think what Catholicism still is in Europe, what talent is enlisted in its defence, or what a bold and scientific attitude it is assuming. One of the first philosophers in Vienna, Günther, has lately gone over.

To his parents:

SALZBURG, September 8, 1838.

The week just passed has been an interesting one, spent, mainly, in traveling about, partly on foot, through some of the finest parts of Germany. Sunday we were in Gastein, and a very pleasant Sabbath indeed was it to me. In the forenoon Prof. T. and I had a service all by ourselves—prayers, and I read a chapter in the Bible which he expounded most delightfully, and, though we were there all alone, yet he was as full of animation, of thought and of feeling as if a large congregation were before him. I shall never forget this hour.* Prof. T. says that he never knows the time when he is not in a fit state to write a sermon. He writes always by dictation. When we were at Kissingen he had no sermon which he thought fit to preach, and so I wrote one for him which he dictated. This was the best sermon I have heard him preach; all the auditory was melted to

* Prof. Tholuck thus alludes to this time in a letter dated July 1, 1856:

"I am sure that you as well as I will remember that little room at Gastein as long as we live,—I in brotherly thankfulness to you, for how much was your love to me in my hard fight of soul and body!" And in a postscript: "If it please God, I shall this year visit again our room at Gastein, and we shall then think of you most affectionately."

tears by its pathos and power ; the coldest and the most heartless could not resist the impression. In the afternoon a long walk. The weather was delightful, and among these grand scenes where the majesty of Jehovah is displayed, the prayerful mind finds itself ever impelled to turn to Him. And who except one whose soul is reconciled with God can fully rejoice in the works of His hands ? Monday we dispatched our luggage to Salzburg, for so unfavorable has been the bath on Prof. T. that he has been obliged to give it up altogether. It brought him to such an intensity of suffering as I have never known any one to be in, driving him to the brink of insanity. I have been by him through all, and oh, how his faith triumphed over every thing ! Walked in Koetchak valley four hours with Prof. T. ; very grand ; a snow-clad mountain at the end which seemed to rise ever higher as we approached,—a wholly secluded valley, hemmed in by mountains, bold, precipitous, overawing. Discussed theological questions. "One thing," said Prof. T., "I hold fast in the midst of all—the *advent of Christ.* If this be historically verified, there is nothing like it ; if we deny it, all must be denied. If He appeared as is narrated we must believe Him, and if we believe Him, all is safe."

Lucerne, September 23, 1838.

As to the observance of the Sabbath since I came to Europe, I thank God that He has thus far enabled me to keep a clear conscience. I have repeatedly declined invitations for Sabbath evening, at some pain to myself and to others. I have often, at Halle, withdrawn from the society of my friends, in order that I might spend it more sacredly. *On principle* they are opposed to spending it as strictly as I do, but at the same time they perfectly understood my views. To-day I have been walking the whole day, yet I think it has been a profitable Sunday to me, for I have had much serious talk with my companion,—and then I have been among some of the grandest of the works of Him, who is equally the God of nature and the God of grace. While I was with Prof. Tholuck, he twice delayed traveling on account of my scruples, which he justified me in observing, though his own opinions were different.

October 13.

I *long* for the time when I shall see you yet once more, if the Lord spare me. He is training me to his work. I know it—I feel it, and have consecrated myself anew to His service, and may He bless me in it. Most affectionately your loving son Henry;—how I long to be called *Henry* again by you—nobody but Prof. Tholuck does it here.

Geneva, October 16, 1838.

Since I last wrote you I have made, alone, the tour of the finest parts of Switzerland, going through the Oberland, and then, by the way of Berne, Freiburg and Lausanne, coming to this place. Prof. Tholuck had given me letters to several of the most celebrated men here. Among others, to Dr. Malan, a man most remarkable on many accounts. He was one of the first who embraced the pure doctrines of the Gospel, at the time that all Geneva had become Arian or Socinian. He received me with the greatest kindness, and introduced me to one of his neighbors, Mr. Wolff, where I can board as long as I wish. The day after I came, while we were sitting round the table after dinner, Dr. Malan came in, and introduced me to another American, whose name I could not understand. I looked at his eyes—was quite sure I had seen him before—looked again, my eyes fell on the lower part of his face, 'twas a Mussulman's beard; no, it could not be he. He spoke, and I exclaimed, "Is your name Cheever?"* It was he, just returned from the East. We soon found out that we both wanted to go to Chamouni, and so, the next morning, we started off on foot; and most delightful was the weather, and most highly did we enjoy the magnificence of this the most glorious part of Europe.† I go in and see Dr. Malan every day, and discuss theological questions with him. He has some peculiar views which he is trying to impress upon me, but I am somewhat obstinate. He is a strong Calvinist, but his Calvinism is in the form of love and not of logic. Among other acquaintances, one of the pleasantest that I have made here is that of Mr. Merle d'Aubigné, the author of that History

* Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.

† A long and glowing account of this trip must be omitted.

of the Reformation—as pleasant a man in personal intercourse as in his writings.

To a friend:

HALLE, November 21, 1838 [his birthday].

I do begin to feel rather old. I can recollect the time when a twenty-three-year-older was a great big man to me; the little boy that I then was has become the *man* (as people say), by how insensible stages! I don't know when boyhood left me, or how, but it is gone. Some things that I had as a boy are still left me—that quenchless desire to *know*, that love of *truth!* And, through God's grace, I trust it has received another form, that I seek it in another way, that He has led me in Him and in Christ to seek the truth, and there only; that is the high destiny of man—to *know the truth;* but woe to him who seeks it out of Christ and God, and who has not learned that only he whose heart is pure can know the truth. One can learn *facts* enough out of Christ and God, but this is not truth; at best, it is only its *form.* I cannot tell you what a deep and intense longing I have to *know;* nor what a deep and unwavering certainty, in the midst of all doubts and fears and shortcomings I have, that it is possible to *know*, in the fullest and highest sense of the word. I used to write themes which Prof. Newman could not understand, and they were not intelligible; but I felt at the same time that there was something in them; they were unintelligible because I did not understand my own thoughts. I was always on the reach for something more. I was not content to make a mere truism, because I knew there was something better than truisms, and because I did not know what that something better was, I was obscure. When God taught me to read the Bible aright, then I found in some measure what that something better was, and I have been able to measure other things by it, and have not written so obscurely since. You have read Faust. I am just reading it again. What a wonderful scene that first one is! There were the intense desires for knowledge, misdirected, yet in their fullest vigor. One feels a deep sympathy with such a mind. Do you recollect that never-to-be-forgotten passage, "Wo fass ich dich, unendliche Natur?" etc. He had not learned, nor had Goethe, that through a pure heart alone can we attain knowledge. Do I then believe

that one can attain to perfect knowledge in all things in this life? We shall "know as we are known" only beyond the grave; but the more training we have, and the more effort we make in this life, the more we see the difficulties, and feel the doubts, and know the incompleteness of our present knowledge, the better shall we be prepared to receive the truth in its fulness beyond the grave. This I believe, and hence strive. . . . A birthday is an *event* in Germany, and so I have kept this day with my friends. There was a great cake in the shape of an S to ornament the table; there were presents from several of my friends, good cheer and smiling faces; so you see I am quite at home. May God make me grateful for all His unbounded mercies, so rich, so free, so undeserved.

The same day he wrote:

My very dear parents:

To-day you are thinking of and praying for and talking about me, and wishing I was with you; and I too. I have reviewed the whole of the past year, with a grateful, humble, and thankful heart, rejoicing in God's goodness and boundless love, who has given me so much and given so richly. How different this anniversary from my last! Then I was in New York, on the eve of departure, almost alone, no very dear friends near me, none with whom I could celebrate the day. I was sick and sad, going away, half thinking I might never return again, doubtful what would be the issue of this crisis of my life; full of the anguish of separating, under such circumstances, from those I loved. Now the future is bright; my health is strong; I have no such despondency and fears as I once had, and my melancholy moods exist only in remembrance; it sometimes still makes me a little sad to think what dreadful, rending, convulsive strifes I have been through. But God has guided me in all; and oh! how clear the marks of God's guardianship and love in all! And Christ has been with me in many an hour of trouble and trial and fear, and always in love and with rich consolation. And I trust that this day He has enabled me to come still nearer to Him, and to confide myself to His watch and care, and to throw myself upon Him in simple faith, and that in the midst of the temptations which surround me to doubt and

disbelieve, He will always keep me near to Himself. There are great temptations, for rarely does one meet with that simple, childlike faith, that full reverence for the word of God, and simple belief in His promises, which are so much the characteristic of American piety. More blasting to piety, and fatal to simple experimental religion than all the biblical criticism of the Rationalists, is the philosophical spirit which is now so rife in Germany, and which, from a higher point than English infidelity has ever taken, threatens to absorb religion in philosophy, and to raise philosophy above Christianity. But, in the midst of all, I keep my heart and mind steadfastly fixed upon Christ; upon God manifest in the flesh; let Him be taken away, and all is darkness; but so long as with faith I can see the Lord, so long must religion be the basis of my philosophy; so long have I something to which, in all my doubts, I can hold fast, and in all storms anchor my faith and my hopes.

To a friend:

November 24th.

Shall I tell you how I live here? Take to-day as a specimen. Got up at seven, committed my verses, read a psalm in Hebrew from eight to nine, heard a lecture on Psychology by Prof. Erdmann (one of the best lecturers on philosophy in Germany); nine to ten in Schleiermacher's Glaubenslehre; ten to eleven, heard Tholuck on Christian Morals; eleven to twelve, walked with a student; twelve to one, read some in Schelling; one to two, heard Tholuck on Theological Encyclopædia; two to three, dinner; three to four, read Goethe's Torquato Tasso, with the young Englishman (Creak), who boards here; four to five, heard Ulrici on Religiousphilosophie; five to six, a delightful walk with Prof. Tholuck; six to half-past seven, concert of sacred music of Bach, Handel (from the Messiah), etc.; half-past seven to eight, went to see a student; eight to nine, tea; nine to ten, read Faust with Madame Ulrici, who explained all the hard places, and told me the words I didn't know—she is a capital lexicon;—and now I am writing to you; but some of that music is still running in my head: "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt," is the first line of the extract from the Messiah; and Bach, too, there is a deep, reli-

gious, awing feeling in his music, which fits one to read the Bible and to pray. This concert was given as a preparation for the *Todten Fest* (which is celebrated in Prussia alone), a day to think *on the dead*, and Prof. Tholuck is to preach. I love to hear him preach; his deep, solemn voice; his pale, earnest countenance; his animated yet not gesticulating manner; his rich, beautiful thoughts; that union of fervent faith with a philosophical comprehension of the truths of Christianity, all fit him admirably to be the preacher to the students. He has a very great sway over his audience. I have seen them almost all melted to tears; I have seen many looking up to him with pale faces as he declared the word of God, "Ob es Menschen gefallen, ob es Menschen misfallen," as he himself said. I am still very well; am making more and more acquaintances among professors and students, and good people at large, and think I shall spend the winter very profitably.

At the close of the year, after enjoying the family festivities among his friends in Halle, he spent a few days, full of interest, in Wittenberg, and then finished the vacation in Berlin. The letters which he brought from Professors Tholuck and Ulrici ensured for him in Berlin a cordial welcome from Neander, Hengstenberg, Twesten, Baron von Kottwitz and others. A long letter to his parents, from which the following extracts are made, details the events of this visit.

Sunday I heard two of the most famous preachers in Berlin, Hossbach and Theremin. The former is now old, and somewhat portly and heavy, and his sermon was too moralizing. The latter is court preacher, also large and full in person, but he is fearless in the proclamation of the Gospel. Tholuck dedicated to him the recent volume of his sermons, as a preacher "who preached without the fear of man or regard to his favor." His style is very beautiful, perfectly polished, and well it can be so, for he preaches only once a month. His subject was "Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," in contrast with the mutability of earthly things; and admirably did he develop this

great thought, and kept an audience of fashionables and court people intensely interested. His voice is not good, rather fine and sharp, but his animated manner conquers the defects of his voice. . . . And so I come to New Year's day—no, not yet, I haven't told you what I did Monday, and I have almost forgotten myself what I did. I made several calls, and wrote some and studied some; went to see Dr. Robinson and his wife, the latter quite an extraordinary woman, and Baron Kottwitz, a great friend of Tholuck, and at one period of his life a father to him, now very old, and a sincere, deep, fervent Christian. Went with Thompson,* an American student who is here, to see the Christmas exhibitions, and so the day passed.

Jan'y 1, 1839. I missed the "Happy new year's," which at home it is so pleasant to hear on all sides. I had two invitations to dinner: from Neander and Mr. Wheaton, but the first came first and so, etc. Heard a sermon in the morning from Ehrenberg, whom Neander says he likes best of any of the preachers, but none of the Berlin preachers whom I have heard is so good as Tholuck. At two o'clock to Neander's, where was quite a company already assembled: Dr. Robinson and his wife, Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, Prof. Twesten, author of a famous dogmatical work, and several of Neander's relatives, most of whom spoke English. N., in his long boots and his buttoned-up frock coat, and his sister, who keeps house for him, unmarried both, received us with a great deal of politeness. The dinner lasted four hours, and then I went home in a rain-storm, to finish the evening in reading and writing.

Jan'y 3d. In the forenoon to the police to get a permission of residence—then to the museum of Egyptian antiquities. Dined with the Baron Kottwitz—he first led Tholuck to the Saviour, and Tholuck dwells upon the part of his life which he spent with him, with affection and enthusiasm. K. is a very venerable old man, full of love and of the spirit of the Gospel. In the midst of all the rationalism and scepticism of Germany, his simple faith has remained unshaken. It is inspiring to be with such a man. Tholuck was very sick at the time that he was with him, and thought that he should die; and the baron

*Rev. Augustus C. Thompson, D.D., of Roxbury.

cared for him like a father, and in the midst of his sickness led him to Jesus. "The thought of salvation through Christ," Tholuck said to me, "was at that time a strange one to him; it was poetical, this was his first thought; it was beautiful; at last he recognized it as divine; and his soul, torn by the struggles of philosophy, found peace in Jesus. One evening," continued Tholuck, "I was sitting in my arm-chair, very weak, watching the going down of the sun, thinking it might be for the last time, and my full heart poured itself out in prayer to Christ; unconsciously I prayed aloud. Suddenly I looked up, and there was the baron bending over my chair, his eyes full of tears, and a smile upon his face; it was one of the sweetest moments of my life." . . . Took tea with Mr. Geiss, a pleasant company (his father was the most celebrated maker of the iron jewelry, for which Berlin is so famous), a very sensible man who wanted to hear about America, and told me very much about the Prussian government, and the system of the poor-laws. He is one of the directors for the poor, and the system is an admirable one.

Jan'y 4th. Called on a Kissingen acquaintance, Reimer, one of the most celebrated booksellers of Berlin, who has been the publisher and friend of some of the most celebrated men of Germany. He lives in a palace—has a gallery of more than two thousand pictures, some very admirable ones; went with his son to see the royal gallery of pictures. After dinner went with Thompson and another American student to Charlottenburg, to see the castle and the famous statue of Queen Louisa. So you see I have considerable to do and see in Berlin, though I do wish I was at home. . . . I can't get that statue out of my head.

Jan'y 5th. Went in the morning with Mr. Geiss—you see how good a friend he is to me—to see the Institute for the coarser arts and trades, very interesting; and, after that, to the ateliers of some of the most celebrated sculptors in Berlin, with whom he is intimately acquainted. Dined with Reimer in his palace, in a room covered with royal tapestry, after a cartoon of Teniers.

Jan'y 6th. Sunday again—would that I could spend a Sunday at home, it would do my heart good; the contrast is so great to the quiet Sabbath of a New England village. Spent an hour with Prof. Hengstenberg, talking of the religious prospects of

Germany, and especially of the influence of philosophy upon its present state—an exceedingly interesting conversation. Took tea and spent the evening with Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, very pleasant indeed.

Jan'y 7th. Spent the evening delightfully with a relative of Mrs. Tholuck, the wife of a philosopher whose works have produced a sensation in Germany which is most astonishing—Hegel. He died in 1834. She found that I was interested in him and showed me many relics. The great question now in Germany is: Is the philosophy of Hegel a Christian philosophy? She spoke of him as a Christian, said that in him was no contradiction or strife between his philosophy and his faith, that he led her from rationalism to embrace the doctrines of Christianity, and showed me some verses written by him expressive of most pious confidence in Christ.

Jan'y 8th. Heard Hengstenberg. He speaks with an awful whine, sits up straight, never takes his eyes off his MS. His lecture was very acute, a reply to the objections brought against the Pentateuch. In such replies he is powerful; there is his chief strength. Then a lecture by von Savigny, the most distinguished jurist in Germany, to five hundred students of law. Went with Reimer to see the rooms in the palace where all curious carved things in the arts are to be found, in ivory and wood, glass from Venice of an art now lost; relics of all the sovereigns,—in short, all that is curious and valuable; all that was made for no other purpose than to gratify curiosity or exhibit skill; scepters, swords and diadems, arrows, canes, clubs and canoes, models of houses, churches, palaces and ships, gods and demigods and Asiatic houses, kings, electors and their wives, pictures in enamel and glass, precious stones and curious stones, etc., etc. And in the afternoon I heard the most celebrated geographer of Europe lecture, Ritter—and he made a lecture on geography even interesting.

Halle, Jan'y 12th. The ninth was spent in Berlin in making calls, bidding farewell, etc.,—saw most of my friends once more —arrived here yesterday morning at seven, found my room all warm and coffee all ready for me, and a warm reception, and what was equally good, a bundle of letters.

HALLE, February 14, 1839.

As to a library, father, I entreat you, do not embarrass yourself at all for me on that account. I have been too pressing on that score, have exaggerated its necessity and usefulness. Until I definitely know what my situation in life is to be, I cannot choose a library to the best advantage. So I will purchase a few books, if you will let me, and for the rest trust to the future. Still, if Mr. ——— should find that he would let me have the money conveniently in the summer, I would not refuse it, because I could buy here at half the expense for which I could get the books at home. Still, there will be other opportunities; some of my friends will in future years be coming to Germany, and then I can get the books at a good rate. Don't you think that, upon the whole, I am a tolerably reasonable young man? As to publishing my letters—no indeed; if you should, I am sure I should not write you any more, except such as you would be perfectly ashamed even to read aloud before folks; letters scratched off in such a hurry as mine are meant for none but partial eyes; there is enough bad stuff in the world, without adding anything to it. And then, too, if anything of mine is published, it is, of course, my business; my reputation goes with it. I should only have been surprised and grieved, if anything so written should have got even into the column of items in a newspaper.

In April he removed from Halle to Berlin where he spent the next year.

To his parents:

BERLIN, April 30, 1839.

. . . I became very much attached to Halle. I had so many friends there who had treated me so very kindly. Who and what they all were I cannot now tell you, but I will next October when I am at home, where I do so long to be. For the last eight evenings I was constantly among my friends, to some dinners also. One evening I had a company of students and friends in my own room. I have some very valuable acquaintance, and some real friends among them. Last Sunday evening I saw Tholuck, probably, for the last time. Deeply did I

feel parting from him who has been so very kind to me. In every respect I am greatly his debtor, as teacher, as advisor, as friend; and I know he loves me, and therefore I am not ashamed to tell you so. He had been in Berlin, and told me he had prepared my way before me here among his friends. Prof. Ulrici and his wife too, were so kind, and parted from me with so much affection. Then Prof. Leo, the frank, the open-hearted, the fearless, the famous historian, the real German, the devoted Christian, almost the only Calvinist in Halle; Prof. Witte, "the wonderful child," one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew; Dr. Gutike and his lovely family; Besser, the amanuensis of Tholuck, of great memory, great readiness, unquenchable faith, has written a volume of poems, and makes everybody enthusiastic. Kahnis who will become professor here, the most promising young man in Halle—great talents, a thorough philosopher and a thorough Christian—in art, theology and philosophy learned, one of the most remarkable young men I ever knew; long, long shall I remember the walks we had together, and the long talks about theological and philosophical subjects. We went through all the prominent questions—he is my best friend among the young men. And so I might go on and add many more, but this is enough; and now you know why it was hard to get away from Halle.

My reception by my friends here has been the kindest. I think I shall be happy here. . . . Neander and Hengstenberg are very cordial. My lectures are 8–9, Logic, with Gabler, five times a week; 9–10, Jewish History, Hengstenberg, five times; 10–11, Job, Hengstenberg, five times; 11–12, Neander, Acts, six times; 12–1, History of Christian Doctrines, Neander, three times a week; 4–5, Criticism of Hegelian Philosophy with Trendelenburg, four times; a lecture on John, twice a week; Homiletics, once; History of German Philosophy, twice a week; Twesten, Introduction to Christian Morals, once a week, and one or two others; one in Gœthe and Schiller, twice a week. So you see my time is likely to be full, and I have determined also to take exercise regularly. Our meals are from two to three in the afternoon, half-past six in the morning, and nine o'clock in the evening, but our evenings will often be interrupted by visits and visiting.

Two or three evenings ago I went to hear an Oratorio of Hayden, The Four Seasons—the words composed after Thompson. It does me good to hear such music as this, for though I cannot criticise it, I can feel it. I was lately in Leipsic and saw there the missionary Mr. [Eli] Smith, and had some delightful hours of talk and conversation. It rejoices one's heart beyond measure, thus, in a strange land, to meet a countryman who can enter into all his religious views, feelings, and associations. He has been preparing a font of Arabic types in Leipsic, those in use being found to be very unsatisfactory. Dr. Robinson I have seen several times here. He is now busy preparing his book on Palestine; will publish it in Germany, in England and in America at the same time. The theologians here are very much interested in it. It will be the only accurate account which has been given of Palestine. In traveling through the country, he and Mr. Smith used the Bible as their guide-book, and found it better than all others, and throughout correct.

BERLIN, May 15, 1839.

MY DEAR COUSINS, MR. AND MRS. S. [Horatio Southgate]:... Come to the lecture-room with me. About four hundred students are there. I go to my fixed place, No. 61; like all the rest of them, keep my hat on, take out my writing materials, stick my inkhorn into the desk, mend my pens, look over the last lecture. Suddenly there is a hissing heard. All take off their caps and hats, except perhaps two or three who have them in the last fashion. A little short man, in a frock coat, "all buttoned down before," like old Grimes's, comes in and walks very quickly to the desk, which has been raised up for him. He has long Catholic (such as the Catholic priests wear) boots, has a very dark complexion, large, unprepossessing features, large mouth, a little one-sided—very shaggy eyebrows, eyes deep set, coal black, and almost always so closed that you can hardly see them—now and then they open with a flash—coal-black, shaggy, tumbled hair all over his forehead, holds his head generally one-sided, slightly cocked up, but a most benevolent expression to the whole countenance, it is half smiling all the time, and the smile looks so strange, and yet attractive in contrast with the features: the face is decidedly Jewish. The hissing ceases, he rises, stretches both

arms on the desk, seizes a quill which is laid there every day for him, bends his head down close to his papers, and begins to speak and to tear the quill to pieces. No sound can be heard in the whole room, except that of the pens upon the paper and his voice, and here are four hundred all writing down the words which this man speaks to them ; or, perhaps, some student, who is desirous of saving his coat, has forgotten to pull on the little false cuffs they have made for the purpose, and he is in a great hurry to do it, but he loses something of the lecture. The voice of the lecturer is strong and clear. It is exegesis—the Acts of the Apostles. He is speaking of the gift of tongues, and, as he goes on, you feel that you are in the presence of a man who is not only deeply learned in the whole history and in the doctrines of the Christian church, who has not only studied all of the early ages of Christianity which is to be studied, but of one in whom the great truths of our holy faith are living sources, one whose whole mind and heart have been built up in the knowledge and love of the Saviour. With masterly power he exhibits all the difficulties of the subject, all the contradictions and apparent inconsistencies are brought forward so clearly that you almost tremble ; all that the tradition of the early church says about it, all that the theorists and expositors of later times have said are brought together, and then comes the solution of the problem ; and there he rests not in the fact as a mere outward miracle, he goes to the Old Testament and shows how it is there prophesied, he comes to Christ and tells how he foretold it ; and the height and depth of the Christian experience ; the nature of the Christian life and faith ; he shows how such a miracle was necessary ; its connection with the whole system of truth, that it is all an essential part of the organism of the Christian church. The man is Neander, the excellent, the learned Neander, the father of a new era in church history, the best exegetical lecturer in Germany, who has more auditors than any other theologian in the whole land. Perhaps he makes a mistake, he stops, utters one or two inarticulate cries, spits two or three times, and then corrects himself after much stammering. Perhaps he speaks a name which the students do not understand. Then there is a general scraping, and he bellows out the name, perhaps he spells it out for them. The lecture is over, he runs out as he came

in, without seeing anybody. I always wonder how he finds his way.

Will you go with me to my next lecture? The room is smaller, about a hundred and fifty students. The professor comes in, looks around to see how many are there, and then goes, very one-sided, to his seat. Tall, rather thin, his shirt worn always very white, and he wears a white cravat. The face has a very sinister expression, the mouth slightly awry, the eyes ill-formed, he looks suspicious, as if he were half afraid of somebody, never looks his auditors in the face. He is quite young, perhaps thirty-five; his voice is weak and sharp, goes often into a falsetto whine—quite a cadence to it. His subject is the History of the Kingdom of God in the Old Testament. He attacks somebody's opinion—this is his forte—he is a master there; analyzes it thoroughly, makes often a bitter remark or a tremendous sarcasm; he brings a rich store of learning in all the Oriental languages to aid him, and, more than all, one sees that into the history of the Old Covenant he has penetrated deeply; that he knows its whole spirit, that the conviction of its divine origin is one of the highest truths for him; and this, too, one sees, that in his vindication of it he feels himself to be almost alone in the whole land; but does he waver? not a hair. His firmness and self-reliance, and his reliance upon the power of truth are most unconquerable; he stands almost alone, but he is perfectly fearless. The learned he attacks, but with equal learning; the philosophy of the times he attacks for its presumption and boldness. One is astonished at the decision with which every word he speaks is expressed; at the daring with which he aims his blows against all which in these times in Germany is the fashion in the scientific world. He gives no quarter, he admits no middle way; but his firmness is not pride, it is deep, ineffaceable conviction; a conviction that he is fighting for the holiest and best. When he is peculiarly sarcastic, and has his voice in its highest falsetto, he turns his head leisurely, almost all the way round to the wall back of him. His wit is so biting, you cannot laugh at it; there is too much truth in it. Every plan of an opponent he detects and lays bare with a masterly hand, and developes his answers with the most perfect decision. There is never anything like passion in what he says,

never anything which would lead one to attribute a personal motive to him.

You have already conjectured: this is Hengstenberg, the iron man, everywhere spoken against and reviled, yet feared too. The journal which he edits is often harsh, but always firm; more than any other man in Germany he is like one of the prophets of the Old Testament, warning, rebuking, threatening in the name of the Lord; accused of all sorts of base motives, yet ever unwavering. He is striving with his whole might to stem the encroachments, and to repel the pretensions of philosophy in Germany; he is striving to save the Old Testament for Germany as a book of divine authority, and his cause wins ground. Though among the professors he has few adherents, among the clergy he has very many, and his lectures are more and more frequented every year.

To his parents:

BERLIN, June 12, 1839.

Neander and Hengstenberg I see occasionally. Hengstenberg is the object of unceasing and bitter attacks, but he is as brave as a lion and fears nobody. Lately two books have been published against him, most bitter. Neander makes love to almost every party, except that of Hengstenberg, and of Strauss, the author of that terrible "Life of Jesus," and the German philosophy, which he cannot endure. Then I have a great lot of other acquaintances, of all sorts and orders. . . . I can't tell you of all, except that dear heavenly man, Baron Kottwitz, of whom I have written to you—the most heavenly-minded old man I ever knew. All is so peaceful and full of Christ in his heart. I wish my heart were like his! I went the other day with a young friend, a Russian, to see him, and this young man, warm, ardent, enthusiastic, when he came out, could not speak, he was so affected by the sight of this venerable man.

To a friend [*written in German*]:

BERLIN, June 30, 1839.

I dined with Mrs. Hegel to-day. She is a very lovely lady, very active in all benevolent works, and she has been very, very

kind to me, partly for Tholuck's sake, partly because she sees in me a striking resemblance to her oldest son, now in Florence. She spoke of her husband with so much deep affection and reverence, and with such tender recollections, that it was very touching. She told me of his struggles, for many years, with poverty and various adverse circumstances, and of his happiness, at last, in being acknowledged the greatest of German philosophers. For many years he was only the rector of a gymnasium in Nuremberg. There he lived, almost alone; had no intercourse with learned men, and withdrew into himself; and from the depths of his own mind he developed his powerful system—which, considered barely as a system of philosophy, is confessedly the greatest, the completest, the most thorough which the world has ever seen. She showed me his handwriting, and his youthful productions. It is remarkable that, when a student in the gymnasium, he stood *lowest* in the *philosophical* class. He wrote his chief work, his Logic, partly while she was sick. So straitened were their circumstances that he was her only nurse. He wrote by her bedside, giving her medicine every fifteen minutes. Through such obstacles he fought his way, and thus he won the most brilliant name, thus he drew to himself the most friends, and raised against himself the most enemies of any of the German philosophers.

A few days since I heard Ranke; perhaps the most distinguished of German historians. His lecture was on the history of the Reformation. He spoke of Calvin; he is no worshiper of the Calvinistic doctrines, but he acknowledged the greatness of the man; told how, in early youth, with almost rough earnestness, he announced his doctrine in Paris; how he shaped Geneva after his own spirit; how he was the head, if not the father, of the Reformation in France and Switzerland; how his doctrine became that of the whole Presbyterian Church, and ruled in the Netherlands; "and finally," said he, "we may consider Calvin as the founder of the Free States of North America. It was his doctrine which shaped the men, who left home and country in order to preserve their religious freedom in the wilds of America."

Ranke's mind is peculiar—sharp, quick, incisive. His periods come, stroke upon stroke. He gives a vivid picture of every-

thing that he relates. He is deeply penetrated with Christian truth. He is a short, stout man, with a full face; stretches himself out as he reads; and he speaks either very slowly, drawling out his words, or else very fast and excitedly, almost unintelligibly. While hearing him lecture, or reading his books, one might think him disconnected and rambling, but with a stroke, a word, he brings it all together, and into connection with the great questions of truth and of life.

"What is the opposite of a locomotive?—A lieutenant," is a good, new Berlin witticism; and, from the crown prince down, everybody in Berlin is making witticisms. Speaking of witticisms, Kant has a capital one in his Æsthetics: "There are certain phrases," he says, "in which every word contains a lie; *e. g.*, (das heilige, römische Reich); it is not heilige, it is not römisch, it is not reich." One morning I was at Hengstenberg's. His wife is of high birth and has a noble countenance; he has rather a *sheepish* look, quite the reverse of his character. He spoke of the attacks upon himself, particularly of a book just published, by a private teacher in the university: "I would rather have him write twenty such books against me than have to write one against him; he is so obscure, as dark as a cloud." Hengstenberg is often bitter, sarcastic, sometimes scathing. No German theologian has so many enemies, so few followers; for none have I more respect. . . .

Did you ever hear of another famous German woman, Rahel? A very remarkable woman; a Jewess, but baptized. She ought to have been a man, and then she would have been prime-minister. She wrote letters which, for clear perception and insight, especially in political matters, are almost as unprecedented as Bettina's are for sentiment and imagination. She has not the fantasy of Bettina; does not go, like her, into little details; she has no wings, but a keen mind, a clear judgment, a trenchant wit. She is intellectual and incisive; enthusiastic, but only for the actual; she loved truth, bare, abstract truth, more than she loved her husband. She was too proud, too cold, too reasoning for a woman; but she was a glorious woman. They are the twin stars of German literature. The lack in each was that she was not the other; and the lack in both was that they were strangers to the Christian faith.

Have I written you of old Baron Kottwitz, the "spiritual father" of Tholuck? The best instruction which I have in Berlin is my almost weekly visit to him. That glorious old man, with that spiritual face, that clear voice speaking with childlike love and earnest faith of his Lord and Saviour! I can never forget it. "I am old and feeble," he said, the last time I was there; "I suffer a good deal of pain, but I do not feel it when my friends are here in the evenings; so come and see me very often." "I am now eighty-three years old," he said. "God has made me a present of three years, for the Bible says: 'The days of one's years are three score and ten,' etc.; and so I must constantly be expecting the messenger to tell me that my time has come." Another time he said in such a childlike, genuine way: "The king called me to his council in such a matter, I was ashamed at his showing me such honor." I reverence this old man, so venerable, so simple, so firm in his faith, so kind in his judgments, caring only for the honor of God. He has consecrated all his life and possessions to Christ, and he receives back a hundred fold in his heart, through rich grace.

To his parents:

BERLIN, July 27, 1839.

I can now give you the joyful information that I received that great package of letters by Prentiss, who arrived this morning. And how eagerly I read them all—mother's, father's, Corne's, Horatio's, and then several from other friends, and for an hour I was amongst you all again at home, romping with Corne, or talking on an ever so long stretch to father and mother, and paying Horatio's jokes back in his own coin. . . . And now I can almost count the days which intervene ere I leave Berlin, and, while I part from Germany with more regret than I ever expected to feel for another land than my own, yet I come to America with more gladness and joy than I ever had when I was in it before. And soon I shall see you all again, and the thought makes my heart bound. And though in this land I have received the most important impulse of my life, in an intellectual point of view, yet all that I have become—all my thoughts, wishes and plans have reference only to my activity

in my own beloved country, which I believe, more firmly than ever, to be blessed with higher privileges, and preparing for a more glorious future than any other nation of the earth. We have a great and tremendous future before us ; for us it is left to decide higher problems, and to test and develop greater principles, than has ever been the lot of any other people. And it is because we have such a destiny before us that now, in the period of our youth, more conflicting and diverse elements are found among us than among any other nation. Into the greatest of nations must enter as elements all that constitute the partialities and nationalities of other peoples, and we have them all. For us are, at least, three great questions to decide : whether the black man and the white can live together in masses, and in equality ; whether a free people can, out of and by their freedom, perpetuate law and government ; and whether the church can be separated from the state, and still the state be pure and Christian. In any other people under the whole heaven, to state these as problems which that people were called upon to solve, would startle them beyond measure ; the impossibility would be tacitly assumed ; and yet *we* are striding forward in the actual solution of them. Through strife and contest, perhaps by the fire and the sword, will this be accomplished ; but the God of nations rules in, and by means of, and in spite of—discord, fire, and the sword.

I didn't have any opportunity the last fourth of July to hear an oration, so I thought out the substance of one, as you see.

The arrival of his friend, Prentiss, was to him a great joy. After some delightful days in Berlin, they went together to Halle, where the new-comer was introduced to Tholuck, Ulrici, Kahnis and others. In a letter written to him many years afterward, Dr. Prentiss thus referred to this journey to Halle : "Do you remember a long walk and talk we had together in the grounds of Sans Souci ? It was a perfectly still, charming evening, and we sat down on a fallen tree, and discussed the problem —What is life ? What is existence ? Was ist Das Seyn ? I shall never forget the mysterious, awe-struck feelings

of that hour; and, ever and anon, they come back again, like strains of solemn music heard far off in the night." The two friends soon after separated, the one returning to Berlin, the other going with Prof. and Mrs. Tholuck to Kissingen, and in the autumn establishing himself as a student of theology at Halle.*

To a friend:

BERLIN, August 11, 1839.

[In reference to his decision to stay longer in Germany]. It is duty for me this year to make all the advances in study possible, for this is my last year of pure study, and I cannot, absolutely (that is certain), do it so well at home as here. As to the unfavorable influence of German philosophy, I cannot, of course, judge of myself, how much I have changed; but I have not the conviction that study here has had any other effect than that of making my views more deeply grounded, and of developing them more clearly. If I thought that my heart were losing ground, that I were losing my simple reverence for the Scriptures, and my simple faith in experimental religion, I would not, could not hesitate—I would come right home. This decision I have made quite entirely upon my own responsibility, against some of my most cherished wishes; I have made it in great pain, for I wanted to go home as much as I ever wanted to do anything.

BERLIN, August 15, 1839.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I have determined to remain the next semester here in Berlin, instead of returning home. I have consulted with Dr. Robinson, and Prof. Neander and Hengstenberg about it, and they all advise me strongly to remain. At any rate, I should spend the next year in studying, if not here, at home. Then the first question is, where can I study to most

* In a letter to Mr. Smith, dated some months later, Prof. Tholuck writes: "Unter den vielen Freunden welche mein Glück mehren steht Prentiss oben an; er ist mein *Freund*, ich fühle das innigste Zusammenklingen unserer Seelen. Er ist eine auserwählte Seele. Dank Ihnen, theuren Smith, dass Sie diesen Ihren Freund mir zugewiesen und an mein Herz gelegt haben."

advantage? and about this there can be but one opinion. . . . If I remain here, I have the society and advice of Hengstenberg and Neander (the latter particularly has encouraged me to undertake something, and has promised assistance and counsel). Then I avoid another winter in New England, which is something worth. . . . Dr. Robinson advises me to stay, and then go home and be examined by some association, and then go to Andover as Resident Licentiate for the next summer. . . . As to one point, of which I wrote you formerly, the influence of German theology upon my mind and heart, I trust that my Heavenly Father who, by His grace has hitherto guided and preserved me, will still be with me, and keep my heart and mind in the knowledge and love of the truth as it is in Jesus. I shall still be at home in season to spend the next summer term at Andover, there to write sermons and prepare myself for the more practical duties of the ministry—for it is my intention still, at any rate, to enter the ministry a year from this time.

To a friend:

(August 15, '39.)

. . . About a week ago I went with a very dear friend from Neufchâtel to make a visit to the tutor of the young prince,* who, if he lives, will one day be king of Prussia. Godet is the name of the tutor, a young man of twenty-eight, most lovely, most Christian; no prince could have a better tutor. He is from Neufchâtel. . . . We went first by rail to Potsdam, about fifteen miles from here, and then took a carriage to drive to Babelsberg. The palace is in a sort of half Gothic style, in the midst of a grove, small yet very pretty, and commanding a most beautiful view of the Havel, which here spreads itself out so as to form almost a lake, of Potsdam with its many palaces, and of some fine forests and pretty hills—a lovely spot to educate a young prince in. We were shown into the saloon, where were the mother of Godet, two or three exquisites, and one or two of the court ladies. M. Godet received me most kindly, and he is one of those men with whom I feel, after the first five minutes, that

* The present crown prince.

increased acquaintance will be only increased pleasure. Loveliness is the characteristic of the man. We were soon deep in exchanging, not discussing, views on Christian theology and the Christian life. By and by, in came bouncing a couple of boys, one ten years old, tall, thin, pretty, but a mere boy; the other eight, with a full face, rather large mouth, red-striped smock, bound with a belt on which the colors of Prussia shone; but an earnest face it was for a boy; he did not laugh long—soon became serious; 'twas not a German face, something between the German and the English. "Le petit prince," said madame to me, and the boy half slapped, half grasped my hand, and I went to talking English with him, which he understands perfectly well and speaks quite correctly. I asked him if he had ever seen an American before? "No, but a man who had been to America, Mr. Latrobe" (the traveler), and then he wanted to know about our negroes. We had some fruit and milk, and then went to walk in the grounds, to enjoy the fine view. The little prince got hold of my hand, and skipped and frolicked about, till at last I had him fairly pig-back, and we had a good romp of it. The love he has for his tutor is very great, and the chief punishment is to tell him that he shall not have a kiss from him when he goes to bed. To illustrate the authority and firmness of Godet: The children of the royal families were to go to see a panorama; the little prince had been naughty, and Godet told him he could not go. The next day the mother of the prince, not knowing of this, sent word to have the boy brought into the city at such an hour, to see the panorama. Godet returned answer that he could not go, he had been naughty. The mother said, "Punish him as much as you please afterward, only he must go this time." Godet went at once to the father, and said that he must adhere to the punishment, otherwise his authority was gone, and he must resign his situation. The father acquiesced, and when the mother heard from Godet personally the whole affair she acquiesced too, and so he kept both his place and authority.

We went back to the little palace, and went through all the rooms. The school-room of the prince is in the second story, commanding a fine view, and the sun was just setting, and the glorious woods and the peaceful river were lighted up, and it was

very beautiful. Then I had the little prince sit down to his writing-desk, and write me something as a memorial ; and he copied from his reading-book, "My heart feels that God is indead [sic] our Father as well as our King." * We went out before the house again, but soon came the fat butler: "Ah, M. Godet, the potatoes are all nice and hot," and we went to the supper table, and talked of serious and heavenly things.

BERLIN, August 20, 1839.

You know Mrs. Hegel, how kind she is to me. She has told me much of her life ; one little incident is interesting. She told me how she became acquainted with Baron Kottwitz. She had been very ill, for some time deprived of her reason ; in this state all that she said was taken from the Bible—literally. She spoke no other language than this, and she understood no other. So they got a servant to take care of her, who knew the Bible almost from beginning to end, and they talked together in Biblical quotations. After she got well, through this servant, who had long been in the service of Baron Kottwitz, these two noble hearts were brought together, and they esteem one another very highly.

DRESDEN, October 1, 1839.

I have been to see Tieck, and been to one of his famous readings. He received me very kindly. He has a fine countenance, but disease has distorted what was once a noble form, and now he is bent down and on one side, and cannot raise his head ; he only raises his eyes. There is very great *clearness* in all that he says and does, and this impression is borne out by a countenance which is really noble, large, full, expressive. About twelve were assembled at his evening party at six o'clock ; von Raumer, the distinguished historian from Berlin, who has lately published

* M. Godet wrote in Jan'y, 1841, after Mr. Smith's return : "This year, so full of events important for the royal family and the country, has been also full of distractions of all kinds, and your dear little friend has not wholly escaped them and their influence. I have just asked him what I should say to you for him : 'That I remember him well, and whether he remembers me, too,' was the reply ; and I add, out of his heart, 'If so, pray for me (I need it) to Him who not only is our Lord but also our Father.'"
Several years later came a similar message of remembrance.

under his name a translation of Washington's life, which translation, however, be it known, the daughter of Tieck made for him. (She has also translated, excellently well, the sonnets of Shakespeare.) V. R. is small, very quick in motion and in speech, almost impetuous, knows everything, has considerable wit, speaks loud, but animatedly, and to the point. Tieck did not talk much, but always to the point. He seemed too much at ease, too used to being surrounded by the distinguished, to exert himself. After tea and bread and butter, the reading began; it was one of his own dramas—"Blaubart." The reading was exquisite, so clear, so full, so animated and expressive. The most delicate and finest shades of the piece all properly and beautifully developed; everything in perfect harmony; no display, and the tones of his full, musical, expressive voice adapting themselves most beautifully to every character in the piece. It was a rich treat. He had unconsciously dropped his handkerchief in the course of the reading; a noble lady who was present, jumped up as soon as he ended and gave it to him; the tone in which he merely said, "gnädiste Frau," was one of the prettiest thanks and compliments which he could possibly have given her. He had seated himself during the reading at a little table by himself, a lamp on it, the book on a frame, the arms and person free, and we all sat in three quarters of a circle around him; and when he finished, the whole company gathered round him; some made quiet remarks about the reading; then the piece and the management of the subject came under discussion, the state of the drama, etc., and Tieck said, "A good comedy, well performed, is one of the richest intellectual treats one can possibly have."

To his parents:

DRESDEN, October 1, 1839.

Dr. Julius gave me a letter to a Mr. and Mrs. C. here, and they have introduced me to many others. Among the latter is Prof. Vogel v. Vogelstein, who has painted some very fine frescoes in one of the king's palaces, a gentleman of fine taste and high accomplishments, who has been exceedingly attentive to me. I was sitting in my room to-day after dinner, and some one knocked. It was Prof. V., he was just going to take a drive in

his barouche with his family, and I must go too, without any ceremony, and so we drove through some of the most beautiful parts of the neighborhood, to the valley of the Plau, where the road is among craggy, precipitous mountains, bold and startling rocks, and came at last to a village where a ward of his has an estate in coal mines. The whole village was in a state of rejoicing ; it was a two-days' festival—the miners contributing something from their earnings to a little fund, and as often as there is enough there is a festival. It has now been six years since there has been such a "time."

Prof. V. enjoyed it highly, and for that matter so did I. He is a Catholic, but of very liberal feelings and views ; and all the way home we discussed the state of religious parties in Germany and America. He is a famous collector of coins, and I have promised to get him some S. American coins after my return. He has presented me with a very fine work containing sketches of the best pictures of the best schools.

After visiting Herrnhut, the Saxon Switzerland, and the Hartz Mountains, and enjoying the Christmas festivities in Berlin, he closed this year and began the next with a delightful visit to Wulkow, the residence of Baron von Schenckendorff. His excellent friend, Besser, the former amanuensis of Professor Tholuck, was now vicar at Wulkow, and at the same time instructor to some of the baron's children. The eldest daughter of this family afterward became the wife of Professor Kahnis of Leipsic.

To his parents :

Wulkow, January 7, 1840.

The baron (formerly adjutant to one of the princes) traces the line of his ancestors, all of noble blood, back to the year 1268. He is an extremely well-educated man, of large and liberal views ; of course, a Prussian in principle, and no friend to republics ; at the same time a sincere, devoted, active Christian. So we have been at it pretty hard, discussing the differences of a republic and an exclusive, monarchical state, and though neither could

hope to win the other to his views, yet each understood the other better. The great points were the relation of church and state, of the individual to the government, and of the government to the people. I developed our system as well as I could, in its present state, showed that it was absolutely impossible to judge us from the European standard, that we had other problems to solve in our history, and were actually engaged in solving, than Europe had. I granted that our state was not the perfection, the ideal of a state, but insisted that we were in some points in advance of Europe ; that within our Constitution no bloody revolution could take place, because we were in a state of constant revolution ; that the great evil of the Prussian state was that every revolution must be bloody. I granted that the Prussian theory was more perfect and systematic than ours, but still asserted that a more perfect form of both church and state was conceivable than the Prussian (because here the church is oppressed, and the people have no voice in the law) ; and that we were, though now in a state of effervescence, yet nearer to that perfect form than the Prussian. Upon these points, and such as these we have talked ; but often when I have stated some points which illustrated the complete antipodes of our system to this, the Major would cry out, "Well, this I cannot understand." 'Tis, indeed, most difficult for a European to enter into our government and understand it.

The village here numbers about five hundred inhabitants, and on New Year's Day they were all in the church, and after church came up all the old and respectable ones and greeted the family so kindly and heartily, and wanted to get hold of the baron's hand. The old pastor I visited ; he was so glad to see an American ! Had never seen one in his life ! Asked about the snakes and wild beasts in America, and whether they ever come into the cities. He had his education fifty years ago. New Year's Day texts of Scripture were drawn by lot, after the manner of the Moravians, by the whole family, then by all the servants. Mine came very appropriate : "When you enter into a house say, Peace be to this house." Every evening prayers and singing in the family, servants present ; but New Year's evening came so many from the village to take part in the service, that the large saloon was filled. And how affectionately they

all greeted the family; and how kindly the family spoke with all of them! 'Twas delightful to witness it. It was a blessing to my heart so to begin this year, and to close the last; and it made me more and more impatient, my dearest parents, for the time when I shall be with you all once again. And in this year, with God's blessing, this long-wished-for event shall take place.

BERLIN, February 18, 1840.

Two or three evenings since at Hengstenberg's, a very pleasant company; Dr. Robinson, Twesten, Steffens, a Norwegian professor here, about five-and-fifty, but full of energy and animation, talks exceedingly well, as if he could not contain himself. Last evening at Baron von Kottwitz's, as usual with a circle of young men around him, whom he knows so well how to instruct. I have written you so often of him, and yet I can never write or speak of him without an almost enthusiastic veneration. I have never known or seen his like. Christ is with him, his all in all; there is never a wavering in the steadiness of his faith.*

To a friend:

BERLIN, February 18, 1840.

A few evenings since I had a "kneip" in my room, mostly medical and law students. They had asked me to come to them—and I must return the compliment—and we had a nice time. But better than this is a society of theologians, in which I have been for some time, who come to my room once a week—some eight in all; we take some portion of Scripture, for example, the temptation of Christ, discuss critically and dogmati-

* The following note, with half a dozen similar ones preserved, from this venerable man, shows that the affection was reciprocal:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Two of my very dear friends some time since expressed a wish to spend an evening with you. I, therefore, permit myself to send you a cordial invitation to come next Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, and I will consider your silence as a kind assent.

"With all my heart,

"Your old, true servant,

"KOTTWITZ."

"BERLIN, 6 Alex. street,
29th January, 1840."

cally, and then practically, opening and closing with prayer. There are some acute minds among them.

To Mr. G. L. Prentiss [*then in Halle*] :

BERLIN, March, 1840.

Though I am eagerly expecting you this week, yet I must write you a letter, even though it should be a hurried one, just to tell you I'm expecting you, and to tell you how much joy I anticipate from our cosy walkings and talkings. I've just had letters from home giving some particulars as to the Lexington. Prof. Longfellow's name is not mentioned, so that he could not have been among them as was first reported ; but dreadful, most dreadful was the disaster, beyond all computation or imagination. President Woods will probably come abroad this year. I almost envy you this delight, but instead of envying *you*, I just call upon you to envy *me* my matchless delight in coming home to those I love and who love me. I tear myself away with great reluctance from this home of my spirit ; but my heart and soul are still all American. But now, dear George, I must stop, for I really have not a minute's time left me. God in Christ bless and keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of the truth as it is in Jesus, and conduct us in safety through all the dark ways of this world to Himself—into that fulness of joy which only the ecstatic moments of this world dimly give us in anticipation.

To a friend:

BERLIN, March 5, 1840.

Besser, my friend from Wulkow, has been here, and brought with him a pressing invitation from the Schenckendorffs that I would visit them again before I left, which, however, will hardly come to pass. B. stayed with me while here, and we slept alternately on the sofa and bed ; I enjoyed his visit highly, he is so full of fire and freshness and life ; and I was particularly rejoiced, because under his preaching at Wulkow, there were already signs of a revival ; and the evening hours which we spent together in prayer will long be among my delightful recollections of the deep Christian fellowship which we have enjoyed

with one another. Prentiss will be here about the 20th of this month, and remain till I am packed up and off. So you see that, even in these last days of my remaining here, I have still some pleasures in expectation. From these days and times of study I look forward, with anxious eagerness, to those times when I shall enter upon the practical duties of life, and begin to work —come into action, for now I feel too much like a useless laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. And though much of trembling fear is united with the prospect, though the heavy responsibility is to come upon me, so unworthy and unable to bear it, yet I will still "put my trust in Him."

March 19, 1840.

Prentiss has come to me to-day from Halle, and brought me lots of letters from my friends there, bidding me farewell;* some very kind letters, indeed; that from Kahnis especially so; he is a noble fellow. Tholuck sent me a letter of introduction to Dr. Pusey of Oxford, the leader of the new movement in the English Church.

It is a great joy for me to see Prentiss. If we don't talk about America and all our friends there, it is because we have neither tongues nor language. He is still full of enthusiasm for the great, good and true, though a little sobered by his German studies.

A few evenings since I went to the Singing Academy here, to hear Handel's Oratorio of "Saul." The performances in this Academy have the reputation of being the best in Europe, and certainly I know of nothing that I ever heard that was more imposing than this music; it went down into my heart of hearts.

March 26, 1840.

. . . The Major (von S.) came the following day, offered me a seat in his carriage for the next day to Wulkow, so kindly, so full of heart, I could not resist it. The day was windy, but we had a

* Tholuck's farewell letter is this: "My heart calls to you, dearest, its last farewell this side of the ocean. You will remain written upon it forever. The Triune God be with you!

"A. Tholuck.

"Halle, 18 May, 1840."

pleasant drive, and it would have done your heart good, as it did mine, to hear the sounds: "And here is Mr. Smith, too!" Besser really was quite nervous, and would hardly let me get out of his arms to greet the other members of the family.

To his parents:

BERLIN, April 8, 1840.

This eve I leave Berlin for London. I have been absolutely so pressed for time that I have not been able to put pen to paper till now, and now I must write you the shortest letter I have ever written, to announce my departure. Since I wrote you, I have again visited the v. Schenckendorffs, in Wulkow,—have received from all friends the most flattering proofs of kindness and affection,—for the last two nights have slept but two or three hours, because I have so horribly much to do, and must go to-day. Full of joy, indeed, I am at the thought of seeing you all again so soon; yet at the same time full of pain at quitting so many near and dear friends. Never shall I forget the parting blessing of Neander and of Kottwitz, the fervently expressed wishes of Hengstenberg, and then Mrs. Hegel,—it almost unmanned me as I last clasped her hand and received her dearest wishes for my happiness. But if I begin to speak of the kindness of my friends, I shall never stop.

To a friend:

Packet between Hamburg and London, April 12, 1840.

The evening of my departure [from Berlin] six or eight young friends came in to take tea with me and to accompany me to the coach. I was heartily, heartily wearied with the packing and the visiting, and was obliged still to scratch off some letters of farewell. I believe that many, very many, were really very sorry to part with me; and, for myself, I had never imagined that I could become so much attached to any foreign land. It has embraced me with a hundred arms; it has enticed me in a hundred ways.

LONDON, May 5, 1840.

The weather has been most delightful ever since I came, and this is now three weeks, weather such as all London declares is

quite unprecedented; every day cloudless, only a half hour's rain in all this time; and I have enjoyed it to the full. I have seen very many of the remarkable objects and places of which we read, have traversed the Tower, that little town with its equipments for the present, its relics of past armies, its prison of Raleigh, its jewels of the crown, and the old woman who guards them and tells her tale so singingly; Westminster Abbey, great, glorious, magnificent; a day at Windsor, which is the most remarkable castle that I have ever seen—I have literally seen nothing which has made such an impression upon me as Windsor—it is at once a castle and a palace; Hampton Court, with its magnificent galleries of paintings, its unrivalled cartoons of Raphael,—it is the last of the monastic style of architecture, its gardens and labyrinths beautiful; Busby Park, its entrance magnificent. Richmond and its noble park I have seen; and sailed up the Thames, where at every turning a castle, a gentleman's seat such as no other part of the world can disclose, meets the eye, most lovely, most English; have been at Chelsea and Vauxhall, at Greenwich and Kensington; have joined the fashionable crowd in Hyde Park, and seen the Queen and all the great ones there; at a public meeting in Guildhall for New Zealand, but Gog and Magog, the Chathams and Nelsons were more interesting to me than the speakers. I have been in the courts of law, and heard Manning and Pepys, the attorney-general and the solicitor; seen the Lord Chancellor and other judges and lawyers in their wigs and their state; have seen the mayor in his splendid carriage; have been over and under the famous bridge; seen London from the river and in the streets; have walked up Regent street and down Oxford street, go by St. Paul's every day, and sometimes into it; have dined with Dr. Smith and Dr. Henderson and Dr. Reed, have received great kindness from Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Ball and Mr. Baron and Mr. Dummer, and am there often; am delighted with Mr. Robinson, the friend of Goethe and of Wordsworth, of Lamb, Hazlitt and Carlyle; have been to the House of Lords when nobody was there, and into Westminster Abbey to hear divine service, and 'twas most imposing. I have heard Melville, Binney, Fox, and Baptist Noel; have heard Faraday on Electricity; been to the meetings of the Royal Society and the Society of An-

tiquaries; am in the midst of the great anniversaries, whose sound is gone forth to all the earth; have seen the National Gallery twice, the Museum three times, the Exhibition of Modern Artists, and of the Society of Water Colors; have been in Whitehall Chapel, in the Zoölogical Gardens, Regents' Park, St. James' Park, and to all the famous squares; have ridden in cabs, omnibusses, hackney-coaches, oft in steamers; all over the town and in its environs; I have been all over the docks; to the misssionary meetings—Bible, Tract, and other societies in Exeter Hall, without number; have seen the great Wizard of the North, and Punch and Judy,—in short I am heartily tired out.

CHAPTER III.

YEARS OF WAITING.—1840–1842.

AFTER a voyage of forty-seven days, Mr. Smith landed in New York, July 1st, 1840. He received an unusual welcome from the large circle of his personal friends, and also from scholars and theologians, as one fresh from the fields of German study, which were then less familiar and accessible than now.

"At Andover I was most cordially received by the Professors Stuart, Woods, Park, Edwards. Dr. Woods treated me even affectionately. Prof. Stuart kept me some five hours in a long talk about Germany and Germans. His acquaintance with the theological literature is very extensive, though into their doctrinal theology and philosophy he does not enter with a full comprehension. Prof. Park invited me to his house, Prof. Edwards came too, and we talked long. I like Prof. P., as a man, very much. He is liberal in his views on most points, though I cannot think that he fully understands the deep meaning and the philosophical power of the system which he opposes. Dr. Woods the same as ever in his views, always judicious and sound, though never philosophically developing the truths which he still receives with his whole mind and heart. They all thought it would be well for me to come to Andover. Dr. Woods wanted me, because I knew something of German philosophy, and could be able to give hints to the students who are verging that way. Stuart wanted me to study there, and talk over books and men. Park, too, urged it, so that I could not but be gratified with the reception that I met with. Dr. Woods said that, if I would come, he would ensure me enough preaching in the neighborhood to support me during the year, and then, if I had a mind to

write anything, it would give me a surplus. I presented a request to be received as a "Resident," which I can act up to or not, as shall be deemed best.

I went Wednesday to Roxbury to see Mr. [George] Ripley, and had a long, long talk. We differ very much, yet are on many points united. He wants me to translate a book, Twesten's Dogmatik, for his "Specimens," and I think I shall do it; he also asks me to write for the "Dial."

WALNUT HILLS, ME., August 16th.

Father was quite urgent that I should attend the Association, and get a license, so I went to work on my sermon, and in about five hours had written one that I thought might do; for, though in point of style it had many defects, yet it was sound in doctrine, scriptural, presented the grand *reconciling* truths of our dispensation; the text, 1 Cor. i. 30, 31—"For of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." You know it is one of my favorite topics.

Well, on Monday I went to Portland, and next morning to New Gloucester where the Association met. The examination came on after dinner. Some questions asked, but I was left principally to make my own statements. They found me orthodox, and gave me my commission. More than twenty ministers were present.*

I had four invitations to preach this Sunday, and five for the next; for the next I have refused all, for this I came here. Mr. Hobart was very urgent; I knew his people,† they were in an interesting state, and he had had no help.

I am now going to preach again this afternoon. A beautiful new church is here, and a great many old friends, and I feel perfectly at home. But oh, how much holiness of heart is needed in a minister! How deeply I feel my own wants and needs! We are indeed but earthen vessels to be used for the honor of

* A member of the council said afterwards, in allusion to the unusual number of questions put to the candidate: "We wanted to get all that we could out of him, for we found that he could instruct *us*."

† He had taught a school in this place during a college vacation.

God. Let us pray that He will use us, and make us wholly, only His.

I preached again in the afternoon, extempornaeously, fully an hour, but the people assured me that they were not wearied. There is now at Walnut Hills a great interest in religious subjects, as in the other parts of N. Yarmouth. After the sermon I went to visit my acquaintances there, of course talking all the time, and in almost every house I had to read and pray with them again, so that after the end of my last visit, about nine o'clock, I felt pretty weary.

BRUNSWICK, September 6, 1840.

I have been elected "temporary additional Instructor" in the absence of President Woods [in Europe]; $600 for the year; no title given, because they were not ready to appoint a professor, and did not intend to make the place a permanent one. I hesitated some time about accepting it, but was urged to do it so much that I at length consented.

SACCARAPPA, September 11, 1840.

Yesterday we all went to Scarboro'; I went to grandfather Southgate's to dinner, (Uncle, the father of Horatio, is there now) and rejoiced in the old familiar scenes; 'twas so good to be amongst them once more. I knew every tree in the orchard, every nook in the house, every hole in the rocks; and, at "Mill Fall" I nearly lost myself in the past, so well had those stern, rugged rocks kept every lineament; it seemed to me that hardly had the moss changed, and the same rippling of the stream over the rocks, too; 'twas exquisite to get back once more fully to boyhood. . . . Next Sunday I shall preach here part of the day.

September 20, 1840.

I do not think so much of the transitoriness and fickleness of all in this life, but rather of the permanent and enduring. I am too apt to dwell upon that which we already have here, which will finally remain to us, which will go with us beyond. I am dwelling, too much, perhaps, upon those truths and connections

which I conceive to be enduring and eternal, and living thus, in some respects, too abstracted from all which has its center and home here. And by this I do not at all mean that this has anything of a purely religious nature in it. 'Tis rather philosophy than faith which leads me to do this; 'tis rather that I am living for science and knowledge, than that I am cultivating devout affections and a holy life, for of this last I am too neglectful, I pay too little attention to what is called practical religion.

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

BRUNSWICK, October 2, 1840.

. . . I am confined in the house this evening. "In the house" meaneth here, Daniel's, *i. e.*, Mr. Goodwin's * house. I feel very much at home, for this is a sort of home to me, rich in many blessings.

I regretted much not to be at Bangor at the Anniversary, but another attraction at Dorchester and the Cambridge Commencement drew me in a contrary direction, and I don't know but I was happier as it was. President Woods's address—you have, doubtless, heard much of it already—was admirable; the reconciling character of this age in matters of science and religion; *it made him a reputation.* And then the Boston transcendentalists, I became acquainted with many of them. . . . A strange set they are, full of what they call inspiration, believing, in some sort, in higher things, but their belief is as yet shrouded in dreams and phantasmagorical shapes; and not the meeting on the Blockberg, nor the Helena of the second part of Faust, where all antique mythology, and northern elfs, and "Sagen" and Märchen meet together, can represent all the dancing troup among which their faith is whirling. But a spirit is in them, and time and God will test it; it is a movement, not yet a shape, no form or feature, more allied with Germany than with any other part, but not German exclusively.

As to myself here, my duties this term are comparatively light; the themes of the Junior class, translations of Sophomores, once a week the Freshmen in Eschenburg's Manual, and the

* Mr. Goodwin was now Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College.

evening prayers; so that a great deal of time is my own. In the meantime, I shall make the translation of Twesten, pursue my theology, write sermons, and, occasionally, preach the same; for the future, trust in Providence: this may bring me sometime to the pastoral office, and I do love preaching, my great fear being of lungs and health. But I could not very well live without occasional preaching: I need this sort of vent to keep my mind in a healthy state, and to popularize for myself what I am too apt to put into the abstract language of theology or philosophy.

To Mr. G. L. Prentiss [*in Berlin*]:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, November 2, 1840.

I attended Dartmouth commencement,—good. Drs. Beecher and Henry there; the former tried to prove that Edwards was New School. Dr. Henry I like very much; there is something manly and fearless about him. The *Princeton Review* has come out with two smashing articles against transcendentalism, under which it includes all German philosophy, full of misconceptions and misstatements, especially a bitter attack against Dr. Henry and Cousin. D. H. is going to reply, and in the matter of German philosophy wants me to come to his aid. I am doubtful what to do. I should like to give an exposé of the systems, mainly in a historical point of view, but have hardly now the time. I think I shall confine myself to furnishing Dr. H. with some data. The Transcendentalists are working on in the *Boston Review*, of which Brownson is editor, and in the "*Dial*," a new publication, in which all sorts of conglomerations, hopes and prophecies appear, full of the future and of imaginings. Brownson comes out against everything, a perfect democrat, wholly subjective, denying all historical right. "Menzel's German Literature," translated admirably, has appeared in Ripley's Series. I am now translating for it the first volume of "Twesten's Dogmatik." If you meet with any important hints or reviews bearing upon this book, send them to me.

I was on the steamboat to Portland with your brother Seargent. His reputation was at the highest, called everywhere, feasted everywhere, making brilliant speeches everywhere.

I am glad that you have my old room. Tell Sayer and his

wife to take as good care of you as they did of me. Remember me to them kindly. Write me about the new king, of whom many good things are related, of new books, new strifes, new theology, of "Strauss's Dogmatik," etc. Will you inquire, too, about some good books on rhetoric generally, on style and the orator, and if there be any one very vorzüglich I should like it; also as to the vernacular German grammars. Find out if there be any good treatise on the principles and method of translations. What are the best manuals on Greek and Roman mythology? I board at Goodwin's and am very happily situated. I am reading Bossuet and J. Taylor on Catholicism, also Hooker and some other worthies. Do write me soon, as soon as you get this, and write as small as possible so as to make a nice long letter. Your last showed some improvement in penmanship.

In reference to Dr. Henry's request he wrote to another friend:

Now this article affords a grand opportunity for an attack, for it contains heavy charges and severe misrepresentations, perversions, in fact, of German philosophy; but, at the same time, I coincide in some of the fears and in many of the views entertained by the author. I am no blind upholder of German systems. I, too, would oppose them, but not by perversions, not by rendering them ridiculous, not by impeaching my own understanding and destroying my veracity as a historian of opinions; so that I hardly know what to do.

There will be abundance of time by-and-by for me to do anything in the way of expounding German philosophy, so far as this may be useful or necessary, and it will be a positive advantage to wait until positive evils grow out of this tendency to Germanicise; also to wait until in some other way I may become known, so that the first that people hear of me may not be in connection with a suspicious party, suspicious, I mean, because *all* is included in it, because there is nothing fixed, because its members are more subjective than objective in their tendencies; are more for the future than for the past or present. But when I once begin there will be no stopping; partly because such is my nature, partly the force of habit. Tholuck said once to me

that when one began to be an author it seemed as if an irresistible force impelled him to continue ; that the tendency of writing one book was to lead him to write another. And Beethoven speaks of " the momentum acquired by the very act of composing a book urging him to compose another."

During the winter vacation he went to Boston and Andover, and wrote :

Boston, Jan'y 21, 1841.—On Tuesday I dined with Mr. Ripley. After dinner he said that Mr. Bancroft wished to see me, and so we went over there and spent a couple of hours very delightfully ; it was all about Germans and Germany. Mr. B. sometimes gets very eloquent in talking. He was very much interested in finding out all he could about Hegel, etc. The first part of the time Brownson was there ; he has a *great* intellect, with a natural predilection for philosophy, and discusses all philosophical questions with the greatest acuteness ; but he is passionate, too grasping, has little refinement. In the evening took tea with Ripley. Young Dana and Cranch, who has written poetry for the *Dial*, were there, and then we all went to hear Dr. Walker,* though Mr. Ripley went home to read a book on *carrots*. Dr. W. able, an immense audience, the whole Odeon full. The interest in his lectures increases daily, in spite of some newspaper attacks, and he is unquestionably a very strong man.

After lecture we all went to Dr. Channing's, and I had there a delightful time. . . . Most of the evening I was talking with him. I liked him very much, he is so very *quiet*. He says he wants to know something more about Hegel, he knows somewhat of the other luminaries. German theology came upon the tapis ; he wanted to know about the *infidels ;* how large a part of the theologians were liberal Christians, etc. Was glad that I was going to translate Twesten. Some beautiful tableaux, in which his daughter took a prominent part, about fifty people there. Mrs. H. very pleasant, Miss S—— beautiful and intelligent, Dr. Channing good and independent. Then there was

* Then professor of Moral Philosophy, afterward president of Harvard University.

beautiful singing by Miss Dana, daughter of R. H., a very splendid voice; and by Cranch, who sang one or two beautiful German songs; and about half-past eleven we came away, highly delighted with all. Wednesday evening I went to Cambridge; Prof. Longfellow as ever; Prof. Felton there, and he is different from what I expected, does not look like a student, is one though. I had quite a walk with him; then to President Quincy's, who told me, with all enthusiasm, about his plan for governing the college, everything marked, and the sum total carried through all the four years.

Dined at Bancroft's; very pleasant. . . . Mr. B. wanted to know all about the recent books and parties and journals in Germany; he has already a beautiful library which he is rapidly enlarging. His is a very cultivated mind, and talks exceedingly well. . . . I had the pleasure of telling him all about Heine and Göttingen. . . . After dinner, called on Mr. R. H. Dana, a contrast; rather a *churchman*, poetical, poetically old school, his whole soul against the locos and transcendentalists. And in the evening I went to Miss Peabody's. Parker of Roxbury was there, and Cranch, and Clarke of Louisville, who left L. because he could not have free labor, and the Ripleys, and Dr. Channing and his daughter; and others, quite transcendental, in fact *very*. Miss Peabody, full-souled, quite learned. Art was very much discussed, and I had with some ladies some quite learned transcendental talk. Parker is learned, thoroughly so, and therefore I was glad to meet him. He is now full of Goethe and Biblical criticism. To-day I am going to dine with Dr. Channing, to take tea at Mr. R. H. Dana's, to spend the evening at Mr. Ticknor's.

January 26, 1841.

A very pleasant visit at Dr. Channing's. The Doctor is a rare questioner. He asked me very much about German theology and pantheism. . . . He has not a philosophical mind, not even a comprehensively theological one; it is almost wholly of a moral order; he wants to found all theology in love and right, hardly admitting any ontological questions in regard to the nature of things, of the divine mind, etc. . . . Miss ——, a Catholic lady, was there, and she attacked all the Protestant

presumptions quite bravely, declaring how satisfied she was with the simple reception of the doctrine of the Church. After dinner the talk came upon the papal doctrines, and Miss —— said how glad she was to have communion with so large a church; "but," said the doctor, "I have communion with a still larger one, with all holy minds that have ever lived." . . . At Mr. Dana's a very pleasant time; his daughter sings wonderfully, and he is so excellent, full of deep, quiet, unpretending thought. At Mr. Ticknor's a large, brilliant, fashionable party. We went off into Mr. T.'s magnificent library, eleven thousand volumes, a grand room, the finest private library in the United States. . . . Last evening I heard Emerson give a lecture before the Mechanics' Institute. It was very able and very false, partial truth and total error. We must all be reformers, must go nearer to Mother Earth, must have no commodity for whose production we have not labored; but it was all of it reform without redemption, very many admirable thoughts, but much distortion, some passages very eloquent; but his style is not natural. It is forcible and forced.

ANDOVER.

Prof. Park is now preaching here a series of sermons upon predestination, election, etc. Everybody speaks of his great power as a preacher. The students are full of enthusiasm about him. I have had a very pleasant visit here indeed. The professors have all treated me very kindly. I go in and out at Prof. Woods's as if it were a home. I have had some good long talks with him about doctrines, etc., and I can agree with him in most points. He is very judicious. Prof. Edwards asked me to spend the Sabbath with him; so I am here. To-day Park has preached all day on decrees, and he is truly a great preacher. He is sometimes *tremendous*, in thought and manner. He bids fair to be the first American preacher. Prof. Edwards is a thorough scholar and an excellent man. He likes, too, a good laugh, and we have had some right good ones. . . . I always feel aroused in talking with Park. He does not talk a great deal himself, but he has a great faculty of making others do so. . . .

BRUNSWICK, February 4, 1841.

I preached in Portland yesterday; in the morning for Mr. Condit; in the afternoon at High street. It did seem a little queer to have around me faces and people I had known from a boy, and so many of them; but that feeling was soon lost in other and deeper ones. Quite a number of Unitarians came to hear me. . . . I met the freshmen for the purpose of forming a Bible class. They sent voluntarily to know if I would be their teacher. . . . I have a renewal of the invitation to lecture at Gardiner before the Lyceum, and have accepted it. I have been thinking of Mythology as a subject, or rather of showing how, even in the classical religions, there was an *Ahnung* of Christianity.

BRUNSWICK, April, 1841.

I am glad to do anything to make this event [the sudden death of President Harrison in Washington] more impressive. They are making great preparations for to-morrow: a military escort, many people from the neighboring towns, a requiem, etc. . . . The eulogy, a very simple one, was delivered to a crowded house. The whole occasion was a very solemn one to me.*

BRUNSWICK, June, 1841.

Preached at Bath, in the forenoon, my only written sermon; in the afternoon extemporaneously, from the text, "Sanctify us wholly," to show some of the reasons why sanctification is a gradual and not an instantaneous work, and of the wisdom of God in this treatment of His dear children. This is a subject which has interested me very much; and this week I mean to write the sermon out, if I can find time, and preach it here next Sunday.

About this time advances were made to him from Hanover, N. H., in regard to the pastorate of its village church in connection with the professorship of divinity

* By request the same address was repeated in Bath on the day of the national fast.

in the college. But after personal interviews and correspondence on the subject, the claims of several other candidates, better known to the trustees, were pressed at commencement, and the election was deferred until January.

At the same time his friends in Maine were earnestly desiring his permanent connection with Bowdoin College, as professor of literature. The faculty were unanimous in requesting it of the boards of trustees and overseers, many of whom, also, were desirous of retaining him. But, at the decisive meeting of the boards at commencement, the matter was dropped.

An extract from one of his letters, dated Brunswick, September 3, will show in what spirit he met these repeated disappointments:

I did strongly expect a different result. And now I try to believe that it is all for the best—that God has something elsewhere for me to do. I have had some sad hours since the decision came. I did not know before how strongly I was attached to Brunswick; how hard it would be to give up all thoughts of remaining here. I had too fondly expected a different result. But now I do not feel discouraged nor dispirited. I am as ready for duty, wherever it may call me, as I was before. I trust I am more ready than before to consecrate myself without reserve to the service of my Redeemer.

From my friends here and in the boards, from very many of them, I have received the warmest proofs of kindness. The real reason why I have no place here is—Unitarianism.* The alleged reason is the state of the funds. My friends say: "Next year you will be elected." So they said a year ago.

There is a slight degree of humiliation about it, as if I and my friends had overestimated my merits, and thought my election more important to the interests of the college than it really is. Time will show, and, if I am well, it *shall* show. Only

* Very possibly, too, unknown to himself, there were fears in the minds of some of the conscientious orthodox, on the other hand, in regard to that *monstrum horrendum*, German philosophy.

six weeks ago what prospects; there was the chance of being elected to an important post in Hanover, to an honorable position here. The six weeks are gone and neither hope has been fulfilled.

During this year of instruction in Bowdoin College his influence over the students was great, and their attachment to him was very strong. One of them, Rev. George F. Magoun, President of Iowa College, writes thus:

"I owe to him much as a senior year instructor in college, and, among other things, I owe to him this, my first impression of how winning a great scholar can be. The studies he taught in have never lost the hold which his skillful and unique teaching gave them; and afterward at Andover, I received from him an impetus toward philosophy, which, after more than thirty years, remains. I was just at that age and stage when the danger of disesteeming simple-hearted Christian faith could be best averted by the influence of one who knew the great world of culture, art and life abroad; and his conversations, with now and then a translation he had been making, which he gave me to read, had this influence. The acuteness, readiness, and fulness of his mind in that immense field I was just beginning to wonder at, were a constant marvel to me, and the lesson of laying all at the feet of our adorable Lord and Saviour was worth *everything*. When I have recalled the beauty of character joined with all beside, I have ever been very thankful that I have known him. I still quote detached distinctions and suggestions of his to the classes I instruct, though I cannot, alas! convey to them the exceeding loveliness of the honored Christian teacher from whose now silent lips they came."

After leaving Brunswick, he sought at once another sphere of labor, and, after a few weeks, he accepted an invitation to preach to a newly organized church at Old Hadley, Mass. He went there, and, with no reluctant heart, gave himself to the work which had been his first

choice, but which repeated experiments had led him and his friends to regard as too hazardous to his health. He preached for a few weeks with great earnestness, and won the affections of the people in an unusual degree.

In October he wrote:

I have taken for my text Gal. iv. 18, laying the emphasis on the word "*always.*" I mean to make it, if I can, very plain and practical, such as will, to some degree, suit the present state of the church and people. In short, I am going to try to write a sermon that will do good, and to pray to God to give me wisdom so to write. It will be pretty hard work to bring my mind to where it ought to be—to the practical application of the truths and doctrines of the Bible to the wants and hearts of men. But what is the theology worth which cannot be brought home to men's minds and hearts ?

But the strain of suspense and disappointment had been too great for the outward, if not for the inward man. In the midst of his sermon, which he was preaching with even more than his usual energy, he faltered and was prostrated. And thus his ministrations in the Hadley pulpit came to an end.

After weeks of great feebleness spent with his friends at Northampton, he went home, as before from Andover, to the sympathizing care of his parents. Convalescence came slowly, under painful medical treatment.

He wrote at this time:

November 21, 1841.

I trust that I have consecrated myself anew to the service of my Master, and that He has accepted the consecration ; that whatever He may henceforth give me of health or means of influence shall all be consecrated to His service ; that if He chooses to make me suffer, I will be ready to do it for the sake of Him who sendeth affliction, of the Saviour who endured it, and of my own soul which needs it.

While he was in Saccarappa, there was an unusual

religious interest in the village. As his returning strength allowed, he went into the daily meetings, assisting the clergyman in prayer and exhortation. He was the object of warm affection among the people, and now his feeble health gave him a fresh claim to their interest. Poor old women spoke of him with tears, and pleaded for him in their prayers.

SACCARAPPA, January 5, 1842.

I have attended [the meetings] part of the time, and think it has done me no hurt and has done me good. How different it is to come from the theorizing about, and preparation for the ministry, right into the ministry itself; to apply all that one has learned to hearts and souls; to have living hearts, immortal souls before one, instead of the mere notions and ideas of them. It is then that the responsibility becomes very great. I feel now that I could very easily let myself go on till I got very excited in the course of these meetings, but I began them determined to be prudent. . . . Soon I shall be able to preach again, and then I shall be glad.

In January, 1842, at the adjourned meeting of the Trustees of Dartmouth College, his hopes were again disappointed, the reports of his feeble health doubtless conducing to the result.

January 17, 1842.

. . . This is very, very hard to bear. But I do not feel disheartened at all. I feel just as ready to embark on some other plan of life as I did before, nay, more so. Now I shall have no *situation* to lean upon, no place ensured to me, only such as I may work out for myself with the strength which God gives me. For the third, yes, for the fourth time, my hopes have been disappointed, my plans broken in pieces, and what shall become of the fifth when it is formed? But God knows, and *we know*, that in Him is all our trust and hope.

When he had somewhat recovered, he spent a few weeks in Boston and Andover in search of employment.

In February he preached in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and the next two months in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and South Berwick, Maine, all without result, his feebleness being too apparent.

BOSTON, February 15, 1842.

Yesterday forenoon I went to the legislature—a great deal of talk and not very much of wisdom. Then I called on Dr. Channing. He was not very well, and said that he was consequently glad to see a friend. So I sat an hour with him. I love to hear him talk—so quiet and yet so firm, such a benevolent way about him, as tho' seeking all the good he could everywhere find. The *Church* was the main subject; we differed, and he heard my differences patiently and kindly. When I came away he gave me a sermon on "The Church," which was preached and published last year in Philadelphia. . . . In the afternoon I called on Mr. Kirk. He recollected my face, but not myself, till I told him some things. He was kind, said he would do anything for me that he could, wanted to know if my preaching was of the *pungent* sort, thought that one with my advantages ought to be able to do much good in Boston just now. Mr. Aiken came in, they wanted me to go to an inquiry meeting with them at Park Street Vestry. I did. About fifty there, mostly ladies. I conversed with several of them; some were Unitarians. There seemed to be a good deal of deep feeling. In the evening went to a small party at Mrs. S.'s, but came away early, for I had a deal of headache, which has subsided to-day wholly. . . .

February 17.—Yesterday I called on Mr. Ticknor; he asked me to come Friday evenings and see his wife, and any time and see him and use his library as much as I can. He has also given me an introduction to the Athenæum, so that I can go there any time and read and write. I availed myself of it yesterday afternoon, and made some extracts from books for my translation, and I am going again this morning for the same purpose. Last evening Mr. Perkins and Mar Johannan at the Odeon. The bishop was not very well—quite embarrassed—and so made but a few remarks in broken English, sufficiently interesting as coming from a foreigner, with a deal of scatteration about them.

Then, for the curiosity of the thing, I went to the last end of an abolition meeting in Faneuil Hall—a political affair—not particularly edifying.

There is a great deal of religious feeling among the Unitarians now. Last week and this they have held meetings to see what is to be done. The successor of Mr. Ripley, Coolidge, has filled his house, and preaches regeneration, faith, and prayer, and belief in Christ and the sinfulness of the heart. After the sermon, for a minute or two, all the congregation remain quiet in silent prayer. So it is, too, in the new Society of Clarke. He has introduced responses, and repeating the Lord's Prayer by the whole people, and singing by the congregation alone, and free seats in church for all, and prayer-meetings, and he attends father Taylor's prayer-meetings too.

February, 1842.

Preached one Sunday at Roxbury—head oppressed while preaching. From a short talk with Mr. Greene the other day I am led to think that they do not think me quite the man for them. . . . Both Dr. Anderson and Mr. Greene said that the labors of a pastor there would be very arduous, and both of them told me what I knew before, that I seemed to be still quite feeble. I shall remain here another week, waiting for a chance to preach in the neighborhood. If it does not then come I think I will go to Andover. I think I am improving in health.

Boston, February 20, 1842.

Friday afternoon I went to see Mr. Ripley [at Brook Farm]—got there about tea-time, took tea with some twenty or thirty on rough wooden benches—the fare good, though. About eight o'clock Mr. Dana came from Boston in the carryall—all full of boughten articles, in good spirits, and they seem to be very happy and cheerful, and revenge themselves on the laughs of the world by laughing at everybody else.

They have, I should think, a very pleasant society; all seem cheerful, all have something to do. There is a great air of independence about them all, and great order too. . . . I passed the night there. They have two houses, and are building a

third, and they say that all is going on swimmingly with them. A young Mr. Dana is the most interesting man, next to the Ripleys—a very transcendentalist, but earnest and feeling. And Mr. Dunbar represents Old School Orthodoxy in its hardest forms—election, special grace, etc. . . . They carried me over to Parker's, where I ransacked his library, and talked about science and literature till half-past two, where the stage took me up. Parker has delivered his lectures * at Plymouth, New Bedford and Duxbury, and he means to publish them. Yesterday I heard Mr. Riddel for the Educational Society—a well-matured sermon; Dr. Vinton in the afternoon, an elegant and pointed discourse; Mr. Kirk in the evening, fervent yet desultory, eloquent rather in feeling than in expression. If he had more theology and more system—if his sermons were unities, wholes, more artistical, he would be a very eloquent preacher. As it is, I prefer Dr. Vinton very much. He will unquestionably take the foremost rank among the preachers of this city. Just at this moment a letter from Goodwin, enclosing one from Ulrici. Ulrici and his family are in good health and spirits. Tholuck is in good health, and has English, Scotch and Americans attending his lectures. Ulrici wants to know if I have yet received his work on Shakespeare, or published my translation of Twesten. Kahnis has gone to Berlin to attach himself more closely to Hengstenberg. I am right glad of that, 'twill be good for both. Then he is going to become a private teacher in Berlin.

BOSTON, March 2, 1842.

I have been disappointed in my hope of getting employment here. As to Roxbury, I had expected that they would be willing to hear me, four or five Sundays at least. I suppose they thought I was not strong enough, but if they took interest in me as a preacher they would have been willing to give me a longer trial. So I shall begin to estimate my pulpit talents at their just rate, and I never had any great idea of them. . . . This looking out for somewhere to preach, and asking people if they

* Five lectures, soon afterward published in a volume entitled "A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion."

do not know where there is an opportunity, is to me the most distasteful business I could be engaged in. I shrink back from it with a repugnance I cannot tell you of. I don't know either how to go to work to do it. Mr. Aiken and Mr. Bliss and Mr. Greene and Dr. Anderson all told me that they would tell me when they found a chance for me, and I have not had a word from any of them since. I am almost tired of waiting. And yet what else can I do? . . . This week I have not done much—have visited very little, read at the Athenæum several books and periodicals, and at home ditto; among them two or three novels, very profitable business, indeed, but about to the extent of my capacity some of these days. . . . When I think of making a call now I ask myself: What good will it do? What can I say to them or they to me that we care about hearing? Won't they be just as well off without as with me? Won't they think me a bore? which questions, as you see, do not encourage calling very much. To-morrow I think of going to Newton to see Prof. Sears, and get some books of him—some German journals if he has any—and to look over his library, for they say he has a fine collection of German books.

I have read almost all the numbers of Brownson's Quarterly, and am interested and surprised. He is really an extraordinary man—an infidel, I think, in some respects, but yet one of the most thinking and daring of men. He writes with great vigor, great power of illustration and argument, clearness of statement, often beauty—sometimes impetuosity of style. He is a thorough-going Radical, in all his feelings and reasonings. He is more Orthodox than almost any of the Unitarians, and yet a bolder denier than any of them; at once a theologian and a politician, yet his theology is made almost entirely subservient to his democratic tendencies. He out-democrats, too, all the democrats; yet he is, in some respects, as conservative as any Whig. He would change the whole of society and yet he ridicules all reformers hitherto. I think I must write a review of him, one of these days.

Boston, March 10, 1842.

Last Friday I went out to Newton to see Dr. Sears, and spent the day. He was very kind and cordial. We discussed old

friends, German news, old books and new ones, American prospects, state of theology, freedom of inquiry, present tendencies and future prospects. He has a fine library, and I had a good time. . . . Tuesday evening I took tea and spent the evening with Dr. Channing. Dwight was there also. . . . Dr. C. was unusually animated and discussed a good many questions. He is frank and whole-souled.

ANDOVER, March 15, 1842.

Here I am at the Mansion House on Seminary Hill. I like Andover. I have always liked it. It is quiet and studious. I find that a good many of the students are looking for my translation of Twesten with considerable interest. I wish it were already out.*

Last evening several students came in to see me and talk about Germany and the Germans. There is a good deal of that spirit here, and Dr. Woods hardly knows how to encounter it; he *ignores* it as much as possible. Dr. W. expressed great interest about the Hanover place, and said that he had said all that he could, but that it was very desirable to get into their heads the idea that I was not so sick as has been reported. Quite exaggerated reports went the rounds here. Prof. Park said that he had not expected to see me again.

Prof. Stuart thinks that Providence has marked out for me the literary career, and that there is enough to be done, and that I can do it well, and that I may be able to preach by the time I am thirty years old. I should like this, if I could really support myself, but where and how? If I could have enough for a decent livelihood somewhere, I might make it up to a good livelihood by translation of books and articles, but the standing place I have not yet got.

ANDOVER, March 21, 1842.

With Prof. Park I go to walk almost every day—long walks and good talks—good long discussions about points of theology in which we differ; wondering about the nature and end and blessings of ill health, strokes of wit and anecdotes, philosophy,

* The series for which this was intended was given up, and his translation of Twesten was published in detached portions in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

mysteries and common sense—in short, there is quite enough to talk about. I am engaged there for every evening this week unless otherwise engaged, and am going to translate a German book on Rhetoric for him an hour each evening. He cannot use his eyes at all. On some points he is decidedly New School, on others not at all so, though I think his general tendencies are that way. On Thursday I dined with Prof. Edwards. I had gone to walk with Park, and in the ardor of discussion had trespassed half an hour beyond the time, quite forgetting that time was. For a full hour we debated the question whether sin was in the affections or the choice, and neither convinced the other. . . . I took tea with Prof. Stuart last evening, and kept up a steady talk upon Germany and theology, etc., for four hours or more. He has a most rapacious mind for all that is knowable. Twice last week, two hours long each time, we talked in the same way. Yesterday we took a walk after meeting by the byways and roads to a beautiful little pond,—Pomp's pond, they call it, and then back to the house. Mr. Stuart is very feeble this winter.

PORTSMOUTH, April 4, 1842.

The revival in Boston still continues to increase, and in all the towns around. What mother tells me of Saccarappa is indeed most joyful news, for which I was not at all prepared. The hand of the Lord is most manifest in thus taking all the young men and leading them into his service. In Boston, in Salem Street Church alone, a hundred and ten persons are to be admitted next communion day, and so in several others, many more. Every body there says they have never known such a glorious season. . . . I stayed in Andover till Tuesday noon. Prof. Stuart wants me to come and spend the summer, and teach the students German, and translate, etc., in preference to preaching. Dr. Woods wished me all kinds of prosperity; advised me to write short sermons, as the best way of getting in. . . . Park wants me to come and stay a few weeks with him before he leaves for Europe, work in his garden for my health, and discuss all sorts of things. I have become very much interested, too, in several of the students, who seem to have quite a German as well as orthodox tendency; enthusiastic men, who will become something ere their sun sets.

After this he made a fruitless effort to obtain a place as an assistant teacher in a seminary for young ladies. In the summer he preached for two Sundays at Norwich, Connecticut, and thence went to New York, chiefly for the purpose of consulting Rev. Prof. Robinson in regard to his future. Thus the summer passed, and no door was opened to him.

In October, 1842, he wrote from Saccarappa in great depression :

> The future, *so* dark and uncertain, no place in prospect, the doubt whether I can ever be settled anywhere, the necessity to my peace of mind of some quiet sphere of duties, the long delay, the harrassing anxiety. . . . Altogether, I sometimes feel wretched. May God forgive me for this doubt and repining!

Not many days after this, he received an invitation to preach at West Amesbury,* Massachusetts. He accepted it, and went once more to try his strength, and, if it might be, find settled work to do. The village was small and retired, lying half way between the two railroads which connect Boston and Portland; the people were, for the most part, intelligent, well-to-do farmers and mechanics. They heard him gladly, and after a few weeks, invited him, with entire unanimity, to be their pastor.

* Now called Merrimac.

CHAPTER IV.

WEST AMESBURY.—1843–1847.

To Rev. Dr. Allen:

WEST AMESBURY, December 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: Yesterday afternoon the Congregational Society of this place concurred unanimously with a previous vote of the church to invite me to become their pastor, with a salary of $500, the use of the parsonage, and a wood-lot to "supply the minister's fire." They also voted to repair the parsonage at an expense not exceeding $125, and expressed themselves favorably to my having a vacation of three or four weeks some time in the year, during which they would supply the pulpit. The place is considered quite an eligible one for a minister. It is a generous people. They are now entirely united. The call to me, also, has been given with such unanimity, and all my propositions have been so generously acceded to, that I have determined to accept the invitation. My health is now, I trust, adequate to the assumption of all the duties that may devolve upon me in such a connection; and the grace which I still more need I pray to God to grant me, so that I may be faithful in my Master's service.

The committee thought that if I should accept their proposal there need be no delay in proceeding to the ordination and installation. Thursday, the 29th of the present month, was mentioned as a suitable time. If it would suit your inclination and convenience, there is no one whom I should so much desire to be the preacher of my ordination sermon as yourself. May we not depend upon the gratification of hearing you at that time? I have also thought that it might be pleasant to yourself to meet with the ministers of this region, with some of whom, I believe, you are personally acquainted. *They say* that "Essex North" is the best association in the State.

At the ordination of Mr. Smith, which took place on Thursday, December 29, 1842, an unusually large council of ministers and laymen assembled at West Amesbury.

The venerable Dr. Withington, of Newburyport, writes:

"I was present in the council for his ordination, and heard his examination before them. There was a prestige about him, very remarkable. His thoughts were so very clear, and he was so perfectly prepared, that the examination seemed almost a superfluity. It seemed rather doubtful whether he was before the council or the council before him. The eye of the spectator was turned to the socket in the direction where the clearest light shone. We have often mentioned, I believe, that when a blind question was put to him, he would give it a conditional meaning: '*If you mean so-and-so, then,*'—in order to turn a precise answer. It must be allowed that he had had great advantages, but who could have improved them better?"

Rev. John Pike, D.D., of Rowley, Massachusetts, writes thus, in similar words:

"The day of his ordination was remarkable, distinguished from other occasions of the kind by the peculiar character and appearance of the candidate. It was at once evident that the clearest head was the one we were examining. There was no need of restraining questions lest we should trouble and confuse, nor of multiplying them because the lines of Scripture truth were not rapidly and clearly drawn. If the question was in any degree blind, it was sure to be replied to in the modified form: 'If you mean this, I answer in this way, but if you mean that, I answer in another way;' and if the great philosophical inquiries which divided New-England theologians were started, he replied by stating clearly the issue, and ranging the difficulties on both sides, and then saying to which his own mind and heart inclined. This luminous answering left no doubt upon the minds of the

council that the candidate knew what he believed, and was able to express in the best form his faith, and that both the faith and the manner of its expression were such as to feed the church of God, and to quicken the dead in trespasses and sins to a life that is immortal and glorious."

WEST AMESBURY, December 29, 1842.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I am now a minister of the Gospel, set apart by the most solemn rites and vows, and to you first of all, I write in this new capacity, for you, first of all and most of all, have wished and labored that I might attain unto this calling. I bless God that He has permitted me, through His infinite grace, to become a dispenser of His word. I only feel now that the responsibilities are too onerous, and the grace needed greater than I possess. But I pray the Lord to bless me and this people, who are now *my* people, my flock.

Of all the ordination, examination and parts, father will tell you. I am rejoiced that he came, but sorry that you could not. I missed you all the time; I wanted you here. But I knew that I had the support of your prayers, the same prayers which I believe have been a chief means, through God's grace, in bringing me into the church of Christ.

I would that I could tell you all I feel of thankfulness and of joy for your love through so many years, and in such times. I feel now, to the full, the whole amount of my indebtedness to you for all your love and all your training. Your influence has been greater, perhaps, than I have always been ready to acknowledge; greater, probably, than I even now can estimate. Though about to leave my home in order to found one, yet it will always be home to me, and the duty and love of a son shall never fail to you. Dr. Allen is preaching to my people this evening. I was too tired to go. The excitement of to-day has been most intense, spiritual and bodily. Therefore, I must now close this most hasty sheet, yet not written in vain if it assures you of the constant and increasing love and honor of your most affectionate son, Henry.

The vow of ordination was soon followed by the vow

of marriage. The wife of Henry Boynton Smith was Elizabeth Lee, daughter of Rev. William Allen, D.D., formerly president of Bowdoin College.

After all the years of preparation and waiting, he had now come into his "desired haven," a definite sphere of labor in the ministry of the Gospel. This was, in his view, the highest of vocations; it had been the object of his strongest desire, and he entered into it with an undivided and a joyful heart.

Student as he was, he was not without some special fitness for the life of a pastor. In direct personal efforts for the spiritual good of his people, his glowing love for Christ constrained him. He truly cared for their souls, in their deepest needs, and strove to show them in all aspects, and by all methods, "what we are without Christ, and what we can be with Him." Into his simple, direct and most earnest sermons he brought the results of his varied preparation. His preaching made, perhaps, the deeper impression, from the too-evident weakness in which he spoke his words of power. For many months, as he afterward confessed, he never went into his pulpit without the dread of breaking down during the services. But the strong will conquered.

He gave special care to the religious training of the children of his congregation, always laying stress upon the tenet that the baptized children of the Church belong to the Church, and ought to be educated for it.

In his visits to the homes of his people, his love for children, his deference to age, his quick sympathy for infirmity and sorrow, together with his boyish simplicity of manner, removed the barrier of reserve, and brought him near to their hearts. The tie which bound him to them became unusually close and strong. On their part, they regarded him with warm affection and a degree of pride, while they seemed to feel a tender, protecting care of him.

His efforts and influence were not confined to their

spiritual needs. "Whatsoever gift or grace was in him" was at their service. For their sakes he became a more *practical* man. He aimed at the external improvement of the village, and led the way in setting out trees in the cemetery, and around the church and parsonage. Year after year, he taught classes of the young people in French and German, and gave instructive lectures before the village lyceum. He was an active member of the school committee of the town, on which Mr. John G. Whittier, the poet, was his esteemed coworker.

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D.D., who was his nearest ministerial neighbor, writes:

"The affections of his people were drawn to him by his social nature; and his evident honesty of purpose and purity of character secured for him their entire confidence. They said of him: 'He is a true man.' They came to hear him preach, and they listened because they knew he could instruct them in what was of infinite moment, and because they liked him out of the pulpit as well in it. . . . Prof. Smith's short pastorate in that country parish was a blessing to the people, the influence of which will never cease; and it was the open door to his lifework of ever-extending usefulness.

"His qualifications for the work of the ministry were as peculiar as they afterward proved to be for teaching history, philosophy and theology. His experience as the pastor of that little rural church seems to have opened up to him more fully the *idea* and scope of all history, God governing and redeeming the world. In seeking to adapt the truths of the Bible to the conditions of sinful men, he found himself studying problems in the philosophy of religion and theology.

"As a ministerial neighbor he was genial, and his society was stimulating and suggestive. He seemed to grasp knowledge by intuition; what he needed in conversation was always at hand, just when he wanted it."

To Mr. G. L. Prentiss:

West Amesbury, May 22, 1843.

My very dear Friend: I will not go through a list of apologies, for that would keep me from saying what I like to say much more; and apologies, whether Christian or profane, are my dread—always excepting *Sack's Apologetik*. Let me see; it was in December you were here, and the place and myself have changed very much since then. I think I am healthier in mind and body than I have been for a long, long time. The "goading of the irritated nerve" is passing away. I look at life more clearly and more cheerfully, and the future life appears more as a completion of what is begun than as a contrast to what is. I am trying to realize some of my ideals, to seduce them from the imaginary world, and give them shape and substance in my daily life. And not less true nor less beautiful do they seem, when they are gilding and giving a soul to what is trivial and commonplace; rather do they seem to be fulfilling their destinies.

Ordination, marriage, a people, a house, a home,—all these things have come to me, and mark the era of my great change. I know what I have longed to know, what *repose* is, what it is to have a sphere into which one's soul might "sich hineinleben," a home where all is consecrated by affection, and daily duties become daily joys. Some of the deepest of religious joys we know not till we find religion binding us in a home of our own, and so making that home a foretaste of undying union.

My people are not rich, not cultivated, but they are kind. It is good, yea, pleasant, to live among them—to talk with them of the highest themes which are alike to all hearts. They understand not my philosophy, nor my German; they care not for critical discussions in Hebrew and Greek; but sin and death, regeneration and a Saviour, these they care for; and are not these the greater? In such a field, I am glad to test my speculations. It is doing mind and heart good.

And what shall I tell you of my own happy home? My strong wish is that you may know what it is, by having one like it; for only thus can you know. The house has been altered. I have a nice study, all my books round me; all within is pleasant and comfortable; and, out of doors, my garden, the fields, the hills,

the woods, now so beautiful. To-day there has been a shower upon them, and they all rejoice. I have been planting a garden, and find health there, and setting out trees, to give shade and beauty to others. And preaching, too, I begin to love right well. It grows in its attractions. I feel as if I might get near to the hearts of men, and speak in the heart's tone, and call them to hear the inward voice, which they drown, "as the nurses of Jupiter tried to drown the voice of the god by their clamor."

In 1843 he delivered the annual commencement address before the Athenæan Society of Bowdoin College. The subject of this address, which was never published, was "The Character and Mission of the American Scholar," considered in his relations to society and to the progress of truth and philosophy. It was, in some sense, the germ of his Andover address, six years later, on the "Relations of Faith and Philosophy." From a long notice of this "every-way remarkable production," written by Prof. D. R. Goodwin, for the Portland *Advertiser*, the following detached passages are quoted:

"The orator entered into a singularly eloquent and powerful defense of classical studies and literature, against the encroachments and claims of modern languages and modern physical sciences."

"The problem for the true scholar is to join in harmonious, vital union the past and the present, faith and philosophy."

"In like manner it was shown that so far from the purest and profoundest faith excluding or reprobating philosophy, it is only men of shallow faith that construct shallow systems; it is only men of shallow faith that fear the progress of philosophy or resist its claims. The Germans, who endeavor to understand what they believe, are not to be confounded with certain English philosophers who believe only what they can understand."

"On the other hand, philosophy does not exclude faith; but in its highest form it pre-supposes and demands it. Hegel, the last if not the greatest of German philosophers, was compelled by the necessities of a stern and iron logic to recognize and assert

the revelation of the Deity in Humanity in the Person of Jesus Christ. Even Pantheism is made to bear implicit though reluctant testimony to the truth of Christianity. And here we wish we could quote entire one of the finest bursts of eloquence we remember ever to have heard. But we give only a meager outline. The orator—his heart warmed by the mention of Jesus Christ—called by name on the greatest martyrs, saints and heroes of the last two thousand years, on the greatest emperors and popes, the greatest poets and philosophers, on all who have suffered and been consoled, on all who have sinned and been forgiven, to testify what name was the center of their aspirations and their hopes; and with one consent their multitudinous voices, whether with heart or lip, reply, 'the name of Jesus.' Here all antagonisms are reconciled, and the great central truth is revealed. It is the duty of the scholar, amidst all the strife of passion and of prejudice, of blind faith and blinder reason, to preserve a calm and even mind, to study and appreciate the conflicting systems, to avoid exclusiveness and bigotry on either side, to cherish generous sentiments and liberal views together with stern and rigid principles."

A few weeks later Mr. Smith wrote to Dr. Allen:

I received yesterday a letter from President Humphrey, announcing my election to the Professorship of Rhetoric in Amherst College. It was to me most unexpected tidings. Dr. H. mentioned that they would wish me to give instruction in the modern languages. The further details in regard to the post he referred to a personal conference. There are certainly some considerations which would make such a place as Amherst a most congenial one to us. Yet it is only with pain that I can think of a separation from my church and society. I now know them all, the spiritual state of nearly every one, and I am now in a much better state to preach to their advantage than when they first called me here. I like not the seeming to be ungrateful. I like not the apparant want of principle in so speedy a rupture of such close and solemn ties.

I must make the whole question, so far as possible, a question of duty, and, without question, my first duty is to my own peo-

ple. And, besides, here I have gained health and strength, in the direct service of my Master. I had hoped, at the least, to spend several years in such quiet, unobtrusive labors. And I feel that my heart and mind have both been benefited by the duties which I have here been trying to perform.

The impulse of my heart and the dictates both of judgment and duty prompt me to come to you for advice. We shall await your answer with anxiety.

Some weeks later he wrote:

I have consulted several friends, both of myself and the college, since Dr. H. was here. The advice as to going or staying is about equally divided. Dr. Woods, upon the whole, thinks it would, perhaps, be well for me to go; though somewhat doubtful. Prof. Edwards of Andover, urges my going strenuously; as does Mr. Banister of Newburyport, who is a member of the board. . . . And, meanwhile, the greater my doubt the greater need of good counsel. And there is none that I should more desire, none to which I should give greater heed, than your own.

To the same:

West Amesbury, Nov. 23, 1843.

My dear Father: I do not want to write you this letter, because I feel quite sure that the fact that I have at length declined the Amherst Professorship will be somewhat unexpected by you, and somewhat unwelcome. And if there had been a fair balance of other considerations, I should certainly and most justly have permitted the vicinity of Amherst to Northampton to be the deciding weight in favor of acceptance. We would have followed the promptings of our hearts and come as near to you as Providence would permit, did we not feel a most deliberate conviction that the highest duty keeps us here.

I thank you most heartily for your most kind and weighty letters. I thank you for those most generous proposals, which not even your past generosity would have led me to expect. Your arguments almost convinced me. For a week I thought I

must accept, but I have to-day written to Dr. Humphrey my refusal of his offer; and the only deep regret left in this refusal is, that it keeps us still so far from home. My reasons for my final decision may be compressed into a few. My main studies have been theological and philosophical, not literary. I should change the whole bent of my providential training by devoting the larger part of my time to rhetorical exercises; while in parish and pulpit I find a not unfitting application of the results of my studies. I am not specially fitted for rhetoric; have not the training, the command of voice, the outward manner. I think the post honorable and important, but a man must go to it with his whole heart, be a rhetorical professor, make literature his study, solace and delight. I cannot. I should not be content with mediocrity: I could not attain eminence in that department.

My first duty is to stay here. I am not able to see that it does not remain my duty still. My people could be supplied; so can Amherst, and only one poor year have I fed the flock over which I have been appointed bishop. Perhaps they would not impugn my motives, but I should suspect them.

I do not think I was meant for a rhetorical professor. Each man owes a duty to his own *individuality*, however insignificant he be in himself. If I am worth anything it is not as a rhetorician, and I have not been unsuccessful as a parish minister. Two years ago I would have accepted such an appointment; now, I do not think that such an appointment from any college would induce me to leave West Amesbury.

Yet I do not deny that I may be fitted, in some respects, for a college life. I shall probably never have health or strength to do very much, but I certainly may do more in the natural course of my studies and predilections than in any great change to another sphere. I feel to the full the honor done me, and am grateful, and truly sorry that I cannot accept; but I am getting to be less and less desirous of the advantages of a mere external position, more content to let providence work its will.

I decline, because I am too proud to leave a place where I am contented and respected, for one where the very eminence of the position would only make mediocrity a crime.

To his friend Mr. Prentiss, he writes, under date of March 4, 1844:

. . . Here at home we are right well in our quiet parsonage. Yesterday Baby was transferred from a state of nature to a state of conditionally covenanted grace; and behaved very well upon the occasion—looking straight up into her father's eyes, while he administered Holy Baptism. It was beautiful and fitting. I could almost believe in a direct communication of grace to the unconscious babe. I certainly *do* believe in it as a *vehicle* of grace—whether the exact character of the grace may be defined or not. I believe that the wild olive branch has been grafted into the true vine. And it is delightful thus to give back to God, in a divinely appointed ordinance, what God has given to us; and to feel that the dear child has been consecrated to Christ, not only in wish and in prayer, but also by a *rite*—a sacrament—a seal of the covenant.

. . . That said *Andover Review*, edited by Edwards and Park, they mean to make something of. The first number contains good articles. I translated one piece of Harless on the Structure of Matthew's Gospel, which is excellent; one short essay on 666 by Benary, which is capital. They mean to have it a learned review—not popular.

He had previously written to Dr. Allen:

The most important news is the starting of the new *Andover Review;* important to me, for I have been asked to write for every number.

To his parents:

West Amesbury, October 23, '44.

Our house is quite pleasant all over, with three young people, and none of us very old. But the most important event was a donation visit from the whole parish, which came off last week Thursday. On the morning of the day, wagons with cheese, butter, flour, apples, etc., began to come in, and in the afternoon the people began to come—the older ones first—and toward evening, the young men and women. I can assure you, we had

a house full, not less than two hundred, although it rained in the evening. The stove was taken down in the kitchen, and three long tables spread out and piled with the good things; three successive times they were filled, and all the people filled too; cake by the bushel, pies by the dozen, tarts countless, etc., etc. We had a very pleasant time, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. An address was made to me in the evening by Mr. Patten, on the part of the society, to which I replied. There was singing several times, and a prayer. Mr. Patten handed me in a letter, in the course of the address, a present from the young men. The house was full—all the rooms open, and somebody everywhere. The most of the work was done by the visitors. Besides the money, there were three barrels of flour, nearly forty pounds of cheese, more than twenty of butter; a dozen or more large loaves of cake left; ten barrels of nice apples and a good many smaller articles, tea, etc. Altogether it was a very gratifying party, and I have no doubt that the gifts all came from their hearts. I preached a sermon about it last Sunday. Well, on Saturday afternoon we sent for all the children round here, whether in our society or not, and they came from all the districts of the parish—about one hundred and thirty in all, and some young ladies came to help us, and the children all had a piece of cake and an apple apiece, and they played all round the house and in the field, barn-chamber, study, etc., and they sang a good deal and very well, and behaved very well indeed. I doubt whether any one hundred and thirty children would behave better. At 5 o'clock they all went home again. And we were all pretty much tired out; though it was pleasant to be fatigued in so good a cause. And so ended the eventful week. Next week we have the Association of Ministers.

In 1845 he gave the address before the Rhetorical Society of the Bangor Theological Seminary, his subject being, "The Pulpit and the Qualifications of the Preacher;" these are, 1. A comprehensive theology; 2. An elevated rhetoric; 3. A spiritual faith.

He was invited to take the instruction in Hebrew to the junior class, in Andover Theological Seminary,

during the winter term of 1845–6, in the absence of Professor B. B. Edwards. He accepted the appointment, and, from October to February, he went regularly to Andover on Monday morning, sometimes breaking the road through the snow to Haverhill; and, returning on Thursday, filled up the end of the week with redoubled parish work. His parishioners generously consented to this arrangement. "There is a great deal of talk about it among his people," said one of them to a gentleman in another town. "Is there any dissatisfaction expressed?" "No; why, they worship the man."

He belonged at this time to a classical club, composed of clergymen in the neighboring towns, which met in turn at the houses of its members—Messrs. Withington, Stearns, Durant, Munroe, Noyes, etc. At Andover, too, there were a Theological and a Metaphysical club, which were of interest to him.

"He was," writes the Rev. Dr. Withington of Newburyport, "an invaluable member of our association for the study of the Scriptures. . . . It was impossible for one who had been Stuart's pupil and Smith's companion in this work [Exegesis] not to compare them together. . . . Stuart was a bird that sang the most original song, and often startled you with his novel views, but when he alighted among green leaves and blossoms, no one could tell how long he would sit there. . . . A discovery was to Stuart a globe of light—a single thing. To Smith it was a link in a chain, and, as it had been examined with care and adopted with deliberation, it was likely always to remain. He was as progressive as Stuart, but with greater judgment and deliberation.

"He had some peculiarities which I thought I saw, and certainly shall never forget. He was a suggestive man, and would sometimes indicate an expression which he did not try to express. It was like a rock in the rapids, whose shape and edges you could not see, though its influence curled on the surface. To show all his feelings he did not always use his tongue. He had the most peculiar way of *contradicting* you that I ever saw.

He seemed to assent at first, and the contradiction seemed a second thought, and, after all, he was the sincerest man I ever knew. He never closed the conversation without giving you his whole mind."

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

West Amesbury, March 14, 1845.

. . . I wonder if other pastors feel their own unworthiness and insufficiency the most deeply, when they are earnestly striving in personal and direct efforts to bring any of their people to repentance, and when endeavoring to give the right guidance to those who begin to think upon their ways and to turn to the Lord. If it was not God's work in distinction from man's work, and even from man's proclamation of God's word, who could have the slightest confidence in the success of his ministry? . . . As to myself, my dear friend and brother, I am quietly and contentedly settled in a small parish. My home is all my heart desires. My health is year by year becoming stronger. My people are plain but substantial. I love a pastor's life more and more. I would rather avoid than covet any change in my position. I have ample leisure for study. . . . And now, when are you coming to see us?

To Mr. G. L. Prentiss:

West Amesbury, April 7, 1845.

My dear George: Your letter came Saturday, and I am very sorry that it is quite out of my power to go to Newburyport to-day. I have to go instead to town-meeting, and read a school report, and probably discuss some matters connected with it.

E. sends very much love to your sister,* and most special greetings to your "Braut,"† and the strongest wish of our hearts is that

* Mrs. Stearns, the wife of Rev. J. F. Stearns, then of Newburyport, was the sister of Mr. Prentiss.

† This lady was Elizabeth Payson, second daughter of Rev. Dr. Edward Payson of Portland, who, as Mrs. Prentiss, the author of the "Susy Books," "Stepping Heavenward," etc., has been so widely known and so highly esteemed in this and other lands.

you may find wedlock and the ministry as full of substantial and constant joy as we have been graciously permitted to find it.

Would that I could be present at your solemn ordination, but that, too, is impossible. May you be enabled to take upon yourself the solemn vows of this sacred office with an entire consecration of your whole being to the service of our Lord and Master! May the Holy Ghost grant to you grace and strength in the inner man. It is not a light work, but Jesus Christ has fullness of grace for those whom He truly calls and sets apart of His own gracious election. And while we must all say: Who is sufficient for these things? yet faith will enable us to say: I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. Our great High Priest—blessed be His name! knows our infirmities, even while He calls us to be His ministers. And if we live near to Him, and love Him unfeignedly, and serve Him humbly, He permits us always to rejoice in Him with a joy unspeakable.

And may you also be blessed in your bridal love. I doubt not that the highest and best desires of your heart are on the eve of their consummation; and I rejoice with you, remembering my own joy, so full, so calm—entire, wanting nothing. Give my best remembrances and wishes to your Elizabeth. You are worthy of one another, and what more could either of you wish one to say?

If it be possible for you to come and pass an hour or two with us, on your return to New Bedford after your marriage, you know how gladly we should give you our congratulations.

I hope this may find you in Newburyport. The state of my people is such that I think it would not be right for me to leave them now, lest I prove an unfaithful shepherd to some few *inquiring* souls. And many are sick who need my presence.

But I rest upon the hope of seeing you at New Bedford, perhaps the week after the Boston Anniversaries, if that time would be convenient to you.

I will not ask for a letter very soon, but when you can, do write, and we will be more faithful correspondents than we have hitherto been, if you will.

From Rev. Theodore Parker:

"West Roxbury, July 2, 1845.

"My dear Sir: I am quite grieved to find that I have lost your visit, for I wanted to see you, and talk about many things. I wish you could contrive, some time, to come and pass a few days with us. You shall have the hospitality of my books and my house, and the woods, as well as my own. I saw you had laid out some books in the chair. They are at your service. *Hegel* and *Schaller* I shall want in September, but Apuleius and Bouterweck not for a long time. Möhler I shall want in the autumn for his Essay on Islamism and its connection with Christianity—*i. e.*, if I am well. My head is really worse than my *heart*, little as some will believe it; for I have the *heart* for a vast amount of intellectual work, but actually not the *head* for it. My head is turning to clay. With all manner of good wishes, believe me truly, your friend,

"Theo. Parker."

Referring to the death of his cousin and adopted sister, Mr. Smith writes to his parents:

July 6, 1846.

. . . May her memory be long blessed to all of us, as indeed, I do believe that it is. To my own heart, I truly feel that her death has been a source of blessing, as well as of sorrow. I cannot recall her now without strong feelings of love and tenderness, and thankfulness to God that He let us see so much of His grace mingled with the cup of affliction. I think that she is dearer to me now than ever before. I love her more truly and deeply than ever, and I always loved her with a brother's affection.

To his parents:

West Amesbury, December 19, 1846.

. . . Since I came back, I have been as busy as can be, for, in addition to my usual labors, I have been preparing an article for the next number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and the printer's devils have been after me incessantly. But next week

I hope to be freed from this annoyance and to have a little more leisure, although not much, for I have got to write a Lyceum lecture for Newburyport, before the middle of January, and some sermons for Andover, too. But my health is unusually good, and while I have health I am willing to do all that I can, though that all is not the half of what I am perpetually thinking I ought to do, and what I think, too, I might have done. I sometimes envy the men of robust constitution, who can endure any degree of study and labor; but it is best as it is, and, if I know anything of myself, I think I can say that I esteem mere personal fame at as low a degree as is needful. I have not half the personal ambition that I had ten years ago. So far as such feelings are concerned, I could live here contentedly all my life. And perhaps it will after all be so; and, if so, it will be best. He who comes into any very public position now in the church, is in a most difficult place, from which any one might rather pray to be delivered than to have it thrust upon him.

It did my heart good to be with you at Thanksgiving. . . . I was glad, very glad, to find you so well, and especially glad if I was or could be the means of increasing in any way your happiness.

Early the next year, at the request of Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., who was editing a volume of "Specimens of German Prose Writers," Mr. Smith furnished for it, anonymously, some translations from Hegel, together with a sketch of Hegel's life. In asking for these contributions, Dr. Hedge wrote: "I believe you are better acquainted with Hegel than any one else in this country."

During this summer he was solicited to take charge of a projected school of a high order at Lowell: "a noble offer," he wrote, "but I said *nay*."

He was again asked to take the Hebrew recitations at Andover, for the winter, and also to preach in his turn in the seminary chapel. He began his instructions in October. It was thought best to close the parsonage during the coldest months, and remove his family to

Andover, where his home was with his dear and honored friend, Mrs. Cornelius; but he spent a part of each week laboriously among his people. The next spring, they voluntarily increased his salary and made repairs and improvements in the parsonage.

In July, 1847, he was surprised by a visit from President Hitchcock of Amherst College (the successor of President Humphrey), for the purpose of offering him the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, made vacant by the recent death of Professor Fiske. This held out great attractions to him, and his decision was made with little hesitation, although not without great pain. In September a council was called, which gave consent to his dismission from his pastoral charge at West Amesbury, although his people protested and almost every one of the lay delegates voted against it.

His farewell sermons were preached on Sunday, October 10, 1847, from the texts:

"Therefore my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." —*Philippians* iv. 1.

"But as God is true, my word toward you was not yea and nay."—2 *Cor.* i. 18.

To Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D.:

It is hard, sad work leaving a parish; very hard; I had no conception of it. And to preach farewell sermons, and then have an auction of odds and ends is something of a queerity. An auction of one's own things is just about the last of all things.

Good-bye. God bless you and yours, my dear brother. It pains me to go so far away from you, but we shall yet meet, and often, I truly trust, and always in friendship.

He still kept up a correspondence with his old friends in Germany, and the following letters from Professor Tholuck, which belong to this period, will show how warmly his memory was cherished there.

(Translation.)

*Prof. A. Tholuck to H. B. S.:**

November 21, 1844.

"My most beloved Friend: I think that only two or three lines from my own hand will give my dear friend more pleasure than many indirect communications. How far behind us lies the time with Doctor Lanner in Gastein and the pastor at Kissingen, and yet the love from on high has poured such a consecration over those days, that they still stand out bright and radiant before my eyes, and before yours too, I am sure. My Matilda and I, with Ulrici, have heard of you and yours with the deepest interest, and our Smith is often and warmly remembered within the walls of Halle.

"As for the rest, I go on my way. In my official life God gives me many children, like the drops of the morning dew. My soul bows itself, and lives more in its home-land than in this foreign one.

"My Matilda and I send a greeting to your dear wife, unknown to us though she be. Here nevermore,—but there forever! [Diesseits nimmermehr, aber—jenseits für immer!]

"Yours,

"A Tholuck."

(Translation.)

Prof. A. Tholuck to H. B. S.:

Halle, June 18, 1846.

"My deeply loved Friend: I must tell you, by at least a few lines, how indelibly your remembrance still lives in my heart and my wife's. In a great turning-point of my life you were my companion and the friend of my heart; that unites us by indissoluble bonds. I am truly pained that I cannot write more frequently, but the pressing times forbid. However, I know your affectionate heart, and that the old memories do not die out in you. . . .

"On the fourteenth of May the twenty-fifth anniversary of my professorship was celebrated with great manifestation of love,

* These and other letters from Professor Tholuck are published with the kind permission of Mrs. Tholuck.

and a torchlight procession. Praised be the Lord, who, notwithstanding all my weakness, has thus far helped me through! I know that now the larger part of my life-work lies behind me, and I rejoice at it, and pray now for a blessed ending. But all the faithful here must stay firm on the battle-field, for the opposition rises fearfully on account of the government so favoring the Gospel. This is a period when, judging by the newspapers, one must believe that all Germany has fallen from the faith. However, this is only the reaction against the new faith that is striving for dominion and influence in the church. The Synod of the whole realm, now in session in Berlin, will give to the Church a constitution still more independent of the State, and this will be of great influence, whether for good cannot yet be foreseen. Everything Christian in our church has hitherto penetrated from high places downward, but unbelief reigns among the citizens and officials.

"Now, dear brother, I embrace you in spirit, and beg for the continuance of your fraternal remembrance. Yours,

"A. Tholuck."

The following recollections of these years at West Amesbury are given by the Rev. Professor Park of Andover:

"Toward the close of the year 1842, Mr. Smith began to preach in West Amesbury, (now Merrimack,) Massachusetts. It was a tranquil town, well fitted for the home of a scholar whose cerebral system had been overtaxed, and whose health required, not cessation from work, but repose in employment. For such a man some kinds of labor are rest. The church in West Amesbury soon gave him an invitation to become their pastor, and on the twelfth of December, 1842, the parish unanimously concurred with the church. His annual salary was to be five hundred dollars, and the use of the parsonage, with other perquisites. On the first of March, 1843, the society voted to allow him an annual vacation of three Sabbaths, and on the third of March, 1847, they voted to add one hundred dollars to his annual stipend.

"When he received this call I was residing in Germany; and

when I stated to a Professor of Philosophy at Halle that Mr. Smith was intending to be ordained as a country pastor, the professor expressed his astonishment; first, that so accomplished a scholar was not invited at once to a chair in some university; and secondly, that he should take up with a rural pastorate, and should receive so small a salary. The professor had heard of American clergymen who received several thousand dollars *per annum*, and were, in his esteem, inferior to Mr. Smith. I endeavored to convince him that if Mr. Smith should be ultimately connected with a theological seminary, he would derive important advantages from having labored in a pastorate; and that, in his state of physical exhaustion, a pastorate in the country would be more congenial to him than a pastorate in a city. 'But do you not think,' was the question of my respondent, 'that Mr. Smith's fondness for the German philosophy has awakened a popular prejudice against him, and shut him out of more wealthy parishes?' I then attempted to convince him that the rank and file of our New England parishes had no decided repugnance to the Hegelian philosophy, as it had been modified by himself and other Germans of the Evangelical school. He still persisted in his opinion that so remarkable a young man should have a more lucrative position.

"I cannot give so good an account of the temper with which Mr. Smith entered upon his pastoral work, as by transcribing the letter in which he accepted the call—four days after his receiving it.

To the Second Congregational Church and Society in Amesbury:

Dear Brethren and Friends: I have received communications from the clerk of the church and the committee of the society, giving the results of your respective meetings, inviting me to settle over you as your pastor and minister in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I accept your invitation, asking you to unite with me in prayer to the great Head of the Church, that He would strengthen my weakness, give me grace according to my need, and enable me to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

Your generosity has already so fully met my suggestions and

wishes, that I am assured that I can always rely upon it for a suitable support.

If it meet with the convenience of the church, I would request that Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of the present month, be the day appointed for calling a council to advise and assist in respect to my ordination. If the Lord permit this proposed connexion to be consummated, it will be to me a peculiarly near and solemn relation, since amongst you I shall be set apart to the work of the ministry by the most solemn vows I can assume. As I hope myself, I would ask you also, always to bear in mind these vows; and test my teachings by the Bible; and to aid me by your forbearance, candor, sympathy, and constant prayers.

Beseeching the God of all grace to bestow upon all of you the blessings of His salvation,

I remain, beloved brethren and friends,

Your servant for Jesus' sake,

HENRY BOYNTON SMITH.

WEST AMESBURY, December 16, 1842.

"The sermon at his ordination was preached by Ex-President William Allen, then of Northampton; the charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns, then of Newburyport; the address to the people by Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, who still lives at Newburyport, in the ninety-second year of his age.

"At the very beginning of his pastorate, Mr. Smith manifested that alertness of mind which characterized him through life. He was quick to see, and to feel, and to act. In less than three months he proposed that the Church revise its Confession of Faith and Covenant. The work of revision was performed by him, and the revised documents were printed under his supervision. Various intricate questions soon arose in regard to the intercourse of his church with churches of other denominations. He exhibited uncommon skill in his treatment of these questions. One of the votes which he drew up, and the church passed, is a fine specimen of ecclesiastical statesmanship, finer than could have been expected from a man of his years. He exhibited great adroitness, as well as Christian fidelity, in restoring amicable relations between those members of his church who had been previously alienated from each other. Two of them

he invited to his study, conversed with them affectionately but faithfully, proposed that they kneel with him, and offer consecutive prayers, each of the three men expressing his own feelings in his own way. The result was that the two estranged brethren became steadfast friends.

"Eager for promoting the moral good of his parishioners, he was fruitful of inventions for their mental improvement. He formed a class for the study of the German language, another class for the study of the French. One of his pupils remarked that in forming these classes his design must have been to learn how ignorant they all were. He knew that his design was to lead them up the steps of literature into the temple of religion.

"Mr. Rufus Choate once made a distinction between *instructed* men and *educated* men. The parishioners at West Amesbury were of the *instructed* class; they knew enough to desire to know more; enough to appreciate learning in ther pastor. So Mr. Smith appealed to their intelligence. His sermons were not sensational, but didactic. His parishioners were not of the *educated* class; they were not versed in the Scotch or German metaphysics. He therefore made an effort to avoid a literary or scholastic style of preaching. In the general, his sermons were plain. The more intelligent of his audience found them not only worth hearing, but also worth studying; the less intelligent found them level to their capacity. Now and then the more enlightened regarded his discourses as too simple, but they apologized for him because he was giving a word in season to the less enlightened class. On certain occasions, however, they had no need of making this apology, for they heard him preach what they themselves could not easily comprehend. Now and then the less enlightened were obliged to struggle hard for understanding him, but they excused him because he was giving their due portion to the more enlightened class. Their reverence for him was heightened by the fact that all classes of his parishioners looked up to him, while he did not look down upon them. It is not true that a preacher should uniformly accommodate himself to the more ignorant of his hearers. He who spake as never man spake adopted a style which confounded the lawyers, and even His disciples wondered what He could mean. Mr. Smith had moved among the school-men; his home had been in

the academy and the lyceum ; wherever he went he carried with him the aroma of literature and science. Therefore his main difficulty in preaching was to interest the less enlightened of his auditors. His main excellence was that he surmounted this difficulty ; he became a preacher to the masses ; the common people heard him gladly.

"There was another embarrassment with which the young pastor was compelled to struggle. His constitutional enthusiasm was too great for his physical system. His tendency was to a fervor of religious feeling which his health could ill endure. The carriage trembled under the discharge of the ordnance. After one of his sermons he said with a tremulous voice, and with an obvious agitation of his entire frame : 'I must not preach another such sermon for a month. I must have entire rest for several days.' On a hot and sultry Sabbath afternoon a lawyer of some note happened, as an utter stranger, to go into one of our city churches. He saw in the pulpit a young man whose figure was slight, whose voice, although agreeable, was not commanding, whose tones were those of a reader and a recluse, rather than those of a man of business and of the world, and who was putting his slender vocal organs to a severe trial in order to overcome the noise of the city streets. There was, however, such a delicacy in the young man's intonations, there was such an ardor lighting up his countenance, such a tenderness as well as zeal tinging the matter and manner of his thinking, that the lawyer forgot the sultriness of the day, forgot his own weariness, wondered who the young scholar could be, inquired, but no one knew. The aspect of the preacher, however, was photographed on the lawyer's mind, the fine sentiment of the discourse was engraved on his heart ; and, years afterward, he discovered that the young man had become the erudite Theological Professor in New York.

"The narrative of Mr. Smith's pastoral labors may here be interrupted by two episodes illustrating the confidence of his parishioners in him and their undeviating affection for him. They knew that he was indefatigable in his work for them, and they never attempted to dampen his enthusiasm in working for others.

"During the winter 1845–46, and also of 1846–47, he was

engaged as Assistant Instructor in Hebrew, at Andover Theological Seminary. Professor B. B. Edwards spent one of these winters in our Southern States, and one of them in Europe. He desired that during his absence his chair should be occupied by Mr. Smith, whom he often characterized as 'every inch a scholar.' To fill the place of a teacher like Professor Edwards, required great skill and care. To combine so arduous a task with the labors of a parish minister demanded an uncommon degree of enterprise and industry. Notwithstanding his delicate health, Mr. Smith performed his duties at Andover so as to win golden opinions from his pupils. Professor Edwards was thoroughly satisfied with him, and grateful to him. Mr. Smith spent four days in the week at Andover, and the remaining days at West Amesbury. Sometimes, however, instead of preaching in his own pulpit, he preached in the pulpit of Bartlet Chapel. I never heard him preach as well as when he addressed our three hundred young students. He appeared to be inspired for his work. He was argumentative and impassioned. He discussed the most intricate doctrines of theology, and developed their practical value. He impressed his audience deeply. A theological student remarked to me: 'I never heard such excellent sermons from any man;' then, stopping abruptly, as if he had infringed upon professorial rights, he added: 'I mean *from a man not a professor*.'

"During four years of Mr. Smith's pastorate he wrote for the *Bibliotheca Sacra* eleven articles, altogether containing two hundred and seventy-three octavo pages. Of these, one hundred and eighty-six pages were occupied with a translation of the theological lectures of Dr. A. D. C. Twesten, Professor at the University of Berlin. Mr. Smith had intended to publish a translation of Dr. Twesten's entire theological system. He was encouraged to do so by Dr. Twesten himself, who held Mr. Smith in the highest esteem. The German professor, however, failed to publish his system as a whole, and so Mr. Smith was disappointed in not being able to translate it. One article which Mr. Smith published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* was singularly interesting and attractive, but was regarded, even by himself, as in some particulars inaccurate. Of course he was not responsible for the inaccuracies. It was a faithful translation of

an essay by Professor Ernst von Lasaulx on 'The Expiatory Sacrifices of the Greeks and Romans, and their Relation to the One Sacrifice upon Golgotha.' Mr. Smith published two articles which were somewhat prophetic of his future career. One was what he called 'rather a paraphrase than a translation' from a German essay entitled 'A Sketch of German Philosophy.' The other was an original article on 'The History of Doctrines.' We have read the criticism of Hazlitt: 'The late Mr. Opie remarked, that an artist often puts his best thoughts into his first works. His earliest efforts were the result of the study of all his former life, whereas his later and more mature performances, though perhaps more skillful and finished, contained only the gleanings of his after observation and experience.' Such a remark cannot be applied in all respects to Mr. Smith. Still his contributions to the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, indicated, in a striking degree, the line of his subsequent progress. They gained for him an early reputation. Professor Edward Robinson wrote to the editors: 'You have an excellent collaborator in Mr. H. B. Smith.' Similar words were uttered by Presidents Wayland, Sears and Hitchcock, Professors Torrey, Hackett and Gibbs. His parishioners rejoiced in his rising fame. They honored themselves by their entire freedom from jealousy in regard to him. Perhaps they attended to his sermons the more carefully because eminent scholars prized him so highly.

"'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.' The good name of Mr. Smith became at last more pleasant than profitable to his parishioners. It occasioned the impossibility of his remaining among them, although they chose him rather than great riches. Literary institutions desired him more than silver and gold. At length he complied with an invitation to take the Professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College. His feelings in view of sundering his parochial ties cannot be expressed in more fitting words than were chosen by himself in the following letter:

To the Second Church of Christ in Amesbury, and the Society worshipping with it:

Dear Brethren and Friends: Having received an invitation to another field of labor, after the most serious consideration I have been able to bestow upon it, I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to request you to unite with me in calling a council to dissolve, if they think expedient, my present connexion with you.

I cannot make this request without a heartfelt recognition of the strength of the ties which unite me to this people. Even should our relation, as pastor and people, be dissolved, there are some bonds which, I trust, will never be sundered. I shall never cease to thank that kind Providence which placed me among a people from whom I have uniformly received so many marks of kindness and confidence. Some of the happiest years of my life have been spent with you. Nothing, to my knowledge, has occurred to mar the entire harmony of my ministerial and personal relations to you.

That you may continue a united and prosperous people, attached to the truth, rooted and stablished in the faith as it is in Christ Jesus, and ready for every good word and work, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate pastor,

Henry B. Smith.

"As the preceding letter illustrates the ministerial character of Mr. Smith, so the response which it received illustrates the sturdy independence of a New England parish. Every man, woman and child rose up in opposition to his leaving them. The Church 'voted unanimously' against his proposal; appointed a committee to appear before the Ecclesiastical Council and 'show cause why this connexion should be dissolved.' The reasons which were to be presented to the council were the following:

1. We believe our pastor is happy with his people.
2. The people are happy and well-united in their pastor.
3. We believe it will be establishing a bad precedent to dis-

solve the ties of pastor and people, when so much love and unanimity exist.

4. Amherst College, in our view, has no stronger claims upon our pastor than ourselves.

"The college prevailed in the struggle, and the young pastor left his parishioners in tears. He was not forgotten, however. His Church followed him with their prayers and benedictions. They insisted that he should preach the installation sermon for his successor in their pulpit. The sermon was a remarkable one. It was the fruit of lengthened study. Like the ordination sermons of many New England pastors in a former age, it was a *concio ad clerum.* But although designed for the clergy, it held the attention of the laity. It was a proof that men will listen to the preacher whom they revere, and will catch the spirit breathing through the words which, here and there, they fail to understand."

CHAPTER V.

AMHERST.—1847–1850.

THE history of Professor Smith's life at Amherst, during the next three years, needs little to supplement the following letters from himself and others. He found himself in a most congenial atmosphere. His home was in the comfortable house which Professor Fiske had left, to which pertained a productive garden, with fruit and shrubbery. His study, fronting the college hill, looked southward upon fields, woods and mountains. Amherst and Northampton gave him the society of many friends. His relations to the college faculty were thoroughly cordial, and in his classes and work he took ever-increasing delight.

His services as a preacher were constantly in demand, and there were but few Sundays when he did not preach, either in his turn in the college chapel, or in some one of the neighboring towns.

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

AMHERST, December 14, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Many thanks for your long and kind letter. It came to me when I was full of new college duties, otherwise I should have answered it at once. Now it is vacation, with more of seeming, if not of real leisure. I have been very busy since I came here, and suppose I shall keep on so, and it is business which I greatly like. I feel quite at home in my new studies and duties, though I find there is a great deal to be done if I make my department anything like what it ought to be. I am using Stewart and Brown for text-books, having found them

on hand. Prof. Fiske was quite a zealous disciple of Brown. I do not use these books because I feel satisfied with them, for that is far from being the case; but, after all, it does not matter so much what the text-book is, if you can make the students think, and introduce them fairly to the great questions of philosophy, with some understanding of their nature and bearings. I am trying this vacation to do a little at getting up some lectures on some of the preliminary and general questions in philosophy; and also to reduce my own notions to something of a systematic shape; but I cannot flatter myself that I have done, or am going to do much in this way. I feel rather oppressed by the multitude of the materials than cheered by any prospect of success, and would be much obliged to any Ariadne who would have the goodness to give me a thread through. I should like right well to take a class through a good history of philosophy, if there were any such thing within reach. I think it would be more serviceable in the end than almost any other course.

As to other matters here, all is very pleasant. We are most pleasantly situated, a good house, good neighbors, etc., and I could hardly desire anything more comfortable than all these outward things are. I find enough to do, too, in my vocation as a preacher, having preached nearly all the time since I came here. And that I am right glad to do.

To a near friend:

AMHERST, February 27, 1848.

I am glad to hear that you attend regularly at Dr. ——'s. My dear ——, give earnest heed to his solemn words and counsels. Whether you be Episcopal or Congregational is of little moment, compared with the great question whether you are a Christian. It is not, believe me, it is not a delusion; if there be anything real and true, it is the Christian's faith. And it is my heartfelt prayer that you may know the power and blessedness of a perfect trust in Christ.

To his parents:

AMHERST, November 21, 1848.

. . . When I review the course through which God has led me, I am constantly and increasingly impressed with a sense

of His great goodness. . . . He has indeed shown the greatness of His loving-kindness. And I trust and pray that He may give me grace to live more as I ought—with a single eye to His glory and the promotion of the kingdom of His Son. . . . Our vacation begins next week, and continues six weeks. Some time in the latter part of it I shall go to Boston, and hope then also to get as far as Saccarappa.

Most affectionately, your oldest boy,

HENRY B. SMITH.

(Translation.)

Prof. Tholuck to H. B. S.:

"HALLE, March 4, 1848.

"MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND: Mr. Poor, who has been visiting Halle, leaves to-day, and will take charge of a line of remembrance to you; so I must now give vent to the long and so deeply-felt need of telling you how distinct and vivid your image still remains in my heart, and in my wife's. How can it be otherwise toward a friend with whom we have shared our inmost feelings, who has taken part, like a brother, in our holiest joys and most painful sorrows? . . .

"Even at this moment when I would wish to write full sheets to you, I must needs be content with a few lines. My labors, thank God! have been richly blessed, up to the present time. There has been a better and finer spirit among our students in Halle. My wife and I have grown still nearer to each other, through the discipline of her protracted illness, for sorrow borne as from God is a bond of union, as you and I, too, have known.

"My own condition, as to health, is much better than it was in 1838; but, notwithstanding all my many mercies, I am homesick for the eternal home, and so is my wife, too.

"It is possible, even probable, that after so long a time of peaceful, orderly prosperity, we in Germany, too, must feel the onward march of severe conflict. We are not sure that the French fever will not pervade Prussia and Germany also; but, with us, any political uprooting and throne-shaking is almost certainly an uprooting of religion and morality. It has been evident in our land that the government alone has been always on the side of religion and morality, but the representatives of the people

always for loose morals, conjugal infidelity, and irreligion ; and thus the seeds of Rationalism have been so widely sown in the masses of the nation.

"Several mornings, already, I have found written on the door of my house : 'The Mücker (*i. e.*, the Methodist, Pietist) must fall the first.' The storm will undoubtedly burst first upon those who profess evangelical religion ; and it is not beyond possibility that I and my wife, must, possessionless, seek a home in another part of the world. But, 'Christo duce nihil triste!' was Schwenfeld's motto, and I feel, in advance, that to suffer for *Christ's* sake must be an honor, a delight.

"Gladly, gladly would my heart pour itself out to you in this way still longer, but I *must* close, and I can only give you a brotherly embrace in old, in unchanged friendship.

"Yours,

"A. Tholuck."

"In a little book about my jubilee, two years since, you will find much about the university."

(Translation.)

Prof. A. Tholuck to H. B. S. :

"Halle, May 30, 1848.

"Dear Friend : I cannot let your friend Hitchcock leave without giving you a sign of affection. We have become much attached to him. When I now think of my American friends, so closely bound to me, I am doubly moved, by the thought that the time may come when I shall see them again. The European soil has become so unsafe, the complete overthrow of the church and the theological faculty is so seriously threatened, that the necessity of expatriation may not be distant. Scotland would, indeed, be my first choice, yet America lies in the back-ground. What I should find hardest to bear in America is its so entirely *realistic* life. I might, indeed, find youth there, but I should fear, at least among theologians, a youth, if more devout than in Germany, yet not the free, romantic, poetic youth, which is so quickening to me, and gives me so youthful a feeling even now in my forty-ninth year. I should especially fear for myself the lack of the necessary amount of intellectual development. How-

ever, I should be glad to have your opinion, in case the necessity of banishment should come, as to what situation could be found in America best suited to my needs and capabilities.

"Now, dear friend, there is a possibility that we may see each other once more on this side. But, if not, forever lovingly united to you in Christ, remains, yours,

"A. THOLUCK."

To his wife:

MONTPELIER, Sunday evening, July 30, 1848.

I have been having a beautiful, quiet day here, and I want to write and tell you, just for your comfort, that I have not preached. I have heard Dr. —— of —— all day. This morning I did not know who it was, and thought it was rather an ordinary sermon, but when I found it was Dr. ——, I concluded I never would make up my mind about a sermon again, until I knew who preached it. This afternoon, of course, I thought the sermon much better, and so it was—all about Satan and his agency, from the text: "Deliver us from evil," which two or three ladies who sat near me, looked into their Bibles to see if he quoted it just right. One sentence of his prayer, "Help us to believe all thy declarations concerning the devil," I thought was rather characteristic.

I have been looking over my speech* and trying to cut it down, but have only succeeded in making it longer, I fear. Perhaps I shall conclude to leave out all but the introduction and conclusion.

Yesterday morning at Windsor, Mr. Tracy, of the *Vermont Chronicle*, called, and we had a pleasant walk and talk for an hour. Horace Everett, of Vermont, who is just getting up a Free Soil party in the State, was in the stage to West Lebanon, some fifteen miles, and we agreed finely on politics.

My thoughts and heart and prayers go back every hour to my dear home.

In September, 1848, he was present at the anniversary exercises at Andover Seminary, where he heard Dr.

* Commencement address before the literary societies of the University of Vermont.

Bushnell's address on "Faith and Dogmas." This was on his way to West Amesbury, where he preached the sermon at the ordination of his successor, Rev. Albert Paine, which has been already mentioned by Professor Park.*

We give, as belonging to the history of his inner life, the closing words of this sermon, which was from the text: "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

In speaking, finally, of the blessedness of believing in Christ, my heart and voice turn to you, my beloved people—suffer me once more to call you my people—for here, if anywhere, I have seen and known what that blessing is. Most kind and affectionate were you to me when I was your pastor, and when we parted, our strongest feelings were our mutual sorrow. To be your minister was to me a privilege and blessing, and the sense of it is still strong in my heart's memory.

And now you have received another minister; and standing here, I feel as if committing my own flock to another pastor. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you and upon him! If I have sown any good seed, may he see it bear its fruit. What I have failed to do, may God give to him to do. Those hearts which my words did not reach, may they, oh! may they be given to him as the crown of his rejoicing. The children whom I taught may he receive into the fold. The Church to which I ministered, may he be its faithful guide to eternal life.

And my heart's desire and prayer for you all is, that from your own experience you may know the blessedness of believing in Jesus. May all your hearts feel the deepest love which heart can know—the love of a sinner to his Saviour. May all your tongues join in the gladdest song which men or angels sing—even that which ascribes blessing and honor, dominion and power to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever. Amen.

* A friend who was present on that occasion wrote: "When the ministers came into the church, a good woman whispered to me, looking toward Mr. Smith, '*That* gentleman used to be our minister;' and when he began his

He wrote this autumn a review of Dorner's History of the Doctrine of Christ, which was published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, January, 1849.

From January to April, 1849, he supplied the pulpit of the Congregational Church at Longmeadow, and, through the summer, that at Hatfield. He reached a number of ordination sermons during the year, and, in December, at the installation of his old friend, Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D., in Newark, N. J.

His two sermons preached in the Amherst chapel on "Honor," in which he opposed the clannish college notion (to which he had been a victim in his own college days) made such an impression, that the students requested to have them published. This request was not granted, but he repeated them a few weeks later.*

From a sermon on "Friendship," preached also this year, in the college chapel, we quote a passage, which was strikingly verified by his own experience in later years.

To look back over the passages of a varied life, in the communion of a friendship which has survived all other changes of condition—to recall our mutual trust from ardent youth, through the struggling years of mature life, down to advancing age—to call up the common joys and the common sorrows, the struggles we have shared, the help we have given and received—and to see how our friend has been faithful to us, through evil report and through good report, in spite of human infirmity, in spite of our own follies and our sins even—how he has been kind to us when we needed kindness, and strong to us when we were weak, an aid to our virtue and a monitor against our sins—here is a crowning blessedness of true friendship—of such friendship as has been, and is, and shall be, though the world may doubt it, and though man be sinful.

sermon, here and there a face was covered with a handkerchief, and at least two persons near me sobbed so loud that I could hear them."

* They were afterward preached before the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City, where they were also repeated, by request.

But the literary work which marked this year was his address at the Andover anniversary in September, before the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Seminary, on "The Relations of Faith and Philosophy."

He had written in July:

About that anniversary, I have pretty much made up my mind that it was rather a foolish thing for me to accept the invitation. I never felt less like writing anything; but I hope to have some two or three weeks of quiet, and after a little ramble among the hills, next week, I hope that my thoughts may move more freely. The fact is, that the whole burden of the senior class has fallen upon me this year, and it has been about as much as I could well do to carry them on. The president has not been able to do much, and the other professors have little to do with the seniors.

Professor Park, who had taken pains to secure a fit audience for the occasion, writes thus of the Andover address: *

"Perhaps he never excited the interest of his auditors more deeply than when he pronounced this address. Many of these hearers were listening to him for the first time. He knew that some of them rejected all forms of evangelical religion; his voice was tremulous with emotion when he spoke of the man who 'knows no love too great for Jesus;' and when he said 'so vital is Christ in Christian experience that many are withheld from speculating upon His nature by the unspeakable depth and tenderness of their love for Him;' 'the name of Jesus has touched the tenderest and deepest chords of man's heart.' He knew that some of his hearers were either jealous of philosophy or inimical to it; he declared with a peculiar, strong emphasis: 'We rob faith of one of its strongest persuasions, if we do not claim that it is perfectly rational.' He knew that some of his auditors were adopting the speculations of Dr. Bushnell; he uttered glowing words against those speculations, and here his language became as rich and beautiful as that of the author

* Bibliotheca Sacra.

whom he was opposing with polished weapons. He knew that some, and the most venerable part, of his audience, had an intense aversion to the German divines, especially Schleiermacher; he girded up his garments to defend these divines, especially Schleiermacher; his delicate form became suddenly more erect than it had been; his face became paler and more ethereal; he made a lengthened pause, and then, 'in this connection, and in this reverend presence,' with tones of great solemnity and dignity, he exclaimed, 'in the name of the republic of letters, in the name of all generous scholarship, in the very name of Christian charity, I dare not refrain from testifying that the indiscriminate censure of all that is German, or that may be so called, is a sign rather of the power of prejudice than of a rational love for all truth.' He knew that some of his hearers ranked among the 'New England theologians;' he turned his eye upon them as they sat near him on the platform, and, with a smile of arch approval and soothing irony, he drew forth in response a general smile, when he said in a low and semi-confidential voice, 'we have not only discussed, we have also experienced almost everything; from conscious enmity to God to the profoundest submission to his will; from the depth of a willingness to be condemned to the heights of disinterested benevolence; from the most abstract decrees of a sovereign down almost to the power to the contrary; we have passed through the very extremes of doctrine, and known them to be real by our inward experience.' At the conclusion of this address, in which he spoke to every one a word in season, every one was delighted with it. The men who rejected faith, and the men who condemned philosophy; those who believed in Bushnell, and those who disbelieved in Schleiermacher; theologians who had a power to the contrary, and theologians who had not much power of any kind, all crowded around the orator of the day, and thanked him for his lesson to their brethren, and praised his diversified gifts."

"This address," writes Dr. Park, "at once made Professor Smith conspicuous in the literary world." It was published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, November, 1849, and was at once reprinted by the Messrs. T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh, where it attracted much attention. A friend

traveling in Scotland, several years later, wrote to Professor Smith: "I believe I mentioned that Sir William Hamilton and also the late Dr. John Brown made particular inquiries respecting you, and expressed a hearty admiration for your address on the Relations of Faith and Philosophy. Dr. Brown had it republished, so I am informed." *

This address, startling, in some of its positions, to New England ears, naturally called forth adverse criticism. The *Puritan Recorder* of Boston designated as "a fly in the ointment" its "acrimonious vindication of Schleiermacher." A few weeks later the critic,† while still deprecating the "extravagant glorification of the brilliant but misleading genius of Schleiermacher," retracted the word "acrimonious," adding, "there are few men who are less chargeable with such a trait of character than the author." He also wrote in a letter to Prof. Smith, October 31, "Though I hate old Schleiermacher worse than ever, I shall content myself with what I said about him in the November number of the *Observatory*, and shall let him rest for the present, out of love to you." This was accompanied by an urgently repeated request that Prof. Smith would be a contributor to the columns of the *Christian Observatory*, of which Dr. McClure was the editor.

Rev. William A. Peabody, who came to Amherst in the autumn of 1847, as professor of Latin, was a valuable addition to the college faculty, as well from his attractive social traits as from his fine scholarship. But, be-

* Mr. Sumner wrote, Boston, Nov. 17, '49: "My dear Sir: I have just read with sincere emotion your address on the Relations of Faith and Philosophy. Where I found so much for delight and sympathy. I am unwilling to allude to points of difference. You may fail to satisfy the convictions of all minds, but you cannot fail to charm all by the elegance of style, the candor and the truly Christian spirit in which you have treated a most difficult and important theme. Believe me, dear Sir, ever faithfully yours, Charles Sumner."

† The late Rev. A. W. McClure, D.D.

fore he had found a home in the village, he was stricken down by fever at the hotel, where he died on the first of March. Prof. Smith visited him day after day, like a brother, and was with him when he died, "seeing death for the first time." Doubtless to the impression made by this event may be traced the unusual fervor of his preaching to the students during the following weeks. Prof, Tyler * alludes to one of his sermons in particular, preached in April, from the text: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," as "having had a mighty effect."

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr.:

AMHERST, April 30, 1850,

. . . . Our spring vacation is about half gone now. I am staying at home, doing the "fixings" about house and garden, and needing that sort of relaxation very much. We had a most delightful term, especially in a religious point of view. You may have noticed Dr. Hitchcock's account of it in the newspapers. I never knew so large a body of young men so deeply impressed, so generally serious, with so little of mere excitement. It was a solemn, thoughtful, constant, realizing view of religious things, and it continued uninterrupted to the very close of the term. Among the converts were some of the very best men, and some of the very worst men in college. Study and everything else went on as usual, excepting discipline, of which there was none. The tone of religious feeling and thought among the Christians was deepened and strengthened. In short, it came nearer to realizing my idea of what a true revival of God's work should be than anything else I have ever known. . .

You ask me about the proof for the personality of God. This is, in fact, *the* difficult question, and one which our English treatises do not sufficiently meet. It is the great defect of the *a priori* argument that it does not establish this point sufficiently. The argument from design, as commonly treated, proves an intelligence. Our geologists say that is not enough, we must

* History of Amherst College, p. 35.

prove a begun design. They virtually say, intelligence, design, reason in nature might be there without a God to put it there; we must be able to interrupt the series somewhere, and say *there* is where a new order of things came in. I don't believe in this one whit, as helping the argument logically. If I could suppose the whole of nature, with all its system and design, to exist without an intelligent author, I could suppose some law, or laws, working in the series, and designed to bring just such a change at just such a time, and I don't see how any geologist could overthrow this supposition.

The stress of the case seems to me to come about here. Here is a vast series of things showing design, rational ends, in the parts and in the whole. The pantheist says, it is a sufficient explanation of all this to say that the series has always existed; an infinite series of antecedents and consequents is sufficient to *account for* all we find in nature. And when new things come in, he says, they are still a part of the series not before developed.

The only way of meeting him here seems to me to be by saying that his series does not explain or account for just what is most necessary to be explained and accounted for. The series, in fact, does not *explain* anything. It is a bare re-statement of the fact that certain things succeed each other in nature in an orderly course, in a regular method. It amounts simply to saying that there is in point of fact nothing to be explained. But this is to blink, to ignore, to thrust aside the whole question. This series is not merely a mere succession of antecedents and consequents; it is *something more;* it is a series of means and ends, a vast system of designs, not only of efficient, but of final causes. Now, to say that regular succession, a bare "physical" law explains design, is a bare-faced assumption. It does not explain it. It does not answer the question, How came these rational means and ends into existence? The validity of this inquiry is to be first shown. Having proved it to be valid, and having proved that the series does not explain it—then there are two, and only two, possible suppositions: one is, that reason, intelligence, a system of means and ends, exists in, belongs to the material universe itself, of inherent right, of prime necessity; and the other is, that the reason, the intelligence were

given to the world by an adequate power. This is merely stating the matter. If the last point be made out, then, as to the personality of that power, I hold it to be utterly *inconceivable* that we can suppose an intelligence adequate to produce what we know to be in creation, without personality. Whether that personality be just like ours, whether the Trinity in the Godhead be necessary to the full conception of the divine personality (which many later Germans hold) is too long a subject to be entered on now.

The younger Fichte in his Speculative Theologie has given one of the best criticisms on the pantheistic scheme. He is thoroughly a theist. Hegel, in the appendix to his Religionsphilosophie, has one of the ablest criticisms on the various proofs for the being of God, making them all to be parts of one argument. Trendelenburg, in his Logische Untersuchungen, under the category "Zweck," has some of the ablest and most conclusive statements in respect to design. I am afraid that I have hardly made myself intelligible enough. . . .

N. B.—The so-called *a priori* argument is necessary in proving the infinitude and perfection of the divine nature; the *a posteriori* for personal intelligence and will.

To Rev. G. L. Prentiss:

AMHERST, April 30, 1850.

. . . I have been at work all the term—have written several sermons—have preached more than usual, of course—and I have also gone on in writing lectures on Anthopology, where our text-books are so lamentably deficient, and where the unpractical Germans are so far before everybody else. I have been looking over a good many of their books in the hope of finding one that I could bring bodily into English. But I am afraid that this is impossible. A text-book for a college class must needs be rather a special affair.

Have you seen the third edition of Müller on Sin? It is improved, and it is really a great book. And have you seen Rothe's Theologische Ethik? Müller's third edition is directed in part against Rothe, who derives sin mainly from the sensual nature.

But Rothe's is the greatest attempt yet made, even in Germany, to apply a speculative theology, in a true constructive method, to all the details of duty and life. There is a strong,

a very strong "physical," "realistic" element in it; it is a sort of reaction against an excessive spiritualism. I cannot master it all—and dissent, perhaps, from its main views—but still, as Müller says, it is "ein merkwürdiges Buch"—and costs eight dollars and seventy cents of Garrigue!!

I enjoyed our visit at Stearns's last winter very much. I found the fame of you there. I hear that S. is doing exceedingly well, beyond the highest expectations of the people. He is a rare minister.

We are well, enjoying this spring-time. Come and see us this summer. A. C. Adams has been here lately, preaching at West Springfield.

The manner and influence of Professor Smith's teaching and life at Amherst can best be told by some of his pupils and fellow-instructors.

"I shall never forget," writes Rev. Wm. H. Fenn, of High Street Church, Portland, "the tenderness with which he took me into his study, talked to me as if I were an old man, urged me to study German with Mr. Tribus, and, taking down his copy of the Maria Stuart of Schiller, bade me use it as if it were my own. He was the first professor whom I had ever met who unbended, or who showed the humor which my boyish heart relished amazingly.

"I am exceedingly grateful to God for all the love I bore him, and for all the interest he showed to our family in circumstances of much need."

The following letter is from the Rev. Julius H. Seelye, D.D., President of Amherst College.

"Professor Smith came to Amherst in the fall of 1847, which was the beginning of my junior year. As his instructions were confined to the senior class, I did not meet him in the recitation room till a year afterward; but the general influence of his presence ere long appeared through all the college. The seniors were at once kindled by his enthusiasm, and his attainments, and their reports were soon in every student's mouth. Probably no

one theme was at the time talked of more, or with more gratified interest, in the college, than the doings and the promise of the new professor.

"We all soon heard him preach, and, though the college pulpit, as supplied by the president and professors, was always instructive and quickening, we learned to look with special zest for Professor Smith's appearance therein; and, whenever he preached, he was heard with no less cordial interest than respectful attention. I remember how early I was impressed with the prominence—both in his preaching and his prayers—of his conviction of the glory of Christ. Sometimes his prayers would seem little other than the out-breathings of desire that we might know more of Christ; and often the deepest impression of his sermons seemed to come from the impulse pervading them, to be and to make others complete in Him. His preaching, greatly profitable to the students, was not what would be called popular, though I think his presence was welcomed in the pulpits of the neighboring churches. His expression was not adequate to his thought—he always seemed to have more than he could say—but he showed so much earnestness and self-forgetfulness, that his utterances, though never impassioned, were always impressive; and I suspect that he never preached in the college without interesting all, or without awakening in many a true incitement to a better life.

"When I became a daily attendant upon his recitations, I well recall my early sense of his gentleness, his quiet simplicity, his abundance of learning, which he had the ready power to use, without the least ostentation, and the unaffected interest, evident at once, in all his pupils and their work. These first impressions did not wear away. Week by week, there grew in the minds of his pupils a deeper sense of his scholarship, his insight, his comprehensive grasp of things, and, more than all, his unwearied interest that every one receiving his instructions should grow in knowledge and in grace. If we criticised him, it was for giving us so much that we could not always digest it.

"It was not his way to question his pupils much. He gave them topics to recite upon, and was wont to supply their lack from his own stores. We used Stewart and Brown as text-books in philosophy, neither consecutively, but sometimes recit-

ing from one, and sometimes from the other, on particular themes which the professor, from day to day, would indicate. We also studied with him, during our senior year, Whately's Logic, Wayland's Moral Science, and Duer's Constitutional Jurisprudence, in which last theme he showed no less interest, and hardly less information, than in philosophy itself. He often assigned to members of the class topics requiring special reading and study, and which they were afterward to discuss, orally or by writing, before the class. Among such topics I remember Mill's doctrine of the Syllogism, Plato's Theætetus, Hume on Cause and Effect, the Baconian Method, the doctrine of Free Trade, etc. Sometimes we had a half day assigned for these exercises, and, untrammelled by the usual limits of the recitation hour, we took what time seemed well for the discussion assigned. However much we may have limped in these exercises, the professor did not halt, and his remarks were always so ready, and withal so rich, that I do not think I ever heard any one complain because the exercise had been too long.

"He was always kind and always ready to help, but never cordially demonstrative; perhaps always a little reserved, but not distant, easily accessible, guileless, we always felt, and unsuspecting, with great and ever-growing learning, yet without affectation and without pedantry; while the most prominent of all his traits seemed to be his undoubting faith in the truth of God, and the spirituality of man, and the efficacy of the atonement of Jesus Christ. To have been his pupil is still a source of gratitude and joy to me."

Prof. Francis A. March, LL.D., of Lafayette College, Pa., writes:

"Prof. Smith came to Amherst while I was tutor. I remember well Dr. Hitchcock's reading to the Faculty his letter accepting the professorship, and the pleasant impression it made of directness and clearness. The students were prepared to give him a cordial welcome. The relations between Amherst and Andover were very intimate, so many students came to Amherst from Phillips Academy and went back to the Theological Seminary, and the Amherst men were so good friends and correspondents, that we were in a sense, one community, and 'Professor

Park' and 'Moses Stuart,' and all their sayings and doings were as familiar at Amherst as at Andover. So we knew all about Professor Smith. His varied learning and acuteness—he was said to be well fitted for several professorships—most of all, perhaps, his mastery of German philosophy and theology, his studies in Germany, and the recognition given him by the scholars there, were in many mouths, and were heard with great eyes. Dr. Hitchcock was at this time managing the discipline of the college in his own way, and I do not think that Prof. Smith was much known to the Faculty or students as a disciplinarian. His influence was mainly that of a scholar and teacher. He did not obtrude the systems of Germany in his teaching. He went over the topics in Stewart and Brown, which were the traditional Mental Philosophy at Amherst, and enlarged by references mainly to Scottish and English philosophers, Reid, Hamilton, Locke, Berkley, and Hume. He thought much of the History of Philosophy, and had projected a text-book on that subject on the basis of a French manual, as well as a course of lectures. He revived the study of logic. He urged the introduction of the study of Constitutional law, and finally gave a course in it himself, in addition to the work of his department. He was eminently successful as a teacher. His method, as I learned from the students and from occasional attendance, was topical. He did not spend much strength in cross-questioning to bring out the ignorance of the students, nor did he very much labor to enforce his own views by reiterating and enlarging. 'He stops when he is through,' was a frequent remark in his praise. I think of him oftenest as a sower with his hands full of good seed. He seemed always watching to drop some seed-thought suited to the soil. It was a great matter with him to stimulate research. He gave out written essays on topics which required much reading and thinking, and he sought personal intercourse with the abler men, directing their reading and thinking, stimulating them to ambitious efforts for the grasping of great truths and systems of philosophy, and giving them high ideals of eminence in original investigations. He led the way in searching the libraries for everything in his line, getting the old periodicals in place in which there were good articles, such as those of Hamilton in the *Edinburgh Review*, then comparatively unknown. He

was much pleased with the work done by the students. He often told me that he was surprised at the manner in which the Amherst seniors took hold of the problems in philosophy, and that they seeemed personally younger to him than their discussions showed them to be. This was partly, I imagine, because they lookt up to him so much that they made themselves younger to him than they were, but Miller, Seelye, and Hammond and Clark, all since eminent professors, and several others in his classes, were no doubt vigorous thinkers and workers, beyond their years, and set the pitch of their classes high.

"His interest and influence were not confined to philosophy. His wide knowledge and appreciation of literature, art, and history were freely used for the benefit of the students, and added much to their estimate of him. Students are better judges of extent than profundity. They were the more pleased with his interest in the libraries because it was the prevailing belief among them that the Faculty generally more favored, as they exprest it, the collection of bugs and stones. He did not go into enthusiasm much in his talk on æsthetic matters. He rather dropped some pithy dry remark as though he did not let his feeling loose. In the same spirit, I thought, he did not repeat admired passages, but would give an outline of the thought in his own words. I remember his so giving Blanco White's sonnet to *Night*, and passages from Talfourd's Ion. These are examples of the kind of poetry which seemed most to please him; striking moral thought exprest with classical clearness and elegance. He was always alert and earnest about religion, the relations between philosophy and religion, the difficulties started by philosophized systems, and especially pantheism, which was then lively. His way of dealing with them was appreciative and historical, a way since grown common, but then seeming peculiar. Christianity is a fact, a power, as much as gravitation, he said; study the history of its workings. He did not diminish the attractive traits of the great systems and their authors, but aimed to show that Christianity and Christ had the same traits in a higher degree. Christ is the center and source of all. He admired Spinoza. He seemed to have a personal regard for Hegel. He said that the heroical and inspiring thought of Emerson was Calvinism duly descended from his Puritan ances-

tors, and if Emerson only saw his thought in its true relation to Christ he would be orthodox. He spoke in a similar way of many other eminences, and of the masters in philosophy. He said that he should have been a pantheist but for Christ.* The materialism which has since become fashionable was then unknown. The authors whom I remember hearing him condemn, were oftenest such as made a show of much learning on the subjects he studied, but who proved to be without thoroughness and accuracy. Theodore Parker and some of the current third-rate Germans, I remember especially, as worrying to him in this way. He was a lover of truth for its own sake. He was also strong on the practical side. I do not mean the bread and butter side, but he thought of truth as a power, and wanted to help it make history. He thought how doctrines would work.

"I once urged upon him that gravitation indicates our universe to be finite, that sin, etc., indicate its framer and governor to be finite. Is not Christianity finite? Does not Paul talk so sometimes? He (or I) repeated the passage I had most in mind, 1 Cor. xv. 28, and he added, 'But you can never make a Yankee worship anything less than the Infinite.' He was strong in his political principles, in favor of 'free soil,' and ready for sagacious furtherance of all good public ends. I have drifted away from his recitation room. His influence pervaded the college, not only by his professional teaching, but by public preaching, in which he rejoiced and to which he came with full hands, and by lectures and conversations, and the traditions of them. No one then at Amherst can have failed to regard the brief period of his professorship as making an era in the life of the place.

"Of his more intimate personal traits and influence, his kindness, sympathy and goodness, I shall not try to write, but I cherish the most grateful remembrance of them."

Rev. Professor William S. Tyler, thus writes:

"Rev. Prof. Henry B. Smith was here only three years (1847–1850), before he was called to Union Theological Seminary in New York, where he became so widely known as a leader in the Presbyterian Church, and one of the brightest ornaments of

* In later years he wrote: "The time is sweeping on when he who will not be a Christian *must be a pantheist.*"

American Theology and Ecclesiastical History. With a simplicity and purity of character, equalled only by his learning and power, he exerted an influence as great as it was good, in the professor's chair, in the pulpit, in the government of the college, in the community and the vicinity ; and he went away, leaving a friend in every pupil, in every person with whom he was intimately associated." *

In July 1850, he was visited by a committee from the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, offering to him its chair of Church History. In this proposal were involved weighty questions, concerning not only his sphere of personal work, but also his relations to the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. He was a loyal son of New England, and had cordially adopted the polity of her Congregationalism. Strong protests came to him from different quarters. The Alumni and Trustees of Amherst College sent messages deprecating his removal. Representations, appeals and offers were made to him, such as might well have held him back. He was warned against casting his lot in a Seminary, which was little more than an experiment, unendowed and uncertain, while New England had claims upon him and need of him. But, on the other hand, here was a direct call, such as never had come before, and might not come again, to the highest and most congenial work ; a call enforced by his own predilections and course of education, and most of all by his love for the Church of Christ and by his high ideal for its ministry.

He spent months in coming to his decision. He consulted in New York with the friends of the Seminary, and in New England with those most opposed to his breaking from old ties ; he sought the wisest counsel, while he earnestly and prayerfully sought to be guided in the right way. Some of the following letters will show what were his difficulties and motives in coming to his decision :

* History of Amherst College, p. 338.

To Rev. G. L. Prentiss:

AMHERST, July 15, 1850.

I thank you very much for your kind letter, and I thank you doubly for it, as written under such circumstances. It conveyed to me the first, and, as yet, the most direct information I have had of my appointment at New York. I did not know until about a week before, and then only by an incidental allusion, that my name had been mentioned in connection with that professorship. The whole thing is a surprise to me, and I have not yet had any official notification.

You will believe me when I say that I had strongly desired that you might be appointed to that situation, and I had also urged it strongly. I had no other thought but that you would be.

I am not now in any condition to consider the question of my acceptance. I dislike so many changes; I like Amherst, and increasingly. I have been very contented here. I wish you, or somebody else to whom I could talk all out, were here to talk with me about the matter. I know that I am, in some respects, fitted for my present situation, and for a college professorship. I am much more doubtful about a theological institution.

I need not tell you how heartily I sympathize with you in the very great loss you have sustained in the death of a brother* so justly dear to you, and of such remarkable qualities of mind and character. . . . It must be to you an overwhelming sorrow, especially if it be as sudden as I infer that it is. May He who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows be with you with His abundant consolations.

From New York he wrote to his wife in Amherst:

Last evening I spent wholly, till 11 o'clock and after, with Dr. White, talking over the whole seminary, and matters thereto belonging. He was rather curious about some of my theological opinions, and we got into a regular discussion, of two hours, on the person of Christ, in which he claimed that I advocated something inconsistent with the catechism, and I claimed that he

* Hon. Seargent S. Prentiss.

taught what was against the catechism, which was rather a hard saying against an old-established professor of theology. However it was all very well and kind on both sides, and did not prevent his urging my coming here.

This evening I have been with Dr. Robinson, he thinks he was the first to propose my name—is very cordial, . . . has a little more doubt about living on $2,000, but believes there is a grand opening for church history here and in the country generally, and so they all say.

N. B.—I have not bought a book yet.

He wrote, August 20th, to his friend, Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns, who was one of the directors of the seminary.

If ever I needed a clear mind and prayed for wisdom, it is surely now. There are many things which move me to go there, although I must say that if there was a *direct* choice for the same professorship there and at Andover, other things being equal, I should feel obliged to go to Andover.

After alluding to some circumstances which had perplexed him:

September 2d.

So I have come back to where I was a fortnight ago, excepting that the more I think of leaving Amherst and going to New York, the more does there seem to me to be a hazard in respect to position, reputation, and certainty of a comfortable maintenance for my family.

And yet there are many, very many things about New York and the seminary which attract me strongly—the department itself, the facilities, the environment in general; and, with the tone of theology and the like, it seems to me I should pretty well harmonize. And I think that I could go into teaching in that department with a good degree of zeal. As to salary, the simple state of the case is that, if I remain in New England, I am rationally sure of being in a much better position as to the maintenance of my family (with what would generally be considered an equal position as to usefulness) than I can be on the salary offered in New York.

And there are two things about that salary ; 1. As to its continuance after the five years ; 2. As to its increase. At my time of life I ought hardly to be expected to give up my present position and the prospect of a better one in New England, to go into a new field on an uncertainty of support for more than five years, and with the certainty of only a mere support. Is not this right? Now, I dislike, Brother Stearns, as much as anybody to write about, or to press such matters, but the fact is, there is considerable hazard about such a removal. There is a hazard as to my health and that of my family ; there is the quitting of a career and a place where I know my position, for one where it is all to be made ; there are new church associations, and a new mode of life altogether. And if, in addition to this, there were a prospect of pecuniary disadvantage, it would not be a call that I ought to say *yes* to, unless the inward call were very great, or the necessity somewhat urgent.

AMHERST, September 12, 1850.

MY DEAR STEARNS : Yours is received ; thanks for it, its kindness, its partiality, and its wisdom.

I have about come to a conclusion, which is that I must go to New York.

I shall write soon to Mr. Haines a more decisive letter. I find that I cannot decide against it. The many considerations brought against it and resisted, have strengthened me in its favor. My *convictions* are in its favor. There are many, many hazards, but I must, and I think that I can confide them to the Lord. I trust that I wish to serve Him, and that I go for His sake. I pray that I may, for His sake only,—and you, too, will pray for me.

I am about to rend many strong ties, and I feel their force stronger than ever. But, at the same time, I have a calm and firm conviction of what seems to be my duty.

I cannot come till December, about the first week. It would not do to leave here till then. I shall need great indulgence, but I think you will give it to me.

AMHERST, September 17, 1850.

MY DEAR GEORGE : I thank you for your letter, none the less

welcome, although I ended my long hesitation on last Saturday, by writing my acceptance of the appointment. I still wish that you had been the man, but more of that when we meet.

I go to New York in full view of all the uncertainties and difficulties of the position, of the hazard, perhaps, to my health, of the necessity of beginning almost anew among new social and ecclesiastical connections. There are many unfavorable things about the seminary—a teacher is not felt as he would be in a quieter place—there are many distractions, it is difficult for our young men to study there at first. There will be also some pushing on the matter of Presbyterianism from some persons, though not many, but these influential ; and the laymen of the Board will be less Catholic in that matter than are most of the ministers.

The pecuniary prospects seem to me only tolerable. Such men as Mr. —— think more of making useful men than of making thorough scholars. The literary character of the seminary is slight, its zeal in theological science is little, the need of a comprehensive range of theological studies and of books thereto has got to be created. The theological position is not defined. It stands somewhere between Andover and Princeton, just as New School Presbyterianism stands between Congregationalism and the consistent domineering Presbyterianism, and it will be pressed on all sides. Whether it is to be resolved into these two or to be consolidated on its own ground is still a problem.

These things will make one's position a little more free, but, at the same time, they make it more arduous. I am going there to work—to work, I trust, for my Master. I have resisted many strong counter-influences in order to go, but I am now settled in my convictions, as clearly as I can be, more decidedly than I thought I should be.

I am very glad you are to be at Newark, that has been a strong additional inducement.

We will have nice times yet.

To his wife in Maine :

AMHERST, September 18, 1850.

I feel more and more convinced that I have decided rightly. I should not have thought that I could have come to so impor-

tant a decision, against so many influences, separating so many ties, involving the necessity of beginning so many things anew, and been so calm and confident in it. But so it is, and I trust that I go, and wish to go, for the sake of my Master, to serve Him in all singleness of heart and with all sincerity and earnestness. My class in college are doing finely. I never had a class begin with more earnestness.

AMHERST, September 23.

Mr. Dana's* first lecture on Friday evening was well attended, and a very elevating lecture, on the right way of using literature for our best culture; that was about the subject. His voice, looks, and manner are in admirable unison. I have seen him two or three times.

Wednesday evening, just after supper, on the way to the Faculty meeting, September 25, 1850. I received your letter this afternoon with one from ———, affectionate yet *strong*, very, against New York. . . . Yesterday afternoon I took Mr. Dana all round to the by-places, down by that little stream near the factory, up to Still Corner, over by a new road, to Pelham Springs; we had a very fine ride. This evening I am to talk in Faculty meeting. I mean to give some account of the persons and lectures of Tholuck, Hengstenberg and Neander.

Mr. Dana's lecture last evening was not of so general interest as his former one, more subtle and refined, but very full of poetic thought and beautiful criticism. His next is on Woman; I will remember it for you.

September 27.—I had a very kind letter from Dr. Skinner, beginning "You have made us all very happy by your acceptance," etc. Also a letter from Dr. Robinson in which he repeats the fact that he was the first to propose my name for the situation, and talks very kindly. Stearns writes that "my acceptance was received with no small enthusiasm."

Mr. Dana's lecture on Friday evening, was not on Woman, but on the Representation of violent deaths on the English stage,

*Mr. Richard H. Dana.

which he treated very finely, and of which I will tell you some time. . . . Do go and hear Jenny Lind in Boston, if you can conveniently, but I don't believe you can; no matter, we will hear her in New York.

Monday morning, September 30.—My dearest wife and "comfortable yoke-fellow" (as John Cotton addressed his beloved spouse), I am very well this bright day, after yesterday's preaching, and I hope the day is bright with you, and that the brightness enters into your heart.

. . . I had a good day for preaching; in the morning the sermon on the Outward and Inward Man, which I wrote week before last, and in the afternoon my Fast Day sermon on the Kingdom of God.

He noted in his diary subsequent lectures of Mr. Dana: "Mr. Dana on Macbeth, admirable; Mr. Dana's last lecture on Hamlet, more insight than all the critics."

He had great enjoyment in Mr. Dana's society, and in long drives with him, to the beautiful localities in the neighborhood, which were then in their richest autumnal glory. A few weeks later he received the following letter:

From Mr. Richard H. Dana:

"Boston, November 13, 1850.

"Dear Sir: It is very gratifying to have you speak of the lectures as you do. I believe that I never cared much for notoriety, or popularity, I had better call it; but the sympathy of the right-minded has always been a comfort to me, and grows more and more so with my years; it links, in a kind of relationship, my fellow men and me, and I thank you for allowing me to reckon you in the number of these my relatives. How near may it be? A first cousin? and if Mrs. Smith will let me count her too, there are more thanks and hearty ones. My daughter and I look back with much pleasure upon our stay in Amherst, and the frank, easy cordiality shown us. Then, there is your glorious scenery! One might at this distance make it present, and bring about him,

as he lies in bed, your autumnal woods, till his room would become luminous with their splendor.

"Tell Mrs. Smith to bear in mind the views of our last drive, that one of these days, when we come to see the New Earth, we may be able to determine how it compares with them. I fear that I shall hardly meet you in New York the coming winter, as my talked-of lecturing in Baltimore has fallen through.

"Dear sir, yours,

"RICHARD H. DANA."

To his wife:

NEW YORK, December 5, 1850.

Mr. March told me last evening of Tutor Humphrey's sudden death. How almost impossible it is to grasp such a fact, and make it seem real. So suddenly stricken down, so full of life and thought and promise as he was, the foremost man among the late graduates, since his friend March. It does seem as if it would make everybody who knew of it pause and think. And yet it does not make me fear about you, or about myself. I hardly know why it does not; perhaps it ought, and I am too insensible. But I trust I am not insensible to God's great goodness to all of us.

Sunday evening, December 8, 1850.—The children are now just about comfortably ensconced in their beds, their dear, bright faces and their pleasant voices—such a contrast to the quiet and loneliness of this little chamber. What a happy family we ought to be. What gratitude we owe to our Heavenly Father; and as I think of laboring here more earnestly and with more self-devotion in the service of my Master, I also think with increased gratitude of all that God has given me. . . . What a back ground of content all this gives to the picture I form to myself of my active and pressing public life here—for active and urgent it must be, beyond all my former years. The field spread out before me which I must cultivate is so broad, and so much depends on the instruction being thorough, and the prosperity of the seminary is so connected with the devotedness and thoroughness of its teachers, that I feel more and more that my days and my nights must be given to unremitted study. I

think I shall like the position here, and am more and more confirmed in this feeling; and I believe that the general tone of things will be to my liking.

. . . And it is now a very bright and beautiful Friday morning, December 13, 1850, and I am very well after preaching at the Mercer Street Church yesterday. My subject was "The Kingdom of God;" which sermon I nearly re-wrote on Wednesday. On Wednesday evening I went to hear Haydn's Oratorio of the Messiah. . . . The choruses of the Oratorio were admirably sung. I enjoyed it much; it was really refreshing after the perpetual absorption in writing of the first part of this week. But I am very well, in spite of all I have to do; feel elastic and ready to work at any reasonable rate. Next Sunday I am to preach in Carmine Street Church. . . . To-day I am going to spend in running about, chiefly seeing the libraries, etc.

Last evening with Dr. Skinner to Mr. Halsted's (one of the directors of the seminary). A sale of theological books to take place next week was spoken of, and Mr. H. said if I would mark what books I thought it desirable to procure, he would see about getting them. Is not that about right?

Tuesday afternoon dined at Mrs. Bruen's; the Skinners and Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan, of Scotland, were present; the latter a noble-looking woman, one of the best specimens of Scotch ladies. Monday evening I walked with Mr. March all the evening.

I have had three lectures and exercises in Church History this week, and am to have another on Saturday, if Dr. Cox does not hold forth.

The Mercer Street Church is a delightful one to preach in, and I felt yesterday just like preaching. After the sermon quite a number of the elders, etc., stopped and shook hands with me; and also Mrs. B. claimed an old acquaintanceship, and gave me an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner.

I think I am going to like New York; I have got at once above all the noise and bustle, and am able to sit down as quietly and absorbed in my studies as in quiet Amherst. But my

heart and thoughts are with you all, when the pressure of thinking is off.

. . . Papa's love to dear little —— on her birthday, and tell her that, though he is very far away, he thinks of her very often, and hopes she will have a very happy birthday.

Early in January, 1851, he brought his family from Amherst to New York.

Before going to New York to begin his lectures, he received the following characteristic letter from the venerable Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, who was temporarily giving lectures on Church History in the seminary:

"RUSURBAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 18, 1850.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: So busy and driven, *ut solet hisce in partibus*, I am late in reply to yours of last week. We are glad you are coming, especially I, your *pro hoc vice locum tenens*. I have endeavored only to herald you and prepare the way before you, by outline and generality, not ambiguity, respecting the grand vertebral column of history, its osteology and *loca majora*, especially *ad huc* in biblical and profane notices A.M. and to A.D. They have been very attentive, and I have endeavored to affect them with a sense of the *sine-qua-non* importance to ministers of its thorough and scientific acquisition. Dr. Skinner has condemned himself to be one of my hearers at every lecture. I go on the principle that premises must be before inductions, and hence that without knowing facts, dates, places, men, relations, and some circumstances, they are not prepared for philosophizing as historians. Hence, I teach them the elements, the what, where, when, who, why, how, and the connections, consequences, antecedents, and motives, as well as we can know them, in order to their masterly use of them in their subsequent lucubrations. But I prefer the grand to the minor relations and matters of history; suppose Church History to be *in re* so connected with secular history, since the Church and the world mutually affect and modify each other, that the former cannot be understood without the latter; and so endeavor to fix in consecutive order, in their minds, those great events, which, when well understood, are seen to regulate the

others, and at once to stimulate the student, and direct him, in his later researches.

"Possibly I may overlap you in continuance of one or two lectures after your arrival, so as in a sort to finish what I have begun; and anything I can do to facilitate and encourage your way, it will give me pleasure, at your instance, to accord. Your modesty is what we expect not in fools, but consider it only a symptom characteristic of your wisdom. I pray God and man to encourage you with *compos sui et rei* calmness, to undertake the work; and I shall tell the students and others to receive you with all allowance *in hoc novo genere docendi;* albeit, I have no fear that you will do well, and that on the *melius in melius* principle, as time and experience shall ripen and perfectionate your competency. I shall not over-'charge' you at your inauguration, and hope that your own *Address* on the occasion, for which you shall have ample room, will be the gratulated gem of the scene, for hearing and for publication.

"Your friend and brother in the Lord Jesus,

"S. H. Cox."

CHAPTER VI.

NEW YORK.—1850–1859.

When Professor Smith went to New York, he had just entered upon his thirty-sixth year. We quote the words of Rev. Dr. Vincent in reference to this important period:

"Here he may be said to have entered upon the great work of his life. In his later days he said: 'My life has been given to the seminary;' and it is with Union Seminary that his name will be permanently identified. He commenced his duties with an inaugural address upon 'The Nature and Worth of the Science of Church History,' which commanded the admiration of Christian scholars throughout the land, by its rare breadth, power, and brilliancy. It revealed, distinctly confessed, indeed, the influence of Neander in shaping his conception of church history, besides betraying his clear discernment of the lack of the true historic spirit in America, and of the consequent misconception and depreciation of church history in particular, by American students. Under the spur of this error, he set himself to bring up church history from the rear into the first rank of historical study. The key-note of his lectures was 'Church history is the true philosophy of human history;' or, as he eloquently put it in his inaugural address: 'He who would reach forth his hand to grasp the solemn urn that holds the oracles of human fate, can find it only in the Christian Church.' Such a conception was in itself magnetic, and when urged by his profound enthusiasm, delineated with his wonderful power of crystalline statement, and illustrated by his copious learning, it is no wonder that it evoked a corresponding enthusiasm in his students." *

* Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.—*Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*, April, 1877.

"In church history," wrote Mr. Bancroft to him, "you have no rival in this hemisphere, and you know I am bound to think history includes dogmatics and philosophy and theology."

In 1853, after the resignation by Rev. James P. Wilson, D.D., of the chair of systematic theology, Professor Smith was requested by the directors of the seminary to give instructions during the year in that department, with the promise of help in his own. This help, however, could not be obtained. Beginning in September, he prepared and delivered regularly through the winter, lectures on Theology, in addition to his course on Church History. The senior class, at their request, attended these lectures, together with the junior class, to whom they belonged.

In October he was nominated to the chair of theology, to which he was unanimously elected the following March. He performed the duties of the two departments,* until the appointment, in June, 1855, of Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., to the chair of Church History.

"So closely intertwined in his studies was church history with theology," we quote again from Dr. Vincent, "that this transfer could scarcely be called a change. In both chairs he taught theology, in both church history. In his view neither could be successfully studied without the other. . . . 'The most diligent investigations of Christian history,' he says, on assuming the chair of theology, 'is one of the best incentives to the wisest study of Christian theology. The plan of God is the substance of both; for all historic time is but a divine theodicy; God's providence is its law, God's glory its end. Theology divorced from history runs out into bare abstractions; history separated from theology becomes naturalistic or humanitarian merely. The marriage of the two makes theology more real and

* He gave, besides, voluntary extra instructions to his students. During the winter of 1853–4 he conducted weekly discussions of the Roman Catholic questions, and also a philosophical club.

history to be sacred. . . . All history and all theology meet in the person of the God-man, our Saviour.'"

He identified himself from the first with the interests of the seminary, and labored for its external as well as for its internal prosperity. One of his first efforts in its behalf was writing an "Appeal" to its friends, presenting "Its History, Condition and Wants," which was read at a large meeting of its directors and other friends, and was published by their order. Besides sharing the general aim for a permanent endowment fund, he directed special efforts to the increase and arrangement of the library, of which he was at once appointed librarian; to the establishment of scholarships; to the providing of better accommodations for the students, and remunerative employment, such as teaching in schools and families and Sunday schools, for such as needed assistance during their term of study.

His interest and care for his students was by no means confined to his lecture room. He was always ready, in season and out of season, to answer their questions, to direct them in reading and study, to lend them his books, to befriend them in any way in his power. One summer, when much needing change, he remained in town, in order to care for a student sick with typhoid fever. In not a few instances he furnished the pecuniary means of helping them through hard places.

"I may well call you friend and benefactor," wrote one of his pupils, in 1857. "I am comforted in thinking that I am not your only debtor. You have a large fund of affection in the hearts of many, upon which you can draw at pleasure. I speak from a large acquaintance with the students and an intimate access, when I say that you are regarded with an affection amounting to enthusiasm."

We quote from some reminiscences of Rev. T. S. Hamlin, of Troy, N. Y.:

"Of all the hundreds of Dr. Smith's students there is proba-

bly not one who could not tell some interesting and instructive incident about him. There is surely not one who does not long to do honor to his memory, and to express that profound sense of gratitude which every young man felt who was privileged to sit at his feet as a learner of divine things, and to come into daily contact with his noble and devoted spirit. He was one of those somewhat rare professors equally admired for his marvelous talent and acquirements, reverenced for his consecrated and holy life, and loved for his ever thoughtful kindness and deep interest in all whom he taught.

"He had the love and reverence of his colleagues no less than of his pupils. Dr. Skinner, shortly before his death, said to some students with whom he was talking in the library, 'Dr. Smith is an encyclopædia of knowledge; I do not remember ever to have asked him for information, which he did not either give me at once or tell me where I could find.'

"The flashes of his wit not unfrequently illumined the lecture room, and set off the noble solemnity with which he treated the great themes of theology. But these lose more than half of their brightness in the repetition. The expression of the eye, the accompanying gesture, the very position of the body and poise of the head, were essential elements, some may almost say indescribable elements, of the thing itself.

"Dr. Smith's kindness to his pupils, and genuine interest in them, deserves particular mention. In this, as in everything else, he was never demonstrative; indeed, many students had the impression that he hardly knew their names or faces. The fact was, however, that he was acquainted with every member of his classes, and managed somehow to have pretty thorough information of each one's habits and character and prospects. Nor did he willingly lose sight of those whom he had taught, after they left the seminary and entered upon the active work of the ministry. Amid all his countless labors he still found time to keep many of them in view, and to give them encouragement and advice in their arduous duties."*

"My dear friend," wrote, years afterward, one of his early students, now a professor of theology—"if I had ventured to

* *New York Evangelist*, March 8, 1877.

break through the restraint which has always oppressed me, I should call you also father in God. . . . I have never ceased to recur with thankfulness to my years of instruction from you. . . . I, as well as hundreds of your pupils besides, have found inexhaustible riches in those views of our Lord which you set before us."

Another, a distinguished preacher in a distant State, wrote :

. . . "You will pardon me for adding, in no spirit of either immodesty or adulation, that if I have done any 'good work,' I owe it in no small degree to the inspiration I received under your own teaching and the contagious influence of your own example. It must be one of your great rewards for a life such as you have lived, to have so many in all climes who look back to your connection with them as the first inspiration in their own heroic consecration."

We add the following recollections of Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., who was one of Professor Smith's earliest students in the seminary, as well as one of the best friends of his last years :

"Professor Smith came to us in my senior year, 1850–1. The students in general, except such as were graduated at Amherst College, knew of him by rumor only ; though some of the class had read his masterly address on "The Relations of Faith and Philosophy," published in "*The Bibliotheca Sacra*" of November, 1849. From the character of that address our expectations were raised very high. Students have sharp and searching eyes, and reach quick and confident conclusions. From the first time we met him in the lecture room Professor Smith was truly our master. With a singular absence of all assumption, with the utmost simplicity of manner, without any apparent self-consciousness or effort, he commanded and swayed the best minds of the class as they had never been commanded or swayed before.

"At first he lectured to us only on church history. His treatment of the subject was so different from anything we had

known before—so much more scientific and thorough, that he awakened our enthusiasm and stimulated us to the uttermost. We had only one complaint to make against him, and that complaint was a compliment; it was exceedingly difficult to take notes of his lectures. His language fitted his thoughts so closely that we needed to get his precise words and all of them; and this it was quite impossible for us to do. We wrote with intense effort, but always, in our weariness at the close of the lecture-hour, we felt we had lost much because we had not secured all that he had said.

"It was our privilege to ask questions; and I remember that I did not know which seemed to me the more wonderful,—the greatness of his learning, which was always perfectly at his command, or the acuteness and quickness of his analytical powers. No question surprised him, his answers dissected the subject so thoroughly that it seemed as if he had specially prepared himself for each question.

"He made us work harder than we had ever done before. He marked out courses of reading sufficient to occupy us for years, and *seemed* quietly to take it for granted that we would accomplish it all in a few weeks. He gave us a course of lectures on the History of Doctrine in which the qualities of his mind were finely revealed. We delighted in the clear, discriminating, philosophical way in which, with compact and sinewy language he set before us the different shades of theological opinions. We discovered, little by little, the type of his own theology, and I was charmed with it; it was so conservative, and it was so preëminently *Christian;* Christ was central and supreme in it.

"Professor Smith instituted what was then a novel course of lectures on 'Theological Encyclopædia,' the general design of which was to give us a systematic view of the different branches of study in their relations and connections, and to indicate the best books of reference in the several departments. I am sure there was not a man in the class that was not amazed at the revelation which this course gave us of the variety and breadth and thoroughness of Professor Smith's reading. He seemed to have read everything and to forget nothing. How proud we were of him!

"In those days he preached quite frequently in the different pulpits of the city. Those who heard him only in his later years can have but little idea of the impression which his preaching made when he first came among us; it was so different in style and tone from what we had been accustomed to hear that it awakened a deep interest among a large number of our most intelligent people; and they, as well as the students, followed him from one church to another, unwilling to lose any of his teachings. His sermons were not merely intellectual—they were that, and a great deal more; they were simple, spiritual, practical, and full of quiet power; he spoke as a master of his subject, and commanded attention by the evident depth and sincerity of his convictions. I remember persuading a clergyman from the country, a man of mature years and eminent ability, to go with me to hear Professor Smith preach. I knew very well that this clergyman, who had published a good deal and was proud of his learning and ability, looked upon my enthusiasm as merely boyish. When the professor rose in the pulpit, my friend, who was tall and stately and imposing of presence, while the professor was slight in person, and without any oratorical assumption, turned upon me a look of disappointment not unmingled with contempt; but the first sentence arrested his attention, and as the discourse advanced, he leaned forward with open mouth and undisguised wonder, quite unconscious that I was watching him in malicious triumph. When the sermon was ended my friend turned to me and said, 'I once heard of an old man who was accustomed to say, "when I hear ordinary preachers I have no difficulty in following them, but when I hear Jonathan Edwards preach I always want to take off my coat!" One wants his coat off when he hears your Professor Smith!' The text of the sermon was—'Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.'

"I stayed a year after my graduation and studied with him privately, in company with two of my classmates, and I can truly say that I have felt all through my ministry that I owe more to his teaching than I can ever express."

Outside of the seminary, his relations to the church, and his influence in it, were constantly widening. At the

time when he began his lectures in the seminary, he began, also, an almost continuous course of preaching on Sundays. His Thanksgiving sermon in the Mercer Street Church was heard with so much interest that he was invited, a few days later, to supply regularly its vacant pulpit. This he did until the installation, in April, 1851, of his friend, Rev. Dr. Prentiss, on which occasion he preached the sermon. After that for many months he officiated in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, at the weekly evening service, as well as on Sundays. He preached almost every Sunday during this year, and almost as frequently during several succeeding years, in scores of churches in New York and Brooklyn, besides in Philadelphia and many other places.

One of his students in these years,* writes thus of Professor Smith's "Prayer-meeting Talks:"

"At the time mentioned, Dr. George L. Prentiss was pastor in 'Mercer Street' Church, between whom and Dr. Smith was marked likeness of spirit and a very cordial sympathy. On becoming a member of that church the writer found Dr. Smith a regular attendant upon its prayer-meeting, notwithstanding the pressure of duties which must have been great in those days. In the prayer-meeting there was nothing apparent to designate the doctor of theology but that charming simplicity of manner and diction, which every student in the Seminary recalls, as characteristic of all his ministrations, whether in the 'chapel' or class-room, or in the daily devotions of the institution. There was an utter absence of pretentious mannerism, or assumption, or of aught else in manner, that could bespeak a conscious difference between the great doctor and the humblest member of the church. I seem to see him now in his accustomed seat. His prayer-meeting talks (for he nearly always spoke) were not learned disquisitions, nor philosophical speculations, nor yet were they critical expositions; yet has the writer often in the intervening years recalled them, each a clear-cut and well defined

* Rev. C. S. Armstrong, D.D., *New York Evangelist*, August 2, 1877.

train of thought, wedded to, or rather, growing out of, some passage of *The Word;* not as if gotten up for the occasion, but as if wrought out in a heart experience, and called up spontaneously. Hence these talks were always earnest, and so found our ears and our hearts, yet in that spirit of naive simplicity, that caused their influence to flow in upon us quite unconsciously, and we went away scarcely knowing that we had been impressed; but time, which proves many things, proved also the genuineness of these impressions, for the passage of the Word used twenty years ago is still sufficient to recall the spirit and impression of the hour. Sometimes the entire train of thought lingers like a precious perfume."

Among his more public services for the church during these years, were numerous ordination and other occasional sermons, including a sermon before the Maine General Conference of Churches in May, 1855, and a sermon on Inspiration,* preached before the Synod of New York and New Jersey, in October, 1856, which was published by order of the Synod. He took an active part in the meetings of his Presbytery and Synod, and prepared the Resolutions on Slavery, which were adopted at the meeting of the Fourth Presbytery of New York, in 1857.† He performed important work in several of the annual meetings of the N. S. General Assembly. In 1853, at its meeting in Buffalo, he presented a paper in defence of the validity of Roman Catholic Baptism, which was followed, the next year, in Philadelphia, by his minority report on the same subject.‡ A long and earnest discussion followed the reading of this paper, after which the subject was indefinitely postponed, and not resumed until 1876.

In 1855 he delivered, in St. Louis, before the General

* He read at this time, with much interest, Mr. William Lee's lectures on Inspiration, which, under his supervision, were republished, the next year, by Messrs. Carter.

† See Appendix (A).

‡ Appendix (B).

Assembly, by request of the Presbyterian Historical Society, a discourse on the Reformed Churches of Europe and America. He also presented the Report of the Committee on Education, and was earnest in the discussion on Church Extension.

He was also a member of the Assembly in Chicago, 1858, before which he preached the annual sermon on Publication.

Amid all his work in the Seminary and in the Church his literary labors were manifold. His pen was never at rest. He was constantly at work on translations, reviews of books, sometimes elaborate articles for different periodicals: for the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, *Norton's Literary Gazette*, the *London Evangelical Christendom*, and for the *Presbyterian*, the *New Brunswick*, the *Methodist*, the *Baptist*, and the *Southern Quarterly Reviews*. In 1853, by request of the editors of the *New York Evangelist*, he became, as he continued to be through his life, a frequent contributor to that weekly paper. He also, in the later years of this period, wrote a number of articles for *Appleton's* and *McClintock's Cyclopædias*.

Some time after going to New York, by arrangement with Messrs. Harper and Brothers, he began the revision of the Edinburgh translation of Dr. Gieseler's Church History, incorporating into it the changes and additions of the latest German edition, and giving important "Additional Notes and References" of his own. The first of the five volumes was published in 1857: the last was unfinished at his death.*

In 1851 he began to collect materials for his Chronological Tables of Church History. It was not, however, until two years later, that he set himself, continuously, to this laborious task.

* Before the death of Professor Smith, a portion of this last volume was, at his request, translated by Rev. Lewis F. Stearns. The work has since been completed by Miss Mary A. Robinson, and published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, 1880.

From 1851 to 1858 he averaged more than one literary address each year, at the commencements of the different New England colleges, Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst, Yale, Bowdoin, and Middletown. In 1857 he gave an address before the Collegiate and Historical Society in Boston.

By request of Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, D.D., he began, in the autumn of 1855, to give instruction by lectures to the young ladies of the Spingler Institute. These were continued, year after year, till the close of 1858, and embraced courses on the Intellectual Powers, History, Æsthetics, Mythology, the Evidences of Christianity, and Moral Philosophy. They were prepared as thoroughly, and delivered as forcibly as if each were his favorite department of study. In later years several of these courses were repeated at other seminaries in the city.

In 1858 and 1859 he was on a committee appointed by the managers of the American Bible Society, for the collation of the different editions of the Bible, and on a sub-committee, which held weekly meetings for private examination and collation. The previous revision made by the committee comprising Drs. Robinson, Storrs, Spring, Vermilye, etc., had been rejected, on account of complaints, from many quarters, that it had gone to an extent unauthorized by the avowed objects of the American Bible Society, and was a violation of its constitution. The work assigned to Professor Smith and his colleagues was a collation of this revised edition with the best English editions. They held more than eighty meetings, of from two to four hours each. Their collation was completed and adopted by the Board in January, 1860, the result being, with many retentions, essentially a restoration to the old standard ; it has been since and is now the authorized issue of the American Bible Society. "With the work of the previous committee," writes the present secretary, "they gave the Society as

perfect a Bible as could be made merely by collation."

He was one of the originators and most active and interested members of the "Critic," a club for the discussion of philosophical questions, which met regularly for several winters, among whose members were Mr. Bancroft, Mr. George Ripley, Chancellor Crosby, Professor Botta, and other eminent scholars. Professor Smith's "metaphysical expositions," are said to have been "the main feature of these meetings." *

Of occurrences outside of his work, during these years, there are but few to be related. The death, in July, 1853, of his beloved father, who had long been failing in health, was the one that touched him most deeply. During the twelve days preceding the delivery of his address at Yale College on the Philosophy of History, while writing it, alone in New York, he was twice summoned to Maine, first by the increased illness, and afterward by the unexpected death of his father. It was too late to procure a substitute at Yale, as he proposed. After hurriedly completing his preparation in Northampton, on his return from the funeral, he went to New Haven, where although he was received with considerate sympathy, he was barely able to deliver the address. In his diary, which has few allusions to his own "states," he wrote that evening, almost illegibly, "About worn out."†

During his summer vacations, he usually remained awhile in town, busied with library work during the week, and with pulpit engagements on Sundays. He

* *New York World*, February 8, 1877.

† This address, delivered again the same year, before the Bowdoin branch of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was republished in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, in 1855. Senator Seward wrote to Prof. Smith respecting it: "I thank you sincerely for your very profound and admirable address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, which I have read with great profit, as I trust."

then went with his family to some quiet place where he could lead a free, unconventional life. His buoyant temperament enabled him easily to throw off care, forget work, and give himself up to enjoyment. He preferred going to out-of-the-way places, and when once in the woods or on the water, he was as merry and free as a boy.

His summer vacation in 1854 included a journey of romantic interest. By invitation, he joined, with his wife, a large excursion party to celebrate the completion of the Chicago and Rock Island railroad, which opened the first direct communication between the great lakes and the Mississippi River. The large company, at housand strong, started from Chicago, and went over the new road through the prairies, then in the full beauty of early summer, to Rock Island, its western terminus. At night five well-appointed, crowded steamers, with flags, music and illuminations, started in line, and went on, day after day, up the solitary river, on whose banks, here and there, were to be seen Indians with their smoking wigwams. At Fort Snelling a reception was given to the party, at which President Fillmore, Mr. Bancroft, and others responded to the welcome.

In 1857 he took, also by invitation, another journey to the West, on a similar occasion, the celebration of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad. Leaving the large company at St. Louis, he spent a week in hunting up his hitherto unknown relatives, the brothers and sisters of his father, and their children, in different towns in Illinois. He met old friends, too, in several places, and returned home full of enthusiasm for the "Great West."

In the spring of 1858 he made the purchase of the house in Twenty-fifth street, which was his home for the remainder of his life. He took special pleasure in fitting up the study, which became so dear a spot to himself and to his friends, the room associated with his

manifold labors, and his highest delights of study and companionship.*

In the autumn of 1858 the editorship of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, published in Philadelphia, was proposed to him. A similar offer in regard to the projected *Puritan Review* had been made to him from New England. Much deliberation and consultation resulted in the starting of the *American Theological Review*, of which he was appointed the New York editor. This journal was intended to represent and defend what was known as the old school of New England theology, while it was equally opposed to the extreme views of "old school" theologians. It was not intended to be denominational, and, while theological in its main purpose, it was open to discussions on literature, philosophy and science, in their relations to Christianity. The first number was issued in January, 1859, by Mr. Scribner.†

His contributions to this quarterly are well known. A special feature of it was his carefully-prepared digest of literary intelligence from all countries. His book-

* "Ah! those hours in that library! Who that has enjoyed them can ever lose their fragrance? Who can forget that room, walled and double walled with books, the baize-covered desk in the corner by the window, loaded with the fresh philosophic and theologic treasures of the European press, and the little figure in the long gray wrapper seated there, the figure so frail and slight that, as one of his friends remarked, it seemed as though it would not be much of a change for him to take on a spiritual body; the beautifully moulded brow, crowned with its thick, wavy, sharply-parted, iron-gray hair, the strong aquiline profile, the restless shifting in his chair, the nervous pulling of the hand at the moustache, as the stream of talk widened and deepened, the occasional start from his seat to pull down a book or to search for a pamphlet, how inseparably these memories twine themselves with those of high debate and golden speech and converse on the themes of Christian philosophy and Christian experience!"—*Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.*

†After the death of Rev. Dr. Wallace, editor of the Philadelphia *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, new arrangements were made, and the two reviews were consolidated in 1863, with the title of *The American Presbyterian and Theological Review.*

notices were often elaborate criticisms of subjects rather than of books, and, as it has been said, would, of themselves, form a valuable volume.*

Amidst all the consultation, correspondence, and journeying involved in the starting of the *Review*, he was also, "terribly pressed," as he wrote, with the last revision and printing of his chronological tables; he also preached several ordination and other special sermons, and drew up for his presbytery the report of an overture to the General Assembly on the revision of the Book of Discipline.

It became very evident that the strain of these multiplied labors was too great. At the close of the seminary year, in May, he received an invitation to accompany his friend, Rev. J. S Gallagher, on a summer trip to Europe. This opportune proposal, enforced as it was by the kind generosity of several friends, was thankfully accepted.

He worked upon his tables until almost the hour of embarkation on the steamer, and then was obliged to leave a portion of the proof-reading to other eyes.

On the first day of June he finished the index, which, comprising more than twenty thousand references, had been in itself no small labor. On the third he wrote the preface, thus completing the labor of seven years. In

* "He early revealed the qualities of a great reviewer. Rapidly but firmly he grasped the main positions of a book, stated them with the nicest precision, discerned at a glance their relations to other discussions of the same subject, as well as to the principles of the subject itself, and so fixed the true relative place and value of the volume. He knew *books* well, but he knew *subjects* even better; and it was his knowledge of subjects which imparted the chief value to his estimate of books. . . . His skill in detecting fallacy was only equaled by his felicity in exposing it. His exhaustive analysis made short work with defects of method. His sarcasm was like a Damascus blade, yet he was far removed from the littleness of the empirical critic, whose ideal of criticism exhausts itself in picking flaws. He was just and kindly to books as to men. If he could censure severely, he could also praise; and he praised as one who delighted to find merit and truth, even in an antagonist's work."—*Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.*

the evening of the same day he "wrote notices of a dozen or more books, eight letters, made some visits, settling up affairs generally." On the fourth of June he sailed, in company with the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, on the steamer *City of Baltimore* for Queenstown.

The following letters belong to this period.

From Mr. Richard H. Dana:

BOSTON, April 9, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR: From the little broken talk which we had together about the church and its sacramental character, you will not expect me to go with you to some of the conclusions to which your address may lead, yet you will readily believe me when I say that I have been much interested in reading it over, and have been struck with its method, thoughtfulness and comprehensiveness. I doubt not your succeeding in deepening and widening the current of thought in so much of the region as comes under your supervision, and setting it, in the main, in the right direction. I believe, too, that you will infuse a kinder spirit into theologians than they have been wont to be moved by; and that alone would be no little gain.

"Mrs. Smith can hardly imagine how often I have before my eyes the meadows and mountains, woods and waters which we all saw together in our pleasant drives last autumn. It verily makes me quite sad whenever I remember that we are not to look upon them together any more—as sad, at least, as so old a man as I am is *privileged* to be about such things. The lack of a cheerful old age is called a heavy affliction. What, then, shall we say of an old age that has grown incapable of sadness?—of such-like sadness I mean. May God have you both in his tender keeping.

"RICHARD H. DANA."

To Mr. Richard H. Dana:

NEW YORK, July, 1851.

. . . I have been laboring this last winter most devoutly in my new calling,—new, in the way of teaching, but old to my thoughts and studies, as well as decidedly old, for the most part, in itself. But none the worse for that last, though, I trust, not

quite so good as what is still to be. I wonder where Cicero—for I think the sentence is from him—got that noble idea : *omnia sunt sed tempore absunt ;* for it is certain that it never came up of itself in his own brain, much of an one as he doubtless had. It is an idea from which to write a poem, or a history or a prophecy, or a philosophy, or a real *live* system of theology. I have been tempted to quote it several times, on public occasions, but never did but once, and never heard that it took there, excepting that, perhaps, the Latin took some people by surprise. But it is the very thing for a professor of church history. It illuminates the past, and disentangles the present, and helps us look forward with something of rational confidence.

I have given up Mosheim, and all that lumber in my teachings, as a text-book, and am trying to get at the *real* things in church history, or rather to tell the students how to get at them. My general idea is to make the burden of my teachings fall upon the history of doctrines, at least as far as my lectures go. Another object I aim at is, to habituate the students to proper historical investigations. I do not believe that one in ten of the graduates of our colleges knows any historical facts under the true idea of such facts, or, in other words, knows what makes a fact to be historical.

But all this is "paying that debt which"—somebody says—"every man owes to his profession," in rather an unseasonable way. . . . We, too, have lost Amherst, in its daily influence, and just now we begin to yearn for it, children and all, though the children are unconscious of the meaning of their wants. We shall soon be there. A summer vacation of three months is one of the blessings of this seminary. We take to our way of life here quite kindly, all well, a good many acquaintances, a few friends, and the presence of occupation ; and, when tired of occupation, there are always some facilities for distraction. New York is a better place than I thought for, and, if it grows, it must improve in intellect and sentiment. Prentiss has come here too, which is to me a decided comfort.

. . . But why am I telling you all these things ? I hardly know, except that I felt like it, and that I wanted in some way to express my thanks for the real kindness of your letter, which I felt so much.

Your son seems to me to be doing a good battle for a noble and needed work, and I trust that the Lord will give him prosperity. With the highest regard,

Most truly yours,

HENRY B. SMITH.

(Translation.)

From Professor Tholuck to H. B. S.:

"HALLE, July 20, 1851.

"MY DEAREST HENRY: Let me call you so, for so you stand, as the nearest friend in my heart and my wife's. The memories of one of the most important periods of my life and hers are linked with memories of you (I did not keep a diary but *she* did, in Kissingen, Gastein, etc.); and I am often animated by the thought that our images come freshly to your mind in many an hour of quiet reflection. It is not probable that we shall see each other's faces again; yet it may be God's purpose that in a second political earthquake in Germany, the friends of the king and of the Gospel may have to seek an asylum on American shores, as now do the enemies of the king and of religion. But the bond of friendship and communion between us shall never be broken.

"Ulrici and I have taken hearty pleasure in your treatises. They are healthful precursors of a beautiful theological future for America. With us, indifference to religion in the masses is so much on the increase that we have almost a lack of preachers. Twenty years ago we had, in Königsberg and Breslau, two hundred theological students; now in Königsberg thirty-seven, in Breslau fifty-one; in Berlin formerly, two hundred and fifty, now one hundred and fifty; in Halle, in your time, seven hundred, now three hundred and twenty; and this goes on crescendo. The number of literary works is also diminishing, they being less valued, and all our theological periodicals, excepting Reuter's *Repertorium*, have stopped, for the new periodical of Nitzsch and Müller, in Berlin, is not strictly theological and gives no reviews. . . .

"That you and your dear wife will have a remembrance in

my wife's heart and my own, so long as we journey upon the earth, I can assure you.

"Your truly attached,

"A. THOLUCK."

(Translation.)

Prof. A. Tholuck to H. B. S.:

"HALLE, November 10, 1852.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: So numerous are the proofs of your dear remembrance, and the living messengers which you send me, that I feel impelled to send again a few lines to you.

"Be assured first of all, that I and my wife rejoice heartily in every token from your hand and heart, and also in every countryman of yours who brings us anything of the Smith [Smithschen] spirit. . . .

"As to myself and my wife, I can only say, it has been with us till now, according to the beautiful expression in the English, not in the German, Bible: 'So as thy days, so shall be thy strength.' My eye, too, avails for its old use, although there are spots before it, and it is somewhat less strong. My work in the University goes on. . . .

"In religious matters, Lutheranism is becoming more universal among our clergy, and our Minister of Instruction and Letters is inclined in that same direction, so that old Lutherans are now settled in all our consistories, and the clergy in Pomerania have turbulently requested that only Lutherans shall be appointed to the University. We in Halle are called Rationalists, because we are for the Union. So changes the spirit of the times! The worst thing about this is its hierarchical spirit, many of these Lutherans being concerned merely about dogmas, and setting little value upon devout strivings after Christian life, when not proceeding from ecclesiastical *authority*, and exercising activity in the churches only where they are expressly called. It is a Lutheran Puseyism, and numbers of their clergy in Silesia have gone over to the Romish church, or will shortly do so.

"Of literary works there is little to tell. I, myself, mean to spend the remainder of my life upon a 'History of Rationalism.' If my work, 'The Spirit of the Lutheran Theology of Witten-

berg in the Seventeenth Century' comes to your hands, its preface will tell you most plainly of my purpose. I rejoice that I am approaching the evening of my life, and the moment when I shall say 'it is finished,' is the object of my longing. Christ my righteousness! is my symbol; may it be also your power and your strength! Faithfully bound to you, in Christ,

"Your brother,

"A. THOLUCK."

To the Rev. Dr. Stearns:

January 28, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: There was a meeting of the Committee of the Board with the Faculty last night, about the proposed alterations in the Constitution of the seminary. One of these was, that the professors should make the declaration of orthodoxy annually; and in case of refusal cease to be professor. All the Faculty thought that this was rather sharp practice. Is it putting us in a proper position? Would it not be taken hold of, all round, as implying a deep-seated feeling of insecurity? How should you like to have to re-profess the Confession of Faith once a year? Once in four years is quite often enough. I hope you will be at the meeting on Monday. Come in and take dinner with us, and bring your wife, which my wife asks with her love. You see I am setting the students at work on your sermon.*

To the same:

February 5, 1852.

The ground has been broken up, even the fallow ground—and an earnest effort is to be made for the endowment of the seminary, viz., four professorships of twenty-five thousand dollars each. Prentiss's sermon † is to be put to press at once. A pamphlet of facts, wants, etc., is in preparation. At Mr. Chas. Butler's, next Monday evening at eight o'clock, is to be a gather-

* On Justification, preached before the Synods of New York and New Jersey.

† On the Position and Claims of the Union Theological Seminary, preached in October, 1851, to his own people, and, afterward, before the Synods of New York and New Jersey.

ing of the directors, etc., when the matter is to be matured. Mr. Gallagher is to be asked to put his hand to the plough ; I have just written him. Do not fail to come. Everything about the movement thus far promises well.

To Mrs. M. H. Cornelius :

New York, April 14, 1853.

The winter has worn away, upon the whole, pleasantly and profitably, though very busily. I have had about as much as I could well do, in the Seminary, and preaching, etc. I was in Maine in December, and brought my mother back as a trophy, but could not keep her long.

The children are growing and coming out, each in their own way. What a problem it is, that of training children—not restraining too much, and yet really educating them ! It seems almost as if one person's whole time might be given profitably to each child. And the training them for Christ—this is still more arduous ; to know when to encourage, and when to discourage ! And yet each new family has to do it for itself.

I went the other evening to hear one of Father Gavazzi's extraordinary harangues ; nothing like it, in some respects, has ever been heard in this country. I never heard such magnificent *declamation,* such impassioned pantomime. He is an oratorical study, and he has studied oratory. He pictures everything in a most vivid style. You could understand and follow him, even if you did not catch a word he said. He is not on just the right *tack* for Romanism in this country ; but he must be great in Italy after the next revolution there. Next week we are hoping to hear Edward Everett before the Historical Society.

Our long term of nine months seems to be drawing to a close, although two months still remain. It has been a quiet and prosperous time. Several of the Senior Class are going upon foreign missions. I have had a good deal to do with my lectures and almost uninterrupted calls to preach ; but I have been, most of the time, very well, and able to work with cheerfulness, though always accomplishing less than I intend. We live, for the most part, a very quiet, retired life, and that suits us.

Do not forget us in your prayers, nor let us be separated from

your affections. Whatever may be said,* you, I am sure, will not doubt that the love of New England and of our New England friends, will never cease to inspire the warmest feelings of

Yours, most truly and affectionately,

HENRY B. SMITH.

To his mother:

NEW YORK, June 15, 1853.

. . . Our anniversary was celebrated on Wednesday evening last, after a long week of examinations, in which the classes appeared very well. The anniversary was a good one, and the students are fast dispersing to all parts of the world. Three go on foreign missions, some eight or ten to the West. Almost all of them are already engaged, so great is the demand for ministers.

Dr. Wilson has resigned his post as professor of systematic theology. I may say to you, privately, that my best friends here are quite urgent that I should be his successor. The Board will probably ask me, at any rate, to supply his place at the beginning of the next year. I have the vacation to reflect upon this most serious matter, in which I pray to be guided aright, and in which, dear mother, I am sure of having your prayers and counsel.

I must begin at once on my Phi Beta Kappa address for Yale, which comes the last of July. My subject will probably be the Conditions of a Right Philosophy of History, which will give verge enough for one to say almost anything.

To his mother:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1853.

The board of directors have formally asked me to supply Dr. Wilson's place, with the understanding that they are to get some one to help me. I suppose I must do it, though it will make the next year one of hard work for me. But perhaps I am as well able to work hard now as I ever have been or shall be. And

* This was in allusion to a series of newspaper attacks upon himself and his theological teachings, to which he had replied with vigor in the columns of the *New York Evangelist.*

if I am doing my Master's work, He will give me the strength I need.

It seems a long while since we heard from you. May you be strengthened for all your work of patience and of suffering. If we could look only to this world, how sad and incomprehensible would be God's dealings with so many of his children, and the best of them. But blessed be God, that the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

NEW YORK, August 14, 1854.

. . . You have seen the result at Amherst, which is all right. I did not suppose they would elect me without some encouragement, and I gave absolutely none. Mr. John Tappan, of Boston, one of the trustees, told Dr. Allen that I should have been chosen, if I had given them any hope that I could accept. I ought, perhaps, to have had a more explicit understanding with some of our directors before answering the application at all. . . . I have not, I have not had, any desire to leave my post, where I believe my Master has put me; and I can labor for Him, whatever men may do, or not do. But it is all labor, labor, and I am often weary, and do not like to think beyond the present hour, for myself or my family. Little indeed does this world give, except in the friendship of a few tried hearts. Life is often a burden—always a pilgrimage; and blessed are they who can unwaveringly believe in a final home.*

* "A few weeks before the date of this letter," writes Dr. Prentiss, "a committee of the trustees of Amherst College had written to him to inquire if he would accept the presidency of that institution. Had he given them any encouragement, he would, undoubtedly, have been the unanimous choice of the Board. Influential friends in New England urged him to go to Amherst; and his very unsatisfactory pecuniary position in New York strongly tempted him to do so. 'I do not like to have to go down to the treasurer's on pay-days and then not be able to get any funds.' Nor was his salary at all adequate to the support of his family. It had to be eked out by those inordinate outside labors, which in the end broke down his health, filled his closing years with so much suffering, and robbed the Church of Christ of some of the best fruits of his extraordinary learning and theological wisdom. This will explain the tone of sadness, that marks his letter to me."

To Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock:

NEW YORK, June 21, 1855.

We are rejoicing in your unanimous election to our vacant chair of Church History. Nothing, for a long time, has given me so high gratification. You will find none but the most cordial feeling on the part of the professors, directors, and the many friends of the Seminary. I do not permit myself to think for a moment that you may not come. Providence would not leave you to make so serious a mistake. . . . There is a noble work for you to do here. Everything is ready for it. And there is not another place in the country, nor one likely to be vacant for years, which is so much just your place. Since the time when you were first named, my conviction that you were the man for the place has not wavered a moment. God's providence, in a way which seems to us wonderful, has made the path straight for your feet. You know I shall welcome you with my whole heart; and you know many others will. I shall be in Portland at the General Conference next week, where I hope to see you. I am delegate of the New School Presbyterian Church.

From the Rev. Wheelock Craig:

"NEW BEDFORD, October 11, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR: It seems to me that the highest possible benefactors of the intelligent portion of our countrymen, at the present time, are those who engage in the work which you are achieving—that of furnishing a philosophical development of the true system of Christian belief.

"Nothing which I have read in a long time, has had so quickening an influence both upon my scholarly and my theological enthusiasm as this most admirable oration,* which is now exciting my deepest thankfulness. Permit me humbly to express my heartfelt assurance, dear sir, that your influence upon your own Church and city, although more perceptible to yourself, perhaps, is not more powerful and salutary than it is upon Congregationalism and upon New England. Not a few of us are very glad to be provided with a rallying-point nearer home than Princeton."

* The Inaugural Address, or the Idea of Christian Theology as a system.

From the Rev. H. Neill:

"DETROIT, November 12, 1855.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: Congratulate yourself that Princeton and others are calling your Inaugural into notice. You have done a masterly thing for the churches and for your brethren. Verily you have expounded for us 'the way of God more perfectly.' Nor can there be any doubt that your view of doctrine in its central fact and growth and order of enunciation and appropriation will prevail where apprehended.

"May He that is reconciling by the labors of His ministers, as well as by the life and sufferings of His Son—all things to Himself—help you, to live and think and work and speak for Jesus."

To the Rev. Dr. Stearns:

NEW YORK, October 23, 1855.

MY DEAR STEARNS: . . . George says you are to write on Dr. Hodge for the *Evangelist*. Three articles in Princeton Essays, volume I., discuss the matter of Imputation. Hodge wrote the two first; Alexander the last. H. attempts there to show that Edwards is inconsistent; in vain, I think. He also tries to bring Calvin upon his ground; equally in vain. He also refers to Placæus the origin of the distinction between *mediate* and *immediate*, which P. adopted; I doubt whether it did not exist before. Placæus's view, as there stated, I do not fully acquiesce in. He makes the corrupt nature, by descent, to be the *only* ground of imputation. My statement about Edwards makes simply "what is real in the relation between Adam and his posterity to be the basis of what is legal"—that is, the natural connection between Adam and his posterity is the basis on which the imputation does and must rest. This is simply a matter of fact; and is not a theory to explain the *justice* of the imputation. This is the doctrine of the Confession. "The covenant being made with Adam, etc.—all mankind *descending from him by ordinary generation*," etc. This is Calvin, Augustine, Edwards, too. This is the only sense in which in the address I speak of *mediate* imputation.

The same in respect to Christ's righteousness. What is *real* in our relation to him is the basis of what is legal; "*in our relation to him*," not even his indwelling in us by the Spirit is spo-

ken of; but a real relation as the basis of the justification. This is common Calvinism; cf. Turretine 2, p. 708, where he distinguished *imputed* from *putative*, and argues that this justification is not destitute of justice. "Quia datur communio inter nos et Christum, *quæ solidum fundamentum est istius* imputationis." See, too, on p. 706: "Quamdiu Christus est extra nos et nos extra Christum, nullum ex justitia aliena fructum percipere possumus, etc.—the whole of the paragraph. The Romanists never used, that I know, the formula "that what is real," etc.

I never said, or implied "justified because sanctified."* I never taught the theory Hodge sketches on p. 700, not a word of it; no passage supporting it can be found in anything I have written—not even that "we partake of Christ's righteousness only in virtue of partaking of his human nature," nor "that the incarnation is in the Church."

For Edwards's consistency is to be pleaded the fact that he

* "The reference," writes Rev. Dr. Prentiss, "is to a notice by Dr. Hodge of Prof. Smith's inaugural address on assuming the chair of systematic theology. It appeared in the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review* for October, 1855, pp. 699–702. Dr. Hodge bestows high praise on the address, but dissents from the view it gives of the theology of President Edwards respecting mediate imputation, viz., that 'what is real in the relation between Adam and his posterity, and between Christ and his people, is at the basis of what is legal.' A single passage in Edwards on Original Sin does, indeed, imply the doctrine of the mediate imputation of Adam's sin. But that passage, he says, is a speculation and an excrescence. As to the imputation of Christ's righteousness the Romanists taught, he says, that we are justified because sanctified; that 'what is real in our relation to Christ is the basis of what is legal;' that what is wrought in us and not what Christ has done for us, is the ground of our acceptance with God. And this doctrine of subjective sanctification Dr. Hodge regards as the same thing as the mediate imputation of righteousness. Prof. Smith replied that this was an entire misapprehension of the latter doctrine. By mediate imputation was meant, not that we are justified because sanctified, but that we are justified because of our union to Christ; His righteousness is imputed to us because we are in and one with Him; our real relation to Christ as our Redeemer is at the basis of our legal relation to Him as the meritorious cause of our pardon and acceptance with God. This, Prof. S. maintained, was the old Reformed and the old New England view, that, *e. g.*, of Willard. See on this point an article on Willard's system of divinity, by Dr. Stearns, in the *American Theological Review* for August, 1860."

taught a parallel doctrine as to both original sin and justification; hence not an "excrescence." His doctrine of "benevolence" rightly understood, *i. e.*, as having ultimate respect to holiness, is not contradicted by his "Religious Affections."

What is the sense of "that we partake of His righteousness because we partake of His holiness?" What is the difference between righteousness and holiness? How can the "new philosophy" have introduced into theology this doctrine, when Edwards taught it long ago?

From Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D.D.:

"Charleston, S. C.,
"Theological Seminary, September 17, 1856.

"Reverend and dear Sir: I esteem it among the felicities of my life, that on my late visit to New York, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with yourself. As a slight token of my remembrance, I have had sent to you the two numbers of the *Southern Quarterly Review* issued under my superintendence. The next number will be published in November and will be considerably enlarged. I wish to invite your attention—if I may use a professional phrase—to the article on Miracles, written by myself, and suggested by the conversation on that subject which we had at Mr. Bancroft's.* Your friendly criticisms and suggestions would be very kindly received. If you could command leisure to furnish me with an occasional article, you would, no doubt, contribute largely to the usefulness and value of the *Review*. I would like especially to have from you an account of the philosophy of Hegel.

"With assurances of high esteem,

"I am your friend and brother,

"J. H. Thornwell."

* Mr. Bancroft had, a few months previous to this, invited Prof. Smith to meet Dr. Thornwell at his house, adding: "He is, I think, the best metaphysician south of the Potomac, and I want him to know you."

From the same:

"CHARLESTON, S. C.,
"THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, November 20, 1856.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your article on Schelling will be in time if it reaches me by Christmas, and I sincerely hope that you will not fail to send it. I anticipate equal profit and pleasure from it. But within the last two months my mind has been called to the exercise of a diviner philosophy than ever sprang from earth. The Lord has led me through deep waters, and taught me lessons which I would not forget for all the world. His hand has been heavy upon me in depriving me first of a mother, then of a child, and in bringing another member of my family to the brink of the grave; but through His grace I have been able to preserve a spirit of submission to His will, and to trust in His mercy, even whilst experiencing His severity. I have felt the unutterable preciousness of the gospel, and I think my faith is more deeply rooted than it ever was before.

"The difference betwixt us in relation to the definition of a miracle is rather verbal than real; the phenomenon itself and the cause of the phenomenon are certainly separable in thought. The phenomenon apart from its cause you would not call a miracle, and I would—that seems to be the difference.

"My design in the distinction was to save the argument for the being of God, which the miracle suggests, and I have accordingly made that a deduction which you would make a part of the definition. I look at it, in the first instance, simply as a fact—you look at it as an *effect*. You accordingly define it in terms expressive of its cause—I define it in terms expressive of nothing but its sensible impressions. I afterward reason from it, as from every other event, to the nature of its cause. You have already anticipated that step. I have an idea of expanding the article and adding to it a dissertation on inspiration, and bringing the whole out in a small volume.

"Very sincerely your friend,
"J. H. THORNWELL."

To his mother:

NEW YORK, October 13, 1857.

To-day is the worst financial day yet, ten banks gone in the

city—some expect that the others will go to-morrow. Of our salaries I suppose only a small proportion can be paid. Mr. A. intimated to me last night that he could not afford to have me lecture at his Institute. But I suppose we shall have enough for bread and butter. I am afraid the students will have to suffer; the Education Society cannot afford to pay them—at any rate at present. But the Lord will provide.

To Rev. Dr. Stearns:

December, 1857.

I can perhaps give you in a few lines all the facts you may need, and we have nothing printed, excepting Mr. Gallagher's last circular, which I suppose you have. . . .

Number of students about one hundred and six; with residents, say one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve. About half on the Education Society, which has *just* paid what was due, October 1. Many, *no means at all,* except what they thus get, and by teaching and visiting. Those that visit for Sunday school and missionary work, get about two dollars a week for thirty or forty weeks. The Education Society pays one hundred dollars, that makes one hundred and eighty dollars. Two hundred dollars is the least that a student can get thro' the year with, using the *utmost* economy. Over thirty students, I think about forty, are thus visiting, doing good to others, and getting practical training in the ministry. We never had a better set of students, more willing to work for themselves, and never any so hard pressed for means.

The next quarter's dues of the Education Society may be paid, tho' probably delayed (it ought to be paid January 1, 1858); but beyond that all is uncertain. Each quarter about one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars should be paid to about fifty of our students for *necessary* expenses, food, books, clothing, etc. Contributions from the churches in general have come in *very slowly,* and rather meagerly—not at all what Mr. Gallagher expected.

CHICAGO—GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

To his wife:

CHICAGO, Friday, May 28, 1858.

I am through with my sermon, and, on my way to bed, write this note to you, to say good-night and God bless you, and to tell you how much I want to see you and all the dear ones at home. The business of the session drags along but slowly. We cannot get through before Tuesday; we we may get through so as to go round by Mackinaw, starting Tuesday night. I made a speech to-day on the judicial case,* and this evening my sermon. I will send the papers about it, which, with those already sent, I wish you would keep for me. The rain has been pouring in torrents all the evening, so that my audience was not large, but it was a good one, and I got through very well on the whole, though I shall be glad to go to bed after it. I am out to dinner and tea every day and getting to know many agreeable people.

Sunday, May 30.—Such rain you never did see. Yesterday was bright, this morning was bright, this forenoon a pouring rain, this afternoon is dubious. I preached this morning in the New England church for Bartlett; this evening I preach in the

* The following is quoted from a letter from Rev. C. S. Armstrong, D.D., in the *New York Evangelist*, August, 1877:

"In that Assembly was a notable judicial case. In its progress Smith and Heacock found themselves in antagonistic attitudes on certain judicial questions involved. On a certain occasion Heacock had the floor, and in a short but ringing speech, as was his wont, he carried the enemy's position by storm. The time of adjournment for the day had arrived, and the beaten side had no time to rally its forces, if indeed any forces remained to be rallied, and with a profound impression the Assembly adjourned. The night session gave no opportunity to renew the conflict; but on the following day, in due course of business, Dr. Smith took the floor, not as if for war, but in his accustomed simplicity, in a quiet and even retiring manner. But as he proceeded, it soon became evident he had something to say before surrendering. He came to the fabric which the opposite party had woven for a covering, and in that masterly way with which many of us had been familiar in the class-room, he held it up to view, and put his glittering blade through it, this way and then that, till no substance remained. The tables were turned, and victory went back to the side of the vanquished."

First Presbyterian church for Curtis ; this morning on the Incarnation, this evening, Intercession, I think.

No further letter from from you since my last. The Assembly's mail I could not get at yesterday. The members went on the Central Road to see the prairies, but I preferred staying at home and going the rounds of Chicago. I went to the reading-room and read up the news for a week, then to Healy's portrait gallery, then to see about the lake propellers for Mackinaw, then to see the great grain elevators, holding 700,000 bushels, and discharging 10,000 bushels an hour, a great institution. In the afternoon, Mr. Judd took me all through and round Chicago, many parts I had not before seen, and gave me something of an idea of the business of the place, the greatest lumber and grain maket in the West, and in such restless activity. $1,500,000 has been expended in *churches* in two years ; the same amount is prospectively pledged for institutions of learning. The evening was pleasant, boats and singing on the lake. I looked over my sermons, and went to bed and slept quietly. I trust and hope you all did the same, and that our Father was with you all, having you in His most loving care. We have had a busy week in the Assembly and I have had a good deal to do, and got along very well on the whole, I believe. At any rate I am very well after it. Nothing can surpass the hospitality of the good people here. The Judds* and Miss R—— are as kind as they can be. Their horses and carriage I can have at any time.

Monday morning.—Very bright ; preached last evening, large audience and a tremendous rain.

To his mother :

July 8, 1858.—I shall not be able to be away much this summer. My Gieseler and Tables will take all my time, to say nothing of two or three other things, *e. g.*, a Phi Beta Kappa address at Middletown and an article on Calvin for the new American Encyclopædia.

To his wife :

Monday morning, July 19, 1858.—I am sorry to disappoint

* Hon. Norman Judd, afterward United States Minister to Berlin.

you, but the fact is, and there is no disguising it, that I got through yesterday morning's sermon *very* comfortably and easily, and am not a whit the worse for it, though I don't expect you to believe me, of course. My Calvin article I finish to-day, and, after a day of laziness, I must begin on my Æsthetical address. Bruno seems disconsolate. He looks very sorrowful when I ask for the children.

New York, July 21, 1858.—I had your long letter this morning, just as I was going to a Bible meeting, which kept in till about three o'clock. I sent a letter this morning to you at Northampton ; fearing you may not get it, I write this evening to Goshen, where I hope you are most comfortably established, and find everything agreeable. I wish I was there with you. I know it would do me good, but I must wait awhile for any rest in this life. It is all work—work—work—and how little fruit ! I think the children will enjoy Goshen, and the rides and the pond. Tell them they must grow plump and rosy on it. The printers are driving me about my Tables ; ten are now in their hands, and will be done next week ; five more will complete the job, and then, after all, I do not believe that anybody will appreciate it.

I wish I could stir up a little enthusiasm for my Phi Beta Kappa address, but I am past the time of enthusiasm, I am afraid—getting old and dried up. They want me at the Bible House to take the laboring oar in collation, etc. I don't know that I shall venture, but perhaps no one else will.

Good-night, ———. How fast life is passing away with us, and how different from our plans. I am getting to be a mere drudge of work. But if I can only succeed, so far as you and the dear children are concerned, to leave you above want, it is all that I expect. To be forty-three years old and little more than out of debt, and to feel that if my health gives out, we are in want, is not a very bright prospect. But the Lord will care for you, my love, and may He bless our dear children, and make them truly His, and prepare them to be useful.

July 30, 1858.—I have nearly finished my address on Æsthetics—rather a poor affair. I have written Astié at Lausanne, and

Pilatte at Nice, to get letters, etc., for the Memoir.* If I could I would come to you after the [Middletown] Commencement, but my Tables are driving me, and I must have a week more on them before I can fairly break away.

New York, August 3, 1858.—I reached home safely this afternoon. I had a pleasant passage to Hartford on Monday night, prayer meeting and exhortation on board the boat by the Methodist brethren. At seven and a half Tuesday morning found D. R. G.† at work in his garden; he was glad to see me, and we had a nice talk. We called on Dr. Bushnell together; he looks sick and talks despondingly. D. R. G. went with me to Middletown, where I was most hospitably entertained at Mr. Douglass's, a beautiful place. Mr. Dudley, the Congregational minister was kind, and Chase and Johnston, too; so I was well cared for. My oration at four o'clock, rather rainy weather and all, and the oration was damped; the light was bad, and I did not feel much in the mood, but got through what some of them told me was a metaphysical production. Middletown must be a very beautiful place when it is not raining. Dr. Whedon, editor of *Methodist Quarterly*, came in the cars with me, and we had a good long talk on all sorts of metaphysical subjects.

New York, Saturday morning, August 5, 1858.

I have just received your letter of yesterday from Goshen, a marvelous speed, as if this telegraphic spirit, stirred up by the *cable*, had got into the other means of communication. You hadn't heard of it on Friday! I knew it Thursday at twelve—have sent you two papers about it. You do not speak of receiving *Harper's*, which I sent, and I have sent a great many newspapers, too. I've arranged to leave here Monday, August 16, for the woods and lakes; written to Howland and Dr. Adams, etc. Benedict gives me letters and full directions. (*Tribune* says of my oration, "profundity altogether too deep for popular audience;" so much for trying to enlighten people!)

August 8, 1858.—No letter from you to-day, and a beautiful day it is in spite of no letter, diploma, etc., [D.D.] from Cam-

* Of Anson G. Phelps, Jr.

† Dr. Goodwin, at this time President of Trinity College, Hartford.

bridge,* to which I have replied very concisely and politely. A good time Sunday with the A——s, though I was not very well Saturday night, but I preached it off. A very large audience on Sunday evening. Next Sunday I am to preach for Stearns's people.

Two or three letters and some calls about publishing my *Æsthetics*, which I've declined. I may want to use it for something else. Table XII. is getting on bravely, finished this week; also a batch of Gieseler, and then good-bye to all books and welcome to all nonsense.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss, then in Europe:

NEW YORK, September 17, 1858.

MY DEAR GEORGE: I haven't a soul in New York now to go and grumble to, and chuckle with. It seems to me that about nine-tenths of New York is gone, though the streets are lively, and business is reviving, they say. I have been for three weeks gaining solid rest and strength among the Adirondack hills and Saranac lakes—a grand place for recruiting. You can't find anything like it in Switzerland. Howland was with me all the time—a capital companion in every sense and emergency. We enjoyed it highly, trout, deer, camping out, and all. I never got so vigorous in three weeks' time in my life. Talk about going to Switzerland! Why, we didn't see a newspaper for a fortnight, nor have a letter from anybody for three weeks. Sixty lakes among the highest mountains in the State—a circle of one hundred miles diameter, full of hills, lakes, ponds, streams, rivers, trout, and deer. Civilization is a humbug, depend upon it! . . . My Tables and Gieseler keep me pretty busy; and then I am on a sub-committee of the Bible Society's revision committee to collate, etc. I don't see that there is any promise of much spare time this winter. It is all work, work, work, and the end of it is vanity and vexation of spirit. But Stearns will be back by-and-by, and you—when? God bless you, my dear friend, and have you and yours in His holy care, and make you strong for His work. Give my love to your wife and children.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I cannot believe that I am now forty-

* He had received the same degree from the University of Vermont, in 1851.

three years old, yet it is only too true. Would that I had a better account to give of these years, now so fast gliding away. I have done so little of what I once thought I should do, if my life were spared so long ; but how little did I expect twenty-one years ago to be now living. How much I have to be thankful for. . . . And not the least among these domestic blessings is that my dear mother is still spared to bless me, from time to time, with her kind and loving words and counsel. . . . And the thought of my dear and honored father comes back to me today ; and I remember him, and his love for me and all of us, and his many virtues, with increased gratitude to God for having given me such a father on earth.

. . . I do not grow old in my feelings, hopes, or plans. With each year I hope to accomplish more. But I do so much partially, and so little thoroughly ; I am spending so much time in details and drudgery which profit little in the end, that I begin to give up the hope of doing anything of permanent value. I long to escape from this web of daily cares and duties, and give my heart and mind to some work of more value, for which I know that I have been fitting myself, but which I have no time now to write. When will such leisure come ? Perhaps never for me ; but then God will provide some one to do it better, if it is to be done.

We had a nice Thanksgiving, and only wanted our dear mother here to complete our happiness. We all wished that we could drop in, next week, to your turkey and pies. Horatio and S—— were with us, and their children.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss :

New York, February 4, 1859.

My dear George : . . . And now about our new *Review.* The projected *Puritan* is to come here and be called *American Theological Quarterly,* and I am to edit it here. A fund is to be raised to establish it, half in New England and half here. The first number is just out ; I wrote nothing but some notices—for I did not get the editorship till it was half through the press. Everything looks well about it—except that the *Independent* is mad—and doesn't like it, and says I am deserting Presbyterianism. The *Review* is professedly a doctrinal union of Congrega-

tionalism and Presbyterianism, on the basis of the Shorter Catechism. Ecclesiastical controversies between us are ignored. All of our Professors, Adams, A. D. Smith, Owen, *the* Woods, Stearns, Poor, Few-Smith, L. Whiting, Carpenter, Prime, Hallock, Cook, etc., are in for it. Goodwin will be a contributor. President Woods is very earnest about it; so is Lawrence; so is President Lord. Joseph Tracy is for it, and was appointed the Boston editor, though his engagements may not permit him to accept. Can you get and send to me the statistics of the Swiss Churches, *soon*, for my Tables?

March 26.—The *Review* is assailed *terribly*, which shows that it was needed. But we are in for it with a strong team, and must carry it through. Do write us an article.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A SUMMER TRIP TO EUROPE.—1859.

To his wife:

At Sea, June 7, 1859.

A beautiful warm day, light breezes or none. Sunday noon we had made nearly three hundred miles; Monday noon, two hundred and ninety more; this day noon, two hundred and ninety-two. Thus far, a very nice time; good company, good table, good spirits. This ocean air and noble sailing are exhilarating beyond measure. I feel *free* from labor and care, as I have not done for months and even years back. Mr. Gallagher begins to look like another man, and enjoys it all.

Wednesday, June 8.—This morning at five, waked, and found that we were off Cape Race; no fog, a clear, bright morning and calm sea. A fine iceberg, a hundred and fifty feet high, composed of one large mass, and two columns in front of it, in sight for an hour or two; we sailed within a mile of it, a beautiful sight. We were along the coast for two or three hours. I am feeling very well, and getting the full benefit of this exhilarating life. It seems like nothing to cross the Atlantic in this style. I am on my berth, writing on the side of the port-hole which opens into it; a cool, light breeze, just felt; the waves dancing a little outside; the sun shining brightly through thin clouds—nothing but this broad ocean and sky in sight. Would that you were here and that we might enjoy this exhilarating peace together. . . . A little flock of birds is just flitting by, dancing above the waves, hovering over the billows, the only live thing in sight, except this ever-living, restless ocean, which is perpetually sporting around, and seeming eager to rise into bil-

lows, but kept in check by some invisible power that holds it in the hollow of his hand.

Friday noon, June 10.—And sixteen hundred and forty miles from New York—more than half way to Liverpool. The last twenty-four hours we have made three hundred and six miles, a capital rate of sailing. Yesterday was a foggy, sloppy, wet, drizzly, trying-to-rain-and-couldn't sort of an uncomfortable day, which huddled people in knots in the saloon, and left the upper deck almost clear of passengers. To-day we have a clear, fresh breeze, the sky just enough overcast to hide the sun, and are going at a smacking pace. On Wednesday evening, after I wrote, we passed another iceberg, a hundred and fifty feet high, a beautiful, solitary, white floating island. Other small icebergs we saw in the distance. Yesterday, too, a man was buried in the sea; a young man, with no friends on board, who was going back to Ireland to die of consumption. He had not left his berth in the steerage since he came on board. Poor fellow! A Catholic priest attended him. The body was wrapped in a rude shroud, and laid upon a plank, the flag of England over it; the crew and passengers came around, the priest read in whispers the Latin service, mumbling a few words indistinctly, so the sounds could hardly reach any ear; at a sign from him, the body was slipped from beneath the flag, and plunged, with a dead, hollow sound, into the ocean; and the crowd soon dispersed, and next the sailors were singing as they tightened the sails for our speedier course. And thus went one more fellow-creature into the eternal world.

Sunday, June 12.—We are now within six hundred miles of Cork, where we expect to land. . . . To-day we had service on board. The captain read the prayer-book, as usual, and I preached on Christian Hope ["which hope we have as an anchor to the soul"] *extempore;* had all persuasions to hear, a cabin-full, and they seemed to think it appropriate; some Roman Catholics, even, thanked me for the sermon. And I am thankful that I had the opportunity of giving the Gospel message to so many, in such circumstances. . . .

Tuesday noon, June 14.—This morning at six o'clock, old

Ireland was in sight, and we are now sailing along the coast, a beautiful, warm summer's day, bright sun, and everything looking cheerful, and all the passengers on deck. We are just off Cape Clear, with Falstell light, a solitary rock, with a light-house some miles from land, visible for a great distance. The coast is rocky, hilly, thinly inhabited. Just behind these hills are the Lakes of Killarney, the most beautiful spot in Ireland, they say. . . . I am feeling and doing very well, as is Mr. Gallagher. This week has been pleasant, a quiet company, a quiet passage, only ten days out, all the dangers of the sea past. May I be as thankful as I ought.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss [*then in Switzerland*] :

OFF CAPE CLEAR, June 14, 1859.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Know by these presents that I am safe and well on the same side of the ocean with you—much to my admiration ! a nice voyage, and already feeling the invigorating effects. . . . I hope to be in Vevay the last of July. Write me at London, *poste restante* to reach there about July 10th. Best love to your wife. A bit end of the enclosed letter flew off into the ocean, as I was opening it ; she can guess at the contents. Will you go with me through Germany in August, to our old haunts ? That is my plan. It seems like a dream that I am again in the Old World. Won't we have *eine rasende Zeit ?* God bless you all.

To his wife :

DUBLIN, June 16.

I mailed my letter to you yesterday morning at Cork. We left there at ten o'clock and arrived here at four, a hundred and sixty miles. The country is now in its freshest verdure, and Ireland looks like anything but a poor land. The southern part is rich and fertile. . . . The road is capitally built, all fenced in ; every road must go over or under the track. The buildings at each station are of solid stone, and the stone-walls have roses and climbing plants in a high state of cultivation. Arriving here, we got into one of those comical Irish jaunting cars, and drove to the Gresham House, Sackville street, where we now are.

I made two calls last evening. This morning an invitation to dine at Mr. James Houghton's (Mr. Dow introduced me). Last evening walked round Trinity College grounds, extensive; and went to an Irish horticultural show. . . . People seem to think that the new ministry increases the chances for a speedy termination of the war.

DUBLIN, June 17.

It is before breakfast, and we are to breakfast with Dr. Kilpatrick, to whom Mr. Shaw gave me a letter. I awoke last night after a nap, and it was so light I thought morning must have dawned. I looked at my watch (it was light enough to see the time distinctly), and it was a quarter after two. The twilight keeps on here till about ten, and begins again at two. . . . Yesterday morning Mr. Houghton came just as I was writing to you, and took me off to Trinity College. We caught a *Fellow*, and he and the librarian showed us the library, 200,000 volumes, besides pamphlets, etc. There are here magnificent missals, etc., illuminated; a very famous codex, the Montfortianus, the oldest containing the disputed passage of the three heavenly witnesses. The library of Archbishop Usher is here, a part of the collection, bequeathed by him.

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, Sunday, June 19.

Friday afternoon I left Dublin, went to Belfast (leaving Gallagher to hunt up his genealogy in Dublin), spent the morning there, and in the afternoon came on sixty miles to Port Rush; thence seven miles, by a jaunting car, to this place. Last evening visited the Causeway with a guide, and this morning have been walking round on the cliffs, alone, for several miles. It is *very*, very grand, not exaggerated in pictures and descriptions. I have been reveling in its sublimity, and spent a very profitable Sunday, thus far. True, there has been mist and rain (the first since I landed), but with intervals of brightness and clearness, enough to show the scenes in all their variety. . . . But I must go back and tell you about matters in Dublin. On Thursday went to Trinity College again with Mr. Houghton, and saw the library, etc. In the examination room is an organ taken from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. Attended an examination of four candidates for scholarships, for

an hour or two, an examination in the classics, not very severe, I thought. . . . Drove through Phœnix Park (1,750 acres) with Mr. G. many pretty points, noble trees, mansion of the lord lieutenant, etc. Soldiers and constabulary police going through their drills. Beyond the park was a mile or two of *strawberry beds*, on the banks of the Liffey, on which Dublin lies. The strawberries we ate were pale, not as good as at home. We dined at Mr. H.'s, a teetotaller, a vegetarian and radical, but a most excellent, well-informed, hospitable man; the daughters appeared very pleasant and cultivated. One other place we visited in Dublin was the Irish Historical Society rooms. A Mr. Clibborn showed us great attention, explaining the very curious iron relics, *e. g.*, a cross of the fourth or fifth century, Irish work (opus Hibernicum) in gold and silver, or, rather, skillful imitations of the genuine original threaded work which was right famous in its day; old MSS. enclosed in heavy cases, capitally worked, with crystals inserted, etc.; the MS. of the work of the *Four Masters* on the genealogies, etc., of Ireland, very carefully kept, etc., etc.

But, back to the Causeway. Two miles off is the seat of Sir Edward McNaghten, who owns the region. His family drove in state to the little chapel near the Causeway, where service was held at four o'clock, the archdeacon, Smith, reading it; it was quite impressive to see how such services are conducted in the country, with the great man present and his tenantry around. Sir Edward had a son beheaded in the East Indian insurrection, and another son in the army there. Three miles off are the ruins of one of the largest and finest old castles in Ireland, Dunluce.

BELFAST, Monday, June 20.

You'll be very likely to get a straggling epistle, as you see. A call to breakfast interrupted me, as I was writing the above at Portrush, a nice place, grand surf bathing, good people and hotel. I like the Irish at home much better than in America; they are cordial and courteous, attentive and not intrusive. At the Causeway yesterday, met a rare specimen of the London cockney, voluble, impulsive, smart, familiar, rude; didn't care to know his name. . . . I have just come to Belfast; no signs as yet of Mr. Gallagher. To-night I go to Glasgow.

Afternoon.—Prof. Gibson took me away just then, to visit one of the national schools, of one thousand one hundred children, a goodly spectacle. Dined with him. . . . I go to Glasgow, Iona, Staffa, Loch Lomond, the Trossachs and Edinburgh, and shall write you all along the way.

EDINBURGH, Sunday, June 26, 1859.

It is hardly three weeks since I left New York, and I have already seen as much of Ireland and Scotland as I need, or can *at present.* I had no idea that I could get along so rapidly. But, but—not a word from you yet. . . . This morning I went to hear Dr. Candlish; a good sermon on the Restoration of the Jews, delivered very, very badly, drawling voice, all sorts of accents and tones and emphasis, a nervous, twitching manner, bending down over his notes very closely. The congregational singing was very good. . . . But I must not stay on these things [descriptions of Edinburgh and its vicinity]; you shall read up the guide-books and see the prints. My health is very good, and I feel a great indisposition to any mental labor. I wonder how I could work so many hours in my study at home.

My last letter was from Belfast. On Monday night I came by steam to Glasgow, a beautiful sail up the Clyde, the barren hills of Scotland and the heather beginning to appear. At Glasgow called on Dr. Fairbairn and Mr. Henderson; went to a meeting on Bible in East Indian schools, for two hours; by rail to Johnstone with Mr. Arthur Stoddard, who has a charming place. . . . Tuesday to Glasgow, caught the train for Loch Lomond, through that beautiful lake, across from Inversmaid to Loch Katrine, over that by steam, five miles; landed, and went by stage through the Trossachs, a wild romantic pass; coach for nine miles to Callender; thence rail back to Glasgow, passing through Stirling and having a good view of its grand old castle, commanding a wide and beautiful plain. On Wednesday to this place, where I rejoined Gallagher. That day in the highlands (or *islands* as a London cockney here calls them), was in part rainy but with intervals of clearness and brightness, so that we saw Ben Lomond (from the loch) and the other *Bens* very well. . . .

Monday morning, June 27.—I leave this morning, go to York,

Manchester, Chatsworth, north of Wales, Oxford, and expect to be in London on Saturday. I tead at Miss Maxwell's, and heard Hanna, son-in-law of Chalmers.

CAERNARVON, WALES, near SNOWDON, June 29, 1859.

. . . Here I am, in the midst of Welsh scenery, impressive and beautiful, if not grand. Before me are the Menai Straits and the coast of Anglesea ; from the hill just behind the hotel I can see, eight miles back, the Britannia tubular bridge, and the suspension bridge of Menai Straits ; to the east is the range of Snowdon, sharp, angular hills, and along the sides are the slate quarries ; and in the west, the sun, now at nine o'clock, is just setting in splendor. The day has been very fine, and all promises well for my to-morrow's coaching across the north of Wales to Llangollen (pronounced Llang*och*len).

But I must tell you what I have been about since Monday. On Monday I made a farewell call on Miss Maxwell, who has been very kind, and took the rail to Melrose. . . . Then I walked to Abbotsford, three miles. . . . I can't stop to describe places and sensations, but must hurry on. I walked back to Melrose and took the evening train, arriving in York about two o'clock the next morning. Tuesday morning went all through the York minster. I meant to have attended service there, but the organ, one of the largest in the kingdom, is now under repairs. The minster is a vast, stately pile, some of the windows are admirable ; the interior is well-lighted and lofty.

After going through the minster, I took the train, and arrived at Manchester about four o'clock, and walked round to see its chief buildings. So much for Tuesday. This morning, left Manchester and came to Chester, and thence along the northern coast of Wales, sea in view, through Conway (castle) and Bangor to this place. The day has been capital, and would that you could have enjoyed all these things with me. It is all that I needed to the completeness of the pleasure. It seems almost wrong for me to have all these pleasures and you not to share them.

BIRMINGHAM, Friday morning, July 1.

Yesterday was a beautiful day, through some of the finest

scenery in Wales, right under Snowdon and along the banks of the Dee, to Llangollen, sixty miles, capital road, on top of the coach, etc. . . . This afternoon I shall be in Oxford. A letter from home I am longing for with all my heart.

London, July 8, 1859.

The best part of London is—your two letters, which have at last reached me. . . . I am to start for Cambridge in half an hour, and have only time to jot down my itinerary since I last wrote.

Friday, July 1.—At Oxford; the most impressive city I have seen. Gladstone just returned as member of the House for Oxford. Visited, this day and the next, nearly all the colleges, and fell in with some very pleasant people. . . . I also attended some examinations for the *little-go*, etc. Reached London Saturday night. Sunday, service at St. Paul's and at Westminster Abbey; preaching ordinary, the singing admirable. Sunday evening found Mr. Gallagher and the F——s and C——s. Mr. G. is worn and tired, very lame, cannot go sight-seeing; will go to Paris and Vevay with me, probably. . . . Monday.—Crystal Palace, exceeding all my expectations. Tuesday, to see Miss Bird,*—very cordial, as were her mother and sister. Miss B. now edits the *Beacon*. . . . Returned, and sailed up and down the Thames. . . . Wednesday, called on Archbishop of Canterbury (introduction from Miss Bird), but he was off. Called on Dean Trench of Westminster, *very* cordial, gave me letters to Cambridge and one to the Bishop of Oxford. Called on Dean of St. Paul's, not at home. Went to House of Lords, etc. Saw the grand display at Hyde Park. Tea with the F——s.

Thursday, called on Dr. Hamilton and F. D. Maurice, attended the House of Commons, order from Mr. Kinnaird (through Miss Bird); order for House of Lords from Bishop of Oxford, etc. This morning just starting for Cambridge, to return to-morrow, and go to Paris, probably next Wednesday.

* Miss Isabella L. Bird, author of books of travels on Japan, the Sandwich Islands, the Rocky Mountains, etc.

CAMBRIDGE, July 9.

My letters to Cambridge are of no use, for everybody is away. I had four or five, one to Dr. Whewell. I arrived here about seven last evening, visited several colleges, fell in with a Fellow of Pembroke (where Spenser and William Pitt were taught), who has promised to go round with me to-day. Then I walked about two and a half miles, to the village of Trumpington, to find the vicar, J. Grote, to whom I had a letter, but he is on the Isle of Wight. But the walk was magnificent, clear air, sun till half-past eight, then a fair moon. The whole region is in the highest state of cultivation. Trinity College has noble grounds and walks, vistas of trees; the Cam runs behind this and behind several others of the colleges, St. John's, St. Catherine's, etc. Even a stranger sees and feels the great difference between Oxford and Cambridge. The very style of the colleges and the hues of the buildings indicate it.

LONDON, Sunday, July 11.

Saturday I spent at Cambridge, very pleasantly. Mr. Ferguson, the Fellow of Pembroke, was very civil. In Trinity College library is Newton's telescope, etc.; the MS. of Milton's Paradise Lost, the first letter of Lord Byron, the Scotch Solemn League and Covenant; at Christ's College is a mulberry planted by Milton, from which I got a leaf for you. . . . To-day I have heard Spurgeon and Maurice, and attended the services in Westminster Abbey, for which I refer you to the enclosed letter to mother.

To his mother:

LONDON, July 11, 1859.

. . . To-day I have heard Spurgeon, to an audience of seven thousand, in Surrey Garden Hall, a magnificent spectacle. I was as far from him as I could be in the Hall, and heard every word. He has a superb voice, a natural, easy manner, great force and plainness of speech. . . . This afternoon I heard F. D. Maurice, a very thoughtful discourse. This evening I have been at the special service at Westminster Abbey, a congregation of three thousand; very impressive in that grand church.

To his wife:

July 13.

. . . Monday met President Pierce and Hawthorne at Dallas's. In the evening to the House of Lords and heard Brougham, etc. Then called on Joseph Gurney, a delightful man. Then dined (at 7.30) at Dean Trench's. . . . Dr. Trench was very cordial, and talked a good deal about our affairs. He thinks Hawthorn the most original American since Jonathan Edwards. There were several pleasant people, ladies and gentlemen, and I enjoyed it much. The Dean of St. Paul's [Milman] called on me while I was out; he has been out of town. Yesterday morning I breakfasted at eight with the committee of the Tract Society, Gurney, Davis, Hawkins, etc., and we talked over our affairs. Then I went to the Bible Society, and Mr. Bergne was very kind in showing me round. . . . Last evening I was in the House of Commons for two or three hours, and I could not have seen it to better advantage. I heard Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Disraeli, Lowe, Ellice, Bright, etc. The *event* was the announcement by Lord John Russell, at the interrogation of Disraeli, of the peace between France and Austria; great cheering. The thing was done in the most simple style. In both Houses there is no attempt at oratory on ordinary occasions; it is simple conversation and honest talk.

To-day I go to the British Museum and National Gallery, and to see the Dean of St. Paul's; and to-morrow to Paris, with Gallagher, where I hope to be in time to see the glorification upon the Emperor's return. All England is very suspicious of the Emperor, but obliged to praise his *magnanimity* and dexterity.

Paris, July 17.

Hotel du Louvre, au quatrième, the finest hotel in the world, where we arrived Friday morning at six o'clock, having left London on Thursday at eleven A. M. We came via. Dieppe. . . . After I wrote you in London, on Wednesday last, I had a very pleasant call at Dean Milman's (to whom Mr. Bancroft had introduced me). Then I spent a large part of the day in the British Museum, partly in its library. The collections at the museum and the edifice, too, are very much enlarged since I was

there twenty years ago. . . . The transition from the excessive heat of London (thermometer 90°) to the ocean breeze was very delightful. . . . To-day I preached at the American Chapel for Mr. Seelye, an audience of about a hundred and fifty, in a pleasant room. Saw at the chapel, also, Dr. Evans, the famous dentist, who had just come from St. Cloud to announce to Mr. S. that the Emperor had just arrived privately from Italy, safe and well, and to ask Mr. S. to refer to it in his prayers, which was done.

PARIS, July 21.

We start this evening for Geneva. I shall be at Vevay on Saturday, and spend the Sunday with our dear friends, the Prentisses. We should probably have stayed here longer, had it not been for the excessive heat. . . . But we have had a very nice time, and Mr. G. has improved in health and spirits. . . . Paris is now a wonderfully fine city. It has exceedingly improved since I was here before. Some parts of it I could not recognize. . . . We spent one day at Versailles, and a grand day it was. I made a pleasant call on M. Cousin, who was very cordial and impressive. He is a first-rate talker as well as writer. We visited, too, the Bois de Boulogne, which also has been re-made by the present Emperor. Notre Dame is now in the course of restoration. To-day we have seen the Hotel de Ville, the Sainte Chapelle, the Jardin des Plantes, etc. The Invalides is now a most splendid (French) monument to Napoleon. Europe has not another such mausoleum. . . . On Monday, just after writing you, I had a letter from Prentiss, expecting me earnestly.

VEVAY, July 26, 1859.

Campagne Genevrière:

Here I am with the Prentisses, arriving Saturday evening. It is a glorious country. They have a very beautiful place, a mile and a half from Vevay, on the hill-side, and commanding magnificent views of the mountains and lake. The Dent du Midi, covered with snow, is right in front; and all around is an endless variety of mountains, fields, grape vines, etc. . . . We left Paris on Thursday night, and reached Lyons Friday after-

noon, and reached Geneva about eleven o'clock. Part of the way was through the passes of the Jura, and very fine indeed. Geneva is changing, and more beautiful than ever. Saturday morning we went to the Cathedral, and round the walls and ramparts. . . . We had a fine sail across the lake. Prentiss met us at the landing. . . . This is a *very* beautiful place. The air is delicious and bracing, much superior to the fervors of Paris and London. I am *very* well. Prentiss and Gallagher both wonder at me for being able to do so much. To-morrow I may start for Turin and Florence, to be absent about ten days, and then return and spend a week with George.

LEGHORN, Wednesday, August 3.

I wrote you yesterday a note from Florence, saying that I was going to Rome, but on arriving here I found that the boat was disabled, and there will be none till Saturday. So I have determined, with the greatest reluctance, to give up my visit there, and to go back to Genoa to-night, and to-morrow to Milan. I am very sorry, for my heart was set on seeing the eternal city, after being so near to it. The weather, too, is very oppressive, and, though I am very well, perhaps a fortnight more would wear upon me. So I have concluded to leave Rome until *we* can go together; when will that be? Before I left Vevay, I wrote to Tholuck, asking where he would be the last of this month.

I left Vevay a week ago to-day, for this trip. The sail upon Lake Leman was charming; Mont Blanc appeared the last part of the way. At Geneva I called to see Gaussen; he was away, but I shall see him and Dr. Malan on my return. That night I went by railroad to Chambery, and the next day to St. Jean Maurienne, where the journey across the Mt. Cenis pass begins. For companions there were a Russian count and his wife. The passes and mountains were very fine, many of the summits still covered with snow. At midnight I changed my place for the Interior, where were two priests and two nuns. As morning began to dawn, we were descending rapidly toward the plains of Italy, and the scenery became more varied and magnificent. Before we reached Susa we passed some five thousand or seven thousand French troops, on their return from the Italian campaign. From Susa, railroad to Turin, where I stayed about

twenty-four hours. . . . An Italian population at twilight in the gardens and environs, is a study for a Yankee. Railroad to Genoa, through Alessandria. At Genoa I found a commissionaire who talked English, and he led me through all the intricacies of the police and the quays, before showing me the city, Genoa la Superba. Its site is magnificent, a city of palaces, surmounted by eight or ten large fortresses, which keep the people quiet. . . . The quays are loaded with the provisions forwarded for the French troops. Steamboat to Leghorn ; a beautiful evening and night, brilliant sky ; the shores bold and varied, and studded with villas ; quite a perfect specimen of an Italian night, and of a trip on the Mediterranean, which I then saw for the first time. . . . From Leghorn to Florence, about fifty miles by railroad, passing through Pisa, with its famous leaning tower. My three days at Florence were as pleasant and profitable as any hitherto. I was at the Hotel of New York. When I drove up, three or four servants appeared and received me with the greatest distinction. I was ushered into a magnificent bedroom, twenty feet high and more than twenty feet square ; the servant hoped I should find it suitable, and said the Padrone would soon call upon me, he then being at his toilet. Soon the Padrone came, and I found that I had been mistaken for somebody else ! But still I kept my room and was well entertained. What I saw in Florence I have no time to recount at length. It is indeed wonderful—its galleries and churches. For three days I fairly revelled in these noble works. The Italians do not think that the Italian question is yet settled. Tuscany will make great resistance to the return of the ducal family. The disbanded volunteers are collecting in the duchy and in the Legations. The end is not yet.

MILAN, August 5.

Safe in Milan ; went over the battle-field of Magenta, ridge of Buffalora, etc. The railroads crowded with French troops. In our train about five hundred Austrian prisoners. Weather superb.

To Prof. R. D. Hitchcock :

MILAN, August 7, 1859.

. . . I am here at a fortunate juncture. The king, Victor

Emanuel, made to-day his public entrance into the city, and I heard, in the magnificent Cathedral, the Te Deum which celebrated the entries of the allied armies. Few services, few scenes could be more impressive. The Duomo itself is a structure which makes me thankful it has been given to human genius to create such miracles of art.

This morning I attended service in the church of St. Ambrose, an ancient and peculiar pile. It was worth something, on going forth from that church, to come, by accident, upon a chapel with this inscription : Divus Augustinus ad lucem fidei per sanctum Ambrosium evocatus hic unda cœlesti abluitur Anno Domini CCCLXXXVIII. Of course I entered and paid my vows.

To-morrow I leave for Como, Lago Maggiore, etc., to return to Vevay, via the Simplon, and spend a week or two with Prentiss. . . . Nobody here believes in the *settlement* of the Italian question ; men's hearts are still full of perplexity. The railroads are crowded with soldiers and the materials of war passing and repassing. Italy will not, without a struggle, suffer those exiled Bourbons to return.

To his wife :

VEVAY, August 17, 1859.

. . . I am enjoying this quiet life with the Prentisses. Last Sunday was a delightful Sabbath, full of blessed memories and prayers and purposes. Yesterday was W——'s birthday. God bless the boy and make him a great comfort and blessing to his mother. . . . Yesterday we had a pleasant visit at Lausanne, and saw the great bazaar and bought up things, and saw Bridel and Astié, the latter will write for my *Review*. Dr. Buck was here Thursday, very cheerful. . . . These mountains and this lake are always glorious and always changing ; and something of this peace and beauty and variety of nature steal into the soul. I left Milan a week ago yesterday. That day to and up Lake Como, most beautiful as far as Menaggio. There met Prof. Fontana of Paris ; together by post, to Porlezza on Lake Lugano, hired a boat across this lake to Lugano, about twelve miles, with two stout men for rowers, and arrived at Lugano at nightfall ; here left Prof. F. (a most pleasant com-

panion) ; met by accident, in the street, a son of Dr. Prime, and one of our students (Baird), on their way to Milan. Tuesday morning, diligence at half-past four o'clock to Lake Maggiore, eight or ten miles ; down the lake about thirty miles, to Isola Bella. . . . Took the diligence that afternoon, and passed the night at Domo d'Osola ; a cultivated Frenchman on the box with me. Wednesday morning, six o'clock, diligence to ascend the Simplon ; this road is indeed magnificent, far surpassing Mont Cenis. An English painter, an Italian refugee, a monk of the Simplon hospice, were of the party. At the summit, the hospice. The monk invited us all in and gave us wine and cakes. Here are dogs, as at St. Bernard ; beds for two hundred. The hospice built by Napoleon, as was the road. The descent was superb. Tea at Brigue, a queer old town. And then the valley of the Rhone, until we arrived at Vevay ; in the night rain, and we floundered along in the water up to the hubs of the wheels. A letter from Tholuck, who is now way down on the borders of Italy. . . . I must reserve descriptions until I get home.

To the Rev. Dr. Stearns :

VEVAY, August 22, 1859.

MY DEAR STEARNS : You cannot imagine how much George and I pity you, forced as you are to fight the battles of the Church in the midst of these summer heats, while we are inhaling long draughts of health and Alpine air. The weather here is now delicious, and for a week and a half I have been delaying my journey, and getting capital rest. We have paid you back in kind, I assure you, for all your dissections or vivisections of me under the shadow of the Dent de Jamon, which looks as sharp and bold as ever. . . . I have enjoyed this visit here extremely. It has done my heart, and soul, and mind good, as well as my body. The whole journey has proved to be just what I have needed. I have traveled pretty fast and far, yet without much weariness, and never impeded by sickness. . . . The baby is doing finely and promises to be a credit to the family. I had the great pleasure of baptizing him last Sunday, by the name of *Henry Smith*. I feel quite proud of him already, to say nothing of the joy of knowing that these dear friends

hold me in such regard. You can't imagine how George takes to farming. I think it must somehow have been born in him. His horse, and cow, and hens, and guinea pigs, and tomatoes, and corn for the cattle—he really makes a parish out of them, and devotes himself to these pastoral labors with all zeal and earnestness. To see him cut corn with a penknife is a rare treat! And then the cow—there never was such another cow—so much milk, such good milk, such butter and such cream; and then, too, one of his great feats, he has taught the cow to eat green corn stalks, which the bête had never done before, and I really think that George enjoys seeing her eat them as much as he would eating them himself. And then, there's the horse; lame, of course, when there is any company, but the best horse for the price—better than the New York animal even—a real treasure, stowed away in the barn. The fellow fell lame, and it took ten men and a doctor to burn his leg out in stripes.

Astié and Bridel we saw at Lausanne, and yesterday A. dined here; he will communicate the Swiss and French intelligence for our *Review*. He is now preparing a work on Vinet, which I should think would prove valuable. Our proposed trip to Germany we have given up, partly because George cannot very well leave his family at present, and partly because Tholuck is now far away on the borders of Italy in the Grisons. After so long a rest and recreation, and feeling so much invigorated, I begin to repent of my idleness and to wish for work. May the Lord give me grace to work better than ever before. Our seminary is always in my thoughts and in my prayers. May no evil befall it. . . . Keep me, my dear friend, in your thoughts and prayers, and may the Lord bless you.

(Translation.)

From Prof. Tholuck to H. B. S., received at Vevay:

"HALLE, August 7, 1859.

"HEARTILY BELOVED FRIEND IN THE LORD: What a surprise to know that you are again upon the Continent! But, at the same time, what a disappointment is the possibility that I shall not meet two of the three Americans whom I love most! The day before yesterday I finished my lectures, and am ordered by

my physician to go for several weeks to a distant place, in the Grisons, on the borders of Italy, near Tivano on Lake Buschiavo. I would not mind a journey in order to meet you, but I am uncertain about this, too. If this reaches you before your journey to the Oberland, I shall hope to meet you, for you can come back by way of Buschiavo. You can first inquire for me at the Baths of La Prese, near by, and if I am not there, of the landlord in Buschiavo. I will leave my address at La Prese if I do not stay there. If possible, send me word, *poste restante*, to Buschiavo. But my wife desires to see you both as strongly as only I besides do, and there is a sure hope of this. She goes early in September to the Schlier See, near Tegernsee, not far from Munich, to visit her brother-in-law, Herr von Turner, and returns the last of September to Halle, where I expect to be the first of October. If I understand it rightly, you will be in Geneva till the tenth of September. If so, then let it be fully decided that we are to welcome you both at our house early in October.

"It is my heartfelt wish to God that since we are again so near together, we may once more press each other's hands and look into each other's eyes.

"In true friendship, yours,

"THOLUCK."

To his wife:

COLOGNE, August 31, 1859.

I have spent the last day of summer in visiting the Cathedral of Cologne, and the other churches and collections of this place. The restorations of the cathedral are much further advanced than I had supposed. It will be a most magnificent edifice. . . . The stained glass windows given by King Louis of Bavaria are certainly most admirable, and contrast well with those of Dürer on the south side of the nave. I have been to see the picture gallery (private) of Baumeister Wyers, containing, among other things, fine paintings, admirably preserved, by Hemmling, Metsys, the Van Eycks, etc. . . . An immense iron bridge now spans the Rhine, to be opened for the railway and for traffic in October, a work that has already cost five millions of thalers. . . .

Yesterday was a fine day on the Rhine, cool, a shower or two, but bright hours in the finest portions, and I do not regret seeing a grand view under a sober light. The Rhine is, and will always be the Rhine, beautiful, varied, full of attractions; but its mere material beauty did not strike me as forcibly as it did twenty years ago: alas, I was younger then! Monday I was at Heidelberg and visited its noble castle; the guide was a young lady, who quoted Longfellow's "Excelsior" and "Hiawatha." . . . Sunday I was at Basle, and attended service in the cathedral, recently restored, and a fine old pile. After church I fell upon Prof. Hagenbach and prelate Ullman of Carlsruhe, two men whom I had been wishing to see, and spent an hour with them in walking around the church, etc., very pleasantly. Here are the graves of Erasmus and Œcolampadius. We went also to the hall where the great Council was held, now containing a collection of curiosities and antiquities.

Saturday morning last I was on top of the Rhigi, a magnificent sunrise, perfectly clear, a great rarity. It was superb. . . . The descent to Arth and Lake Zug was easily accomplished in three hours, in company with an English M.D., who quoted Praed at a great rate. There we had a nice sail across Zug Lake to Zug; in diligence, with English people, to Lake Zurich. . . .

Steamer between Rotterdam and London, September 6.

So I have fairly quitted the Continent and turned my face homeward in good earnest. . . . I had a good time among the Dutch, and, for the time, saw a good deal of this peculiar people, the people of the covenants, theologically speaking. I was at the Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam (and Broeck) for two days, Utrecht and Rotterdam; everywhere windmills, flats, willows and poplars, dykes, canals, black and white cattle innumerable, and sheep in abundance (we have 1,200 aboard of our steamer). . . . On Friday morning last I left Rotterdam for the Hague, just passing through Delft and remembering Delft Haven. At the Hague, a capital picture gallery and Japanese collection in the Mauritz Huis, among other things Paul Potter's cattle, which exceed all cattle painted, excepting, perhaps, Rosa Bonheur's horses, if these be indeed cattle. I also went

into the king's palace, rather a plain building, and the furniture not half so good as in many a New York parlor. . . . In the afternoon to Leyden ; clean, quiet, a nice place, with capital museums, a good botanical garden, etc., connected with the university, of which I saw as much as the vacation would allow. The university buildings here and elsewhere in Holland are very plain, nothing like the institutions and edifices of Oxford and Cambridge. At Haarlem I did not stop. At Amsterdam I started from the station, with my bag, alone, to find my way about, and see something of the city, afoot. For more than a mile a chap followed me, persisting in showing the way. I walked up and down several odd streets, just to shake him off ; but he kept on, telling me I had *vergehet.* I shook my umbrella at him, and pounced at him, and talked hard at him, but it was all of no use ; he kept on until I came to my hotel, when I made him a bow and went in to be alone. At Amsterdam, Sunday morning, service in the great cathedral church, which was well filled. It lasted for two and a half mortal hours. The singing, with the accompaniment of the grand organ, was very effective, everybody pitching in most heartily. . . . The town of Broeck, about nine miles from Amsterdam, is celebrated as being the cleanest spot on the face of the earth, and every tourist is bound to go there. I went, of course, and concluded that, though very neat and clean, it is a great humbug ; though, of course, one sees the Dutch particularity and nicety carried to excess. But one good old man whom I met, complained of the degeneracy of the times, assuring me that it was not nearly as nice as it once was. It was all very well—the streets (the nicest ones) of brick, and carefully sanded, and the sand swept into nice curves ; and the front yards very carefully tended, shrubs cut, pebbles fantastically arranged, etc. There must be an infinite deal of time spent in mere scrubbing and rubbing : the chambermaid at the inn took at least five minutes for every chair that she dusted in the morning, and then looked over it all carefully, and spied into every angle and joint to see if there might not have been an accidental particle of dust left somewhere. The barns are kept, comparatively, with equal fidelity and conscientiousness. This is but the excess of what one finds, more or less, everywhere in Holland. The people are capital—plain,

intelligent, downright and upright, and very kind to strangers—excepting those troops of vagrant boys, who pester you in every street to clean your boots, or to show you the way. . . . Yesterday at Utrecht, also a university town, and having two or three remarkable churches. Last night back to Rotterdam, and to-day on the steamer with thirty or forty passengers, steering for Old England, the best of all the people, after all.

London, Friday morning, September 9.

This is the last letter, probably, that I can send you, before I sail, in the *City of Baltimore*, next Wednesday, the 14th, from Liverpool. . . . I long, long, long, to be at home. May God keep us safe and well till then!

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW YORK.—1859–1866.

He landed in New York on the twenty-seventh of September, and two days later he resumed his lectures in the Seminary. His Tables of Church History were now printed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his great labor was appreciated, in this and other countries. Professor Jacobi, of Halle, wrote to him of "this laborious and learned work:" "Its contents are extraordinarily rich. We must especially thank you for the notices of the North American Churches. I have found condensed in them a vast amount of information, which I have sought elsewhere with great labor, and sometimes in vain. It has indeed been a most laborious task, requiring a great deal of reflection, to present a general view of the rich contents of history, sacred and profane, and you have done it very successfully."

Here are a few extracts from the many notices of this work which appeared at the time:

"The comprehensive originality of its plan, its ingenious convenience, its perfect fitness to its use, its accuracy and precise erudition, raise it to the rank of monumental works."—*Christian Examiner,* July, 1860.

"Without compromising his fidelity to his cardinal convictions, he writes with a candid and almost sympathetic appreciation of creeds and opinions adverse to his own, and hence the authority generally accorded to his publications on the topics which have absorbed the attention of his life. The present work

is a monument of labor, on which he may well be content to rest his claims to the enduring consideration, etc."—*New York Evening Post.*

"It is decidedly, the best work of the kind in any language."—*New York Observer.*

"In point of completeness, the book cannot be praised as much as it deserves. It gives far more facts than all manuals, and may be called a lexicon of church history."—*New York World,* July 26, 1860.

"It is thoroughly organic and vital. He has not given us the mere bones of history, but history itself in miniature."—*Congregational Quarterly,* January, 1860.

He was soon in the thick of work once more. His *Review* claimed much time and labor. He wrote this winter the articles on Hegel and Kant, for *Appleton's Cyclopædia.* The meetings for Bible collation (lasting from two to four hours each), a Bible class for ladies, conducted by him at their request, and lectures at the Spingler Institute, had their regular hours in each week. He was also engaged in writing, by request of Mrs. Phelps, a memoir of Anson G. Phelps, Jr.,* whose sudden death was a heavy loss to the Seminary, of which he had been a Director and a munificent benefactor. The volume of Gieseler was always at hand to fill a vacant hour, or, rather, to usurp the hours of needed rest and sleep.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss [*then in Europe*]:

NEW YORK, December 15, 1859.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Your letter has just come, and just as we were making out a letter to you—all the more opportune. You make my mouth water with your descriptions of the German visit; how I should have loved to see the Tholucks, and Kahnises,

* A memorial of Anson G. Phelps, Jr., published by Mr. Charles Scribner, 1860.

and Ulricis! I must do it yet before I am worn out, if the Lord will. I am just now hard at work on dear Phelps's memorial, which I mean to finish next week; there will be more of it than I expected. I wish I had asked you to write me a letter of characteristics. Why can't you do it at once? *personal* sketches and details; it is just the something needed to make it life-like. All the letters deal in general benevolence, which is well enough in its way, but the particular virtues are more interesting to the mass of readers. Sherwood is talking of taking the *Review* next year: I am going to try and get up an article on Mansel. Send me yours on Switzerland, for the May number, won't you? My Tables have been very favorably received, beyond my expectations. I had a very good letter from Dean Trench about them. Lieber praises them quite enough. . . . That old John Brown was the most conscientious monomaniac the world has seen in these last days.

And now about that Paris matter [the chaplaincy of the American Chapel]. Fairchild wrote me about it, and I said that I did not know that you could be induced to take it, but that it was worth trying for. If you can break up without too much sacrifice, I think you might all enjoy Paris better than Genevrière. The service you might make quite easy—there are excellent people in the congregation. But I suppose you have already decided, and I cannot but hope, for the general good, that it may have been to go to Paris. Love to your dear wife and to all the children, including the "young professor," as he is called here. Tell M—— to shut her eyes up and see if she can't see Uncle Smith. A merry Christmas! A happy New Year!

In the spring of 1860 he undertook the revision of Professor Hagenbach's History of Doctrines, comparing Clark's Edinburgh edition, translated by Buch, with the original German, and making such copious additions, particularly in the history of Anglican, Scotch, and American theological literature, as to "give it, to a great degree, the character of a new work." The first volume was published in 1861, the second in 1862.

Of volume I. Mr. Bancroft wrote to him :

"Monday, March 11, 1861.

"My dear Smith : In these times one is reminded of the heathen philosopher, who, being asked after his country, pointed upwards. I used to regret your leaving history for dogmatics ; but there is little trust to be put in anything but that which is eternal. I admire your volume ; I like exceedingly your own additions. Why is not Augustin's *essentia,* the being immanent in being, the Ding an Sich, of our friend Kant ? What interests me most in this publication is the evidence it gives of the high character you are imparting to the rising generation of students. Such teachings will upset bigotry and scepticism. Of course you are doing the best service ; yet I hope you will write a work of your own, with all the precision and exactness shown in this last editing of yours, and in a popular style that may make you known to the masses."

In the summer of 1860, he delivered at the anniversary of Bangor Theological Seminary, an address on "Pantheism as a Form of Infidelity ;" afterwhich he made a journey into the wilds of Maine. He had previously written, "I want to get out of this unnatural city life, to see how the woods, and trees, and hills look. But I have to work on and on. The second volume of Hagenbach will make me a deal of work. He does not know anything about the English (to say nothing of the American) theological literature."

To his wife :

Greenville, foot of Moosehead Lake, July 27, 1860.

I came here from Kineo yesterday afternoon to preach to-day, to a small church, and go back to-morrow. This is a very beautiful place ; the lake surpasses my expectations in its romantic scenery, mountains all around, and innumerable islands in the lake, which is about forty miles long. Mt. Kineo is near the center, a very abrupt and precipitous hill, seven or eight hundred feet high ; I ascended yesterday morning, one of the finest

of days, and had a clear prospect; up the lake, Katahdin in full sight, chains of hills and immense forests all around, winding streams, and large sheets of water glittering in the clear sunlight.

I have preached here to-day in the little church built last year —a Union church—where different ministers come once a month to officiate; to-day there was no appointment, and the people seemed glad to have a supply. There were about a hundred in the audience, some of them coming from miles around. It really seemed good to talk again to one of these unsophisticated audiences.

To his wife:

NEW YORK, August 31, 1860.

The last day of summer! How strange it seems to get back to this old familiar study, and to feel again that so much of my life is in these books, and with this paper and ink. But I have enjoyed the leisure, and the country, and the drives, and the being with you and the children so much more than I can be at home, where I never feel at leisure. The feeling of the pressure of work is coming over me again, at the sight of my study, and the half-forgotten plans of what I may and ought to do, begin to crowd upon me.

NEW YORK, Sunday evening, September 3, 1860.

Here I am all alone, and thinking of you and the dear children. It is very quiet outside, but it is not like being in the country. There is a bright moon, but I can't see it from my window. I think I like New York to live in less and less; work comes back hard, and there is no play. But what's the use of complaining? Yesterday I began again my translation of Gieseler—drier than ever. A number of the *New York World* has a capital notice of my Tables of Church History.

. . . Few, very few, have so much cause for thankfulness. But my life's destiny is work; it is in me, and it is my lot. Would that I could be and do what I have hoped and prayed to be! But it sometimes seems to me as if my life's work, what I ought to have accomplished, would never be more than half done. But I must stop. God's blessing be with you, dearest. May He make us more and more what we should be!

One of his chief interests after his return to New York in September, 1860, was the starting of a new Presbyterian Church, by some of the former parishioners of Rev. Dr. Prentiss, who had recently returned from Europe, in restored health. In November, a choice congregation held their first service. None of those who gathered around their pastor was more earnest in this matter or more happy in its success than was he, and his spiritual life took from it fresh impulse and enjoyment.

At the close of this year he wrote for his *Review* the article on Sir William Hamilton's Theory of Knowledge, and that on the Oxford essays, entitled "The Latitudinarians of England." * He also prepared a lecture on the Catacombs, which he delivered at the Chapel of the Brick Church. The articles in *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, on Miracles, Pantheism, The Reformed Churches and Schelling were written during this and the next year.

The following letter to Mr. Joseph Howland, shows what, underlying all these occasional occupations, was his abiding interest and work:

NEW YORK, November 16, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You will have received notice of your election as a director of our seminary; and I trust you will not hesitate about accepting. You will find yourself most cordially greeted by the members of the board—and among them you will find many with whom it is a privilege to work in good things. . . . I need not tell you how delighted I should be, personally, to have you join us. That seminary is the one thing, which, next to the Church of Christ, I love, and live and labor for. My work in life is there; and for it and its prosperity I have given up, and do give up, all other earthly plans. If I have done anything, it has been there; if I am to do anything, it will be there. In ten years it has grown from a position of weakness and insecurity to one of stability and promise. Its future looks bright; come and make it look still brighter.

* They were reprinted in *Faith and Philosophy.*

Take a part in my hobby—for it is not mine, and it is no hobby, it is a part of the Lord's work for our Church and land.

Frederick Southgate Smith, the elder of the two brothers of Prof. Smith, a man greatly endeared to his friends by his warm, frank, generous nature, had long been bravely fighting a painful malady, which was now making fatal progress. He retired from his position in the Patent Office in Washington to the home of his wife's family in Northern Pennsylvania. Professor Smith made him several visits during the summer and autumn of 1861, and was his spiritual helper as well as his brotherly comforter. Each of these visits cost him much. His excited feelings wore upon him, physically, more than he was willing to admit, and a feverish prostration told of the grief for which he had few words.

But however weary and harassed he might be, his work went on as usual. During the summer he was busied with Hagenbach, allowing himself but little rest. In June he gave the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of New York, and also wrote the Annual Report of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In July he went to Hanover, N. H., in order to preach the sermon at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Leeds; and soon returned to hard work on Hagenbach, writing, in the excessive heat, his new matter on English, Scotch and American theology, of which he wrote in his diary, "August 15th.—*Finished.* A long, hard job done." He then gave a week to the seaside with his family, and went back to Hagenbach, and to write his review article on Professor Park's Life of Dr. Emmons.

After Mr. Leeds's ordination at Hanover, New Hampshire, he wrote:

July 9, 1861.—I am most hospitably entertained by Mrs. B. and Prof. P. The installation yesterday passed off pleasantly, a full church, festooned, etc., and some people seemed to like my sermon, in spite of the heat and dogmatics.

July 14.—I had a *capital* time [in Hanover] driving out every day, going to companies, etc., filling up every minute till Saturday noon. 'Tis a very beautiful place, and full of first-rate people, and I am really sorry you didn't go.

To his wife [*at Northampton*] :

New York, August 1, 1861.

I am getting on quite famously, in these quiet and hot times, with Hagenbach. This month, I hope, will see the end of the book for me. I wish I was there with you to drive round and enjoy this grand weather ; but work seems to be my part of life. I often think I will haul up short, and not do so much, but then there comes something that must be done ; and, after all, I'm a great deal more contented when I am doing something than when I am idling about.

Early in September he made a visit to his sick brother, watching with him day and night. He returned at the end of a week, in his own words, "used up, sick and feverish," and for ten days was unable to leave his house. His brother died on the seventeenth of October.

New York, October 22, 1861.

My dear Mother : I returned yesterday from my sad errand. Our dear Frederick died on Thursday evening, breathing his last most peacefully, like a child going to rest. And it was indeed, to him, going to rest. He showed the most beautiful patience and gentleness during the last few days, when he could speak chiefly by signs alone. At one time, during a hemorrhage, he thought he was dying, and bade good-by, with a "God bless you," and a bright, cheerful smile, such as she had not seen for a long time. He was buried on Sunday afternoon, the service at two o'clock, a bright, cool, October Sunday, the woods bright with the falling leaves. He lies in a little wooded, sheltered nook of the farm, on the border of a wood, a beautiful spot. The bearers carried him there, relieving each other by the way. At the grave they sang a resurrection hymn. It is better, dear mother, to go to the house of mourning than to the house of

feasting. May the Lord be with you and strengthen you to bear this trial and make us all the better for it.

Late on Christmas eve, after sharing in the usual family festivities, he corrected the final proof-sheets of Hagenbach, thus completing his laborious work of two years.

Our country was now passing through some of the darkest days of its terrible contest. No fair presentation of Professor Smith's life could omit mention of his fervid patriotism and of his unwavering faith in the final triumph of the republic. From that fateful Sunday in April, 1861, when the cannon of Fort Sumter aroused the nation, he had scanned with a clear eye and felt with a glowing heart the great issues that were at stake.

After the inauguration of President Lincoln in 1861, he wrote:

Yes, I do like the Inaugural. Men from Washington say things feel firmer there, that everybody believes we have a government. The last session of the Senate, March 3-4, was a really solemn and earnest time. The Republicans spoke out.

In November, 1861, he wrote to his friend, Mr. Joseph Howland, then an officer in the army:

In spite of all delays and troubles I feel an unwavering trust in the issues of this great conflict, but I apprehend that few yet realize the sacrifice it may, *must* cost.

In April, 1862, he wrote to Professor Tholuck:

Our dear country is now passing through a terrible conflict, but it never was so strong, it never was so united, as it is now. We look forward with faith and hope to the issue. We believe that the slave-power has received its death-blow. And we never had so much faith in the republic as we have now.

Again in January, 1863, he wrote to General Howland:

In spite of all that is sad in our country's state, I cannot 'bate

a jot of heart or hope. I believe so fully in the truth and sacredness of our national cause, now identified with that of freedom, that it seems to me, in every thoughtful, prayerful hour, that it must prevail, in spite of human folly and wickedness. If we believe in prayer, now, more than ever, do we need to pray: God save the Republic! Whatever the cost of men, of time, of sacrifices, we must struggle bravely through. The prize is worth any price.

But his most earnest and rousing words were in his *Review* article on British sympathy with America, and in his sermon on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The following letter from the late president of Dartmouth College was, perhaps, the first suggestion of the former.

"Wednesday eve, February 26, 1862.

"My dear Professor Smith: I have just been reading the late British Reviews on America till, according to the version of the illiterate clergyman, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully *mad*.' See the *London Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* for January. I thought your opening in the Clerical Association, though admirable, was *possibly* a shade too severe. But I guess you were not far from the truth. The *London Quarterly* comes out flat-footed for secession. The sympathy of the *Edinburgh* with the South is clear. The dogged asininity of both in arguing the matter is marvelous.

"Now I have a suggestion to make—could not you get up an article for your next number, on the attitude of England in reference to the Southern Rebellion? An article, I mean, which should deal with British sophisms on the Rebellion *without gloves*—much as you dealt with the latitudinarian essayists. Please think of it. It would take more time than most pastors could command, to do just what the case requires.

"Yours very truly,

"Asa D. Smith.

"P. S.—You may think the war will be over before your next number is out. But I am not so sanguine. We have a hard tug before us yet. And even when the Rebellion has got its death-

blow, we shall have a struggle, I fear, with the *not dead but sleeping pro-slavery* spirit at the North."

From Mr. Bancroft.

"NEWPORT, R. I., August 11, 1862.

"MY DEAR DR. SMITH: I owe you my hearty thanks for your candid, unsparing, patriotic dissection of British selfishness, and vindication of our aspirations for freedom. I have read nothing in our contest more instructive or more satisfactory.

"For myself, as things advance, I am more and more disposed to scoff at half-way measures, and strike at the root of the evil. At least in Virginia, slavery should be abolished entirely and forever. So I reason, not forming the opinion lightly, but after weighing the past, and casting, as well as I can, the horoscope of the future.

"Ever very faithfully, your friend,

"GEORGE BANCROFT."

From Rev. Dr. Sprague:

"ALBANY, July 15, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read your article on "British Sympathy" with more pleasure than it is possible for me to give you any idea of. It seems to me without exception the ablest article that I have seen touching the Rebellion. If the *North British Review* were not a knave or a fool, it would seek to hide its head in some cave or den of the earth. There are two of my friends on the other side, who I earnestly wish might enjoy the privilege of reading this pamphlet. . . . I hope some of your friends will take care that the pamphlet pays its respects to Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Very thankfully, and—pardon me for saying it—very admiringly, yours,

"W. B. SPRAGUE."

Dr. Sprague wrote a few days later:

"I cannot forbear to thank you for sending copies of your admirable article to my two friends abroad, who I am especially desirous should have the privilege of reading it. That I have not overestimated it, I feel assured from the testimony of some most competent judges among whom my copy has been put in

circulation. I wish the whole British aristocracy were obliged to fast over it till it had had its legitimate effect in curing them of their hateful antipathy to their own kindred, and giving a better tone to their moral system."

It is said that this article reached and influenced many leading minds on the other side of the water.

The death, in January, 1863, of his honored colleague, Rev. Professor Edward Robinson, D.D., was to Professor Smith a personal grief and loss. Dr. Robinson had been to him, from his youth, a kind and wise friend, and possessed his grateful affection. Professor Smith took part in the funeral service at the Mercer Street Church, and later read a memorial paper before the New York Historical Society, which, together with a biographical address given at the same time by Rev. Professor R. D. Hitchcock, was published under the auspices of the Society.

During this spring he began, with the assistance of Rev. James Strong, S. T. D., the revision of the translation issued by Clark's Foreign Theological Library, of Dr. Randolph Stier's "Words of the Lord Jesus."* He also gave his course of lectures on Æsthetics at the Spingler and the Ferris Institutes.

He was this year Moderator of the General Assembly, which met in Philadelphia. This was a meeting of memorable interest and importance, from the existing relations of the Assembly to both Church and State. The following extracts are taken from his own account of its proceedings.

"One of the most interesting debates in the Assembly was called forth by the resolutions upon the state of the country, offered by Mr. Barnes as chairman of a special committee on the subject. . . The assembly was unanimous in its loyalty, in its un-

* Published by Tibbals, N. Y., 1864.

conditional support of the government, and in the view that, as slavery is the cause of the war, so the war to be successful must be the death blow to slavery.

"The resolutions, after an emphatic one on slavery and on President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, expressed the duty of sustaining the government, rebuked secession and all complicity therewith exhibited; exhorted the church to do its whole duty, and expressed sympathy for the bereaved. The document was subsequently handed to the President of the United States by a large committee of the assembly, who were courteously welcomed.

"But the highest interest was awakened by the initiation of a correspondence with the [O. S.] General Assembly in session at Peoria. That assembly met last year at Columbus, Ohio, and there made proposals for fraternal communion, which, however, did not reach the Moderator of our assembly until after its adjournment. The papers were communicated to the assembly at Philadelphia on the first day of its session.

"As soon as the documents were brought before the assembly, a special committee was appointed to report upon them. The assembly unanimously adopted the resolutions presented by this committee, with heartfelt pleasure and Christian salutations, accepting the proposition of a stated, annual, and friendly interchange of commissioners between the two general assemblies.

"The Peoria Assembly at once responded by appointing Rev. Dr. Tustin (who drew up the minutes last year), and Hon. G. Sharswood as principals, and Rev. Dr. Hall, and J. W. Harper, Esq., as alternates. The time for receiving them was appointed for Tuesday afternoon, May 26th, when a large and deeply-moved congregation gathered together in the old and honored church where, a quarter of a century ago, the rupture of these two denominations was effected.* Many who bore part in that momentous struggle were witnesses of this more hallowed revival of a spirit of fraternal confidence and affection. Dr. Tustin delivered a most cordial and eloquent address, touching the deepest sympathies of his eager and hushed audience, as, with tremulous

* The Moderator may have recalled his own presence as a young man of twenty-one, at that scene.

voice, he spoke words of love and peace. The past was forgotten, and hearts were melted in unison. Nor could the applause be restrained when he announced in frank tones that, 'so far as we are concerned, strife is at an end. I come to you bearing aloft the trophies of fraternal love and affection—for love has its triumphs as well as hate, peace as well as war. I come to invite you back to confidence and esteem.'

"The Moderator of the assembly, in a cordial response, reciprocated the heartfelt expressions of Christian affection; reviewed some of the events that marked the separation; and spoke of the long-slumbering desire for such brotherly interchange of Christian feelings. Those that have the same faith, the same polity, the same aims, and the same divine Head, are separated only for a time. Both of these great branches of the Presbyterian church have the same ancestry and the same history; they rehearse their faith in the words of the Westminster Confessions and Catechism. Both adopt the Pauline, the Augustinian, and the Reformed creed, in contrast with Pelagianism, Socinianism, and Arminianism. Both are devoted to our national cause with unswerving loyalty; both share in sympathies and prayers for that unhappy race whose oppression lies so deep among our nation's sins, and whose deliverance and elevation are necessary to secure the peace and unity of our Republic. United now in expressions of mutual confidence and love, we seek not to cast the horoscope of the future. Each branch of the church has its providential work; for a more complete reunion we await the guidance of Divine Providence.

"This impressive scene was concluded by the singing of the hymn, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' etc., and prayer by Rev. Dr. Cox."*

The summer of 1863 is memorable for the "three days' riot" in the city of New York, in opposition to the military draft called for by the government in its exigency. During this reign of terror, Professor Smith, with his family, escaped from the city by almost the only available way—a steamer direct for Portland, where he arrived

* *Am. Pres. and Theol. Review*, July, 1863.

on Saturday morning, greatly to the relief of his friends in that city, as a report that the boat had been captured by pirates had preceded its arrival.

After preaching the next day in Portland, he went out on Monday, ten miles, to Prout's Neck, in Scarborough, a favorite resort of his boyhood, where he afterward spent many summer months. This coast of Maine had a great charm for him, and its air was always invigorating. During these weeks he took his family, one day, to the old home of his grandfather where his uncle, Hon. Horatio Southgate, still lived. With the eager delight of a boy he went round with them, up stairs and down, indoors and out, among the shrubbery in front, and into the large barn behind the house, to the garden and orchard, to the fir-grove and the clear-flowing brook, and above it to the picturesque ledge of rocks cut with the initials of many a household name. After the death of his uncle, the following year, all these passed into the hands of strangers.

After enjoying a reunion with many old friends at Bowdoin College Commencement, he attended the Sabbath Convention at Saratoga, before which, by appointment, he read a paper on "The Philosophy of the Sabbath."

After his return to New York he began to write criticisms and reviews of books for the *Round Table*, by request of its editor, Mr. Sweetser. This he continued to do for several years. He was at this time reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," and he wrote on it, both for the *Round Table* and the *New York Independent*, before writing his more elaborate critique for his *Review*, which appeared the next year.

In January, 1864, he went to Northampton to celebrate the eightieth birth-day of his father-in-law, Rev. Dr. Allen, whose children were all together on that occasion. On his return, alone, to New York, he wrote to his wife:

Give my best love to your father, and tell him how much I enjoyed being with him upon this memorable anniversary. It will be long remembered by all his children. How patriarchal and venerable he looked there in the midst of us! What touching words those were at our prayers this morning—words to be treasured up, and held in long and grateful remembrance.

During the same month he wrote to the mother of his friend Dr. Prentiss:

Dear Madam: Allow me to send a word of heartfelt congratulation that you have been spared to celebrate your eighty-second birthday in the midst of such manifold proofs of the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father. You are associated with many of my youthful remembrances. I still see you and your family in that Gorham cottage, which used to seem to me so pleasant. You are the mother of one of the very best friends of my life. I shall always think of you with gratitude and affection. My mother will be sixty-nine years old in a few days, and I am sure that she would send you a warm greeting if she knew of this occasion.

My wife sends her love, and a bunch of autumn flowers, now that the summer has gone, and of bitter-sweet, the emblem of so much of our varied life. You have known many of the sorrows of life, but also its highest joys. May your remaining days be peaceful, and gilded by the light of a better life. With the most sincere honor and affection,

Yours truly,

Henry B. Smith.

He began with the year to give courses of lectures on History, Mythology, and Æsthetics, at different institutions in the city. He still worked on the revision of Stier, and wrote many notices of books which were often discussions of their subjects, for his *Review*, the *Round Table*, the *Evangelist*, and the *Independent*.

In May he preached, as retiring Moderator, the opening sermon before the General Assembly, at Dayton,

Ohio. "Christian Union and Ecclesiastical Reunion" was its theme, which had long been growing in his heart.

"Of this sermon," wrote Rev. Dr. Prentiss, "this, at least, may be said: It struck the key-note of the great reunion movement in the Presbyterian churches, and pointed out the sure and only way to its happy consummation. No essential feature of the event but was distinctly outlined in this truly irenical, large-hearted, sagacious, and Christian-like discourse."*

"Professor Henry B. Smith, the retiring Moderator, who had at Philadelphia welcomed and warmly responded to the Christian salutations of the first delegation from the Old School, broke ground, in his opening sermon, distinctly and earnestly, in favor of the speedy obliteration of the distinctions which separated us. . . . Nowhere have we seen a fuller and happier statement of the reasons for the measure, the difficulties that might be expected to obstruct it, the basis on which the reunion must be established, and the spirit and method in which it must be pressed."†

The following is one of many letters which he received in reference to this sermon:

"Toledo, Ohio, July 16, 1864.

"Reverend dear Sir: I was a Commissioner to the late General Assembly at Newark, N. J., and was quartered with your friend and admirer, Ira M. Harrison, Esq. During the sessions of our Assembly, I obtained a copy of your sermon preached at the opening of the General Assembly at Dayton. I read it aloud to the family and we quarreled over it. The Harrisons contended that it was New School and I contended that it was Old School doctrine. So pleased was I with the sermon that I had penned a resolution to be offered in our Assembly, requesting our Board of Publication to publish it. It was feared

* Introduction to the volume, "Faith and Philosophy," p. v.

† Historical Sketch of the Reunion, by Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D. *Am. Pres. and Theol. Review*, July, 1867, p. 576.

that such a proposition might not carry because it was unprecedented, but I hope that the sermon may in some form reach every minister in both branches of our church. It will do much to bring about the day of our reunion..

"May God bless you and the whole New School church.

"Yours faithfully,

"E. B. RAFFENSPERGEN."

But his opening sermon was by no means the only service rendered by him at this time to the cause of reunion. As chairman of the Committee on Church Polity, he prepared a report, or declaration, on the subject, which was unanimously adopted, and sent to the Old School Assembly, then in session at Newark, N. J. Fraternal correspondence, as we have seen, had already been initiated between the two bodies; but this memorable "Declaration," embodying the vital points of Professor Smith's sermon, was the first definite, official action taken by either Assembly, in favor of actual reunion. It must be regarded, therefore, as an historical document of the highest value. It is as follows:

"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, in session at Dayton, Ohio, May 25, 1864.

"The Committee on the Polity of the Church, to which was referred the overture of the St. Lawrence Presbytery, upon the reunion of the two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, propose the following declaration, viz:

"1st. That this Assembly cordially welcomes all signs of increased love and union among those who hold to the same facts and doctrines of the Gospel; and bears its solemn testimony, with self-humiliation, against whatever fosters alienation and genders strife among the disciples of our Lord.

"2d. That the tendencies of modern society, the condition of Protestant Christianity, the increase of infidelity, the progress of Romanism, and the present and prospective state of our country, afford powerful arguments against further sub divisions, and

in favor of that union and unity of the church into which it is to grow, and which is to be its consummation; and that we record with unfeigned gratitude our profound conviction that the spirit of disunion and sectarianism is waning, and that the spirit of brotherly kindness and mutual confidence is largely on the increase.

"3d. That in an especial manner are those churches bound to foster this spirit, which adopt the same standards of faith and order, and whose divisions are local, personal and incidental, and for whose reunion there is only needed a wise deference to each other's rights, and a higher measure of Christian charity. Adopting the same formulas of faith and form of government, all that is needed is to receive them in the same spirit.

"4th. That as the churches represented by this Assembly did not inaugurate the separation, so, too, they hold to no principles and views, and would impose no terms inconsistent with a full and cordial reunion, whenever and wherever the will of the Great Head of the church, as indicated by divine providence, may open the way for us all to meet together again on the same basis on which, of old, our fathers stood; and that we should rejoice in such reunion as a pledge of the future prosperity, and an augury of the accelerated growth of the kingdom of Christ through the length and breadth of our land; and that it is our united and fervent prayer to our common Master, that he would so remove all hindrances as to make a plain path for our feet, whereon we may walk together, being of one heart and mind, in the ways of the Lord.

"5th. That while we do not deem it expedient now to appoint such a committee as that asked for in the memorial of the St. Lawrence Presbytery, yet, that this expression of our principles and convictions, with our heartfelt Christian salutations, be transmitted to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in Newark, New Jersey."

The report and recommendation were unanimously adopted.

"This" in the words of Dr. Prentiss, "was the first definite action taken by either Assembly that looked directly to an or-

ganic union of the two severed branches of the Presbyterian Church. All previous action had been tentative and preparatory. In 1862 both Assemblies had been overtured on the subject, and both had decided that it was inexpedient to move further in the matter then. The Old School Assembly, however, proposed fraternal correspondence and an annual interchange of delegates, as has been already stated. In 1863, overtures in favor of reunion were again sent up to the Assembly of the Old School, and it was again deemed inexpedient 'to take, at this time, any decided action with reference to the reunion of the New School and Old School Presbyterian Churches.' But in both branches the reunion sentiment had been steadily growing in extent and power, and when their Assemblies met in 1864, everything was ready for a determined step forward. Professor Smith gave voice and shape to the common feeling in this 'Declaration,' as he had already done in his opening sermon."

To his wife:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 18, 1864.

I arrived here this afternoon, *via* freight train, having twice missed trains, and being separated from my company. My bag and sermon are, I suppose, at Dayton, where I go early to-morrow morning. Some of us have been to see the state house, etc., this evening. It is a fine building, high cupola reverberating incessantly. Arrived at Pittsburg at noon, crowds on crowds at depot; soldiers all along the route, hastening to the war. Fell in with a German Jew, just over, couldn't speak a word of English, helped him along. In the afternoon a German deserter, just caught, crying all the time; didn't know what the provost would do with him; found out, and comforted him by telling him that he would probably be sent right into battle, and not be hung. . . . All going well, if I find my sermon at Dayton.

Dayton, Thursday afternoon.—Got here this morning all right. At Mr. D.'s, a capital place, excellent people, a large, airy room, kind and hospitable family; would that you were here! A pretty full assembly. My sermon went off well enough, I believe. Dr. Brainard elected Moderator this afternoon, so I am released from the responsibility. This is a beautiful place—

roomy, wide streets, good houses, an air of comfort and well-to-do all round. I drove Dr. Brainard (in Mr. D.'s carriage) this afternoon round town, over the Miami River. . . . The Assembly is a very good one, I should think. This evening a prayer-meeting on the state of the country. A large number of my old pupils here. Bright, cool, beautiful, I feel very well indeed.

May 21, *Saturday morning.*—I am on the Committee on Polity, and have something to do, but not too much. Mr. D. gives us a drive every day—last evening to the cemetery, a beautiful spot. Dayton is in a basin, low hills all around; a beautiful, quiet city of 25,000 or 30,000 people, very hospitable and no nonsense about it.

May 23.—A bright morning, thermometer somewhat (not much) under 90°; 'tis Monday morning.

Saturday afternoon a long drive with a party of some twenty to a very beautiful bluff, three or four miles off, with two miles walking and climbing in addition; a beautiful prospect.

The mound, supposed to be an old Indian fortification, two miles round, five or six hundred years old, at least; "scientific," says General McCook of the army, who was with us, and expounded and explained the whole matter, through all the military categories.

Yesterday (Sunday) hotter than need be. I heard Dr. Brainard in the morning, and in the evening preached for Dr. Thomas, the Old School minister, a first-rate Union man, both in Church and State. I am as busy as can be. . . . The flowers are from the Indian fortification.

Thursday, May 26.—Things are moving on well in the Assembly. Grand news this morning from Grant. Our meeting yesterday afternoon for the country was very interesting. Dr. Thomas made a noble speech. I have drawn up a minute on reunion, adopted yesterday by our Assembly, and to be sent to the O. S. Assembly, making no formal proposition, but expressing our willingness, etc., should Providence favor. Today I present a minute on Calvin, and make a speech on him on Friday evening.

Saturday morning, May 28.—Last evening we had the Calvin Tercentenary, a long meeting. I was to have made the long speech, but the others crowded me into the twenty minutes before ten o'clock, so that I had not much time; but I believe I kept them awake.*

There is really very little to report to you, except that we are having a good time generally, and shall probably be through today; leave Monday, be home on Wednesday.

After his return to New York he wrote an introduction to a book by Mrs. Charles, "The Early Dawn," republished by Mr. Dodd. This was the occasion of the following letter from Professor Lieber:

"New York, August 9, 1864.

"My dear Friend: I see that you have written a preface to a work (I forget the title of it) by the author of the 'Cotta Family.' Pray tell me who she is, and where she lives, for I understand the author is a woman. As to the 'Cotta Family,' the first two-thirds of which I consider most excellent, true and edifying, the curious fact occurred that Horace Binney—you know the *honorable*, glorious old man of eighty-four in Philadelphia—wrote to me to read by all means a work called the 'Cotta Family,' on the same day that I wrote the same thing to him, so that our letters about the same book must have crossed one another at Trenton, or wherever else the mail-bags exchanged. Binney, too, wants to know who the author is. If there be a secret about it, I promise not to tell any one, although I do not see why the public should be deprived of the pleasure

* In his sermon at Dayton he also spoke of Calvin, and in words which might have been used in describing himself: "Indefatigable in trial, though borne down by many infirmities, knowing more of life's duties than its recreations—devoted to the Church of God, for which he lived. A man of spare but wiry frame, of keen yet calm visage, of an inflexible will, poised on truth, and ever pointing to duty like the magnet to the pole, with an eagle eye that saw afar and yet minutely. . . . He never spoke or wrote much about himself, for he was one of the few men so absorbed in his work, that he esteemed self but a very little thing." There the resemblance ends, for Calvin's enemies called him "a man of ice and iron."

—I would almost call it the comfort of settling its thanks on a distinct individuality. Do you not agree with me that we love to individualize a work of literature, of art, a great deed—and to bring it home to a distinct individual? I go even farther. I like to see the features of such a being. What would we not give to see a true portrait of Columbus, or Aristotle, or St. John?

"You must have been amazed, as I was, at the full and deep understanding of the psychology of the Reformation, when you entered deeper and deeper in the 'Cotta Family.' I first heard of the book, when my wife, who presided over the book-shop at the Metropolitan Fair, told me that there was a greater call for the 'Cotta Family' than for any other book. I hear she is an English woman. Is it so? And is this another instance of an English book being far more valued in America than in England? There are several works of the kind on record, and you could write a very suggestive paper on this subject. Gratify my curiosity and believe me always,

"Your very sincere friend,

"FRANCIS LIEBER."

Soon after his return from Dayton he had a most grateful surprise. The insertion of the following letters, which tell the story, needs no apology. So remarkable an instance of disinterested friendship, in both its honored originator and those who helped to carry out his generous design, could not be omitted in the history of the life which it exceedingly cheered and enriched.

Mr. Bancroft to Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D.:

"NEW YORK, March 2, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. ADAMS: A man of letters can perhaps judge best of the merits and the wants of a brother man of letters. I know you agree with me in thinking Dr. Henry B. Smith one of the ablest men in New York; in truth it would be hard to find, in this country or in England, a man who in his line of study excels him in comprehensiveness and exactness of knowledge, or

in historical criticism and the philosophy of history. His works establish his reputation and prove his prodigious and, I must say, excessive industry. Now the path in life and the character of the pursuits which he has chosen cut him off from the opportunity of gain. His writings are devoted to the public good without much prospect of an adequate remuneration; and he is connected with no wealthy congregation to care for him in health and sickness. For these reasons I have long had in my mind to propose that a sum be raised to pay off and cancel the mortgage which, I happen to know, exists on his house. I am animated with the desire to bring this about simply by the esteem and sympathy to which his rare merits and superior scholarship entitle him. If you will undertake a subscription for the purpose, I will send you five hundred dollars as my share, so soon as you will let me know the subscription is full.

"I am ever, my dear Dr. Adams, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE BANCROFT."

NEW YORK, June 12, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. BANCROFT: Dr. Adams has told me of the good fortune which is awaiting me; and he has shown me that letter of yours which led to all this, and which will make me proud and grateful toward you all my life.

Nothing more unexpected could have come to me; it is like lifting a dead weight, and gives me a deep sense of relief. It has done for me what I had supposed would take ten years of work. Only I shrink from the obligations the gift seems to impose, lest I do not prove worthy of your confidence and generosity. But it lays me under new bonds to do my best.

I can truly say, that nothing of the kind has ever so deeply touched my heart, as this spontaneous expression of your generous friendship. While I have ever counted the friendship with which you have honored me among the rarest felicities of my humble life; yet I must also confess, that it has been hard for me to believe that such a man as yourself could really regard me with any partiality. But I must now interpret your constant kindness in a larger spirit.

For mere popular favor I have had but little care, being ill-fitted for it. But I have coveted the esteem of a few of the wise

and good, because I could enjoy something of their worth and wisdom, and because I wished to be like them.

I cannot tell you all I think and feel about you; but I can at least pray, with thankfulness, for your welfare.

May you be abundantly blessed, and, in part, for the good you have done to others, and to your sincere and grateful friend,

HENRY B. SMITH.

"June 13, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. SMITH: Undoubtedly you have contracted an obligation to those you refer to; and it is to spare yourself and take better care of your health. That is all; and I sincerely hope you will conform to your part of the compact. I honor and love Dr. Adams, for the calm determination and good judgment and effective activity with which he met my wishes which were his own. And he had vastly more weight than I. We are off to Newport to-morrow, but I shall come back rather earlier than usual, and shall be then, as now,

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE BANCROFT."

"NEW YORK, June 16, 1864.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Herewith I enclose for your perusal a letter which I had the honor to receive from Mr. George Bancroft. That letter will explain itself. Accompanying it is a check on the Bank of New York, for *five thousand and one hundred dollars* ($5,100), payable to your order, which you will please accept as a small expression of the high esteem in which you are held by the friends in whose behalf I am acting, and by many others, who, had they been informed of it, would have delighted to participate in the proposal originated by Mr. Bancroft. Though his letter was addressed to me, the pleasure of accomplishing its intention has been shared by me with our common friend Rev. Dr. Prentiss. Praying that a kind Providence may spare you long to your family and friends, and the Church of Christ, in increasing usefulness and happiness, I remain, my dear sir, yours very cordially, in every expression of respect and affection,

"WILLIAM ADAMS.

"P. S.—It is proper that I should add the names of the persons who are represented in this matter :

George Bancroft,	Tredwell Ketcham,	R. M. McCurdy,
Joseph Howland,	Samuel R. Schieffelin,	John C. Baldwin,
William E. Dodge,	James Smith,	M. M. Backus,
Hanson K. Corning,	Jonathan Sturges,	George W. Lane,
John R. Ford,	David Hoadley,	Norman White,
Edward Woolsey,	William A. Booth,	George F. Betts,
Marshall O. Roberts,	Charles Scribner,	Charles H. Leonard."
Wm. Curtis Noyes,	George B. Deforest,	
Charles Butler,	William Bronson,	

NewYork, 34 East 25th Street, June 17, 1864.

My dear Dr. Adams : I cannot fitly express to you and to those in whose name you wrote me, my deep sense of your great liberality in sending, in this most unexpected way, a sum more than sufficient to pay off the mortgage upon my house. To me it is a large gift, lightening the cares of life, and making me feel stronger and better for the work I have to do. I accept it, thankful to you, and thankful to Him, the great Giver, whose service is our common work and our common joy. And yet I can truly say, that I value this expression of confidence on the part of such men as have aided in this benefaction, much more than I do the gift itself. To be honored by their regard is indeed an honor and a reward. The too partial letter of Mr. Bancroft, in which I understand it originated, the friendly zeal of yourself and of Dr. Prentiss, and the honored names attached to your letter, demand of me the most grateful recognition ; I trust, if God give me grace and strength, that I may not prove wholly unworthy of this evidence of your favor. Life looks fairer and better when crowned with the esteem of the wise and the good. May He who blesses the cheerful giver, bestow upon you all abundant tokens of his loving-kindness.

Your sincere and grateful friend,

Henry B. Smith.

Hon. George Bancroft:

NEW YORK, 34 EAST 25TH STREET, July 5, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: Being out of town, I did not receive your last note in time to call upon you, as I had intended to do before you left town.

Next week we all leave, for the summer. In August I hope to be among the Adirondack hills with a clerical party, studying the theology of nature.

In an entertaining volume, Mayor's Cambridge, in the seventeenth century, I have lately come across a curious fact about Herbert's lines—in his posthumous Church Militant:

> "Religion stands a tip-toe on our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand;"

that when Herbert's literary executor, the saintly Nicholas Ferrar, applied to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge (Dr. Laney), for a license, the latter refused to grant it, unless these lines should be stricken out, and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to go out without them. At last the functionary yielded, saying: "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and knew that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book."

An interesting collection might be made of such prophetic anticipations about our country, showing how strongly the hopes of wise and good men turned to these Western shores, as if here a "goodlier Eden" were to be realized. Mr. Tuckerman, in his recent volume on American Commentators, has a notable passage from Lafayette, foretelling the joy with which any division of our States would be hailed by the aristocrats of Europe.

In July, 1864, he delivered the address before the Society of Inquiry of Amherst College, at Commencement; and, two days later, repeated it before the Literary Societies of Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio. On his journey home, he received news which hastened his return to Northampton, where he arrived not till after the death of a lovely young niece, who had accom-

panied him to Amherst, to hear his address, the previous week.

HUDSON, OHIO, July 14, 1864.

MY DEAREST WIFE: I am—not—dead; on the contrary, I have got through very well indeed, easier and better than at Amherst; a houseful, after the commencement exercises, and yet I managed to keep their attention and to get off my "piece."

A nice place here, at President Cutler's. Mrs. ——— took her baby to church to hear me this afternoon. I believe I kept it awake all the time.

Really this trip and stimulus have, thus far, done me good.

July 15. . . . The college made me an LL.D. yesterday!

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS, July 25, 1864.

MY DEAR GEORGE: E. has written your wife about the sad scenes we have been passing through. The loss of C. is a great grief to all of us; but I think, too, it has heightened our faith, and made us feel more deeply the reality of the hopes and promises of the Gospel.

I have as yet had but little rest; but am now beginning to be quiet. I got through at Hudson very well, in spite of my fatigue, and am glad I went. It is a pleasant, quiet, studious place. I spent the next Sunday at Cleveland, and preached for Hawks, and was the guest of John A. Foote, a member of the last Assembly, brother of the Admiral, and a most hospitable man.

Then across the lake to Buffalo, and saw your successor, Clarke, and Heacock, etc. Thence to Niagara Falls, and preached the installation sermon for Doggett, whose name I sent them four months ago; met several of my old students, and enjoyed the grandeur of the Falls. The same day received news of C—'s illness, and came through, traveling night and day. The funeral was on Thursday afternoon. To-day, we all go up to Ashfield, for the rest of the week, and then back here next Sunday, to preach, etc. Whether we shall go to Conway, or stay round here, is still uncertain. Dr. Allen is quite feeble. . . . I hold fast, still, to the Adirondac scheme, as the crown of this summer's trip.

I wish and wish that you and yours were here. We would then find some quiet place which would satisfy us all for the summer.

There is little to record of the following months, besides a variety of literary work. He began with the year 1865 to be a regular editorial correspondent of the *New York Evangelist*, still writing for other periodicals, among them Mr. Sherwood's new monthly, *Hours at Home*. For his *Review* his chief articles were those on "Whedon on the Will," "Mill versus Hamilton," and the "Analysis and Outline of Julius Müller's System of Dogmatics."

In April he preached at Northampton, a sermon on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, written in the glow of feeling aroused by that event.*

On the thirtieth of April, the "Church of the Covenant," a beautiful edifice, on one of the finest sites in the city, was consecrated to the public worship of God. On this occasion, Professor Smith made, with a full heart, the prayer of consecration. This church was the object of his special affection so long as he lived, and before its pulpit he lay in death.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It does not seem possible that you are to celebrate your seventieth birthday; that used to be a good age, three score years and ten! We ought to be with you, and make something of the day, as your friends will do in Portland. Would that I could be there too, and I would if it were at all feasible. It is a long time to look back upon, and to you it must be, in many things, a grateful retrospect, in view of all that God, through His grace, has enabled you to be and do to so many around you. But your sons owe you more of thanks and devotion than all the rest together. . . . And it is such a com-

* This was published in a volume entitled "Our Martyr President," etc., containing sermons and orations. New York—Tibbals and Whiting, 1865.

fort to us to think that we can do any thing to lighten the cares and burdens of your declining years. So that I can really say that I am glad you are not rich, for then I could not have added my mite for your comfort. Without you how different might have been the course of my life ! I thank God every day in remembrance of you. May you find the peace and blessedness of the Christian faith, which you taught us to know more fully, to be growing brighter and brighter within you unto the perfect day.

New York, April 15, 1865.

My dear Mother : This terrible news about the assassination of Lincoln seems too horrible to be believed. Such a crime had never yet been perpetrated in this country—on Good Friday, too. The news this afternoon is that Seward and his son are also both dead. What an unspeakable calamity ! How it shows the hellish character of this rebellion ! It is an appalling disclosure of the depths of wickedness in the ardent advocates of the secession. I hope it will put a stop to that good-natured sentimentality which was ready to receive back all these rebels and let them play over again their foul plots. Our only safety is in expelling the leaders or in executing them. We shall have plot on plot unless this be done. It makes me feel sick at heart to think what awful crimes men can commit. But God, who has allowed all this, will surely overrule it for some good and wise end. Abraham Lincoln has done a great work in his day, and done it well. His place is made in history and in the gratitude of his country. No wiser or better man have we had for many a year. He will be venerated now as a martyr to a great cause.

To Rev. Professor George P. Fisher, D.D. :

Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., May 6, 1865.

My dear Professor Fisher : You make out a strong case against me in the way of authorities. I had forgotten, *e. g.*, that Erdmann was so explicit, but I stick to the text and the nature of things. This interpretation of Spinoza comes, I think, from Hegel, and Hegel interpreted by his distinctions. My view is that the distinction between the subjective and objective factors

in knowledge was not one of Spinoza's metaphysical and mathematical times, but came in with the later psychology and more critical analysis of the knowing process. Spinoza had not got on that point.

Spinoza's method was avowedly mathematical, and that, it seems to me, would lead him to consider the attributes as inhering in, and not externally imposed upon, the substance.

His definition of attributes is (Ethica, Pars I., Def. iv.) "id quod intellectus de substantia percipit *tanquam ejusdem essentiam* CONSTITUENS." Erdmann interprets "intellectus" here as merely external and subjective; as if our intellect *added* these attributes to the substance; but S. says only that *intellect* sees, that these attributes CONSTITUTE the essence.

In Ethics, Pars II., Prop. i.: "Cogitatio attributum Dei est, sive Deus *est* res cogitans:" so, too, Prop. ii.: "Deus est res extensa." These are meant to be real definitions of the divine essence.

Look, too, at Prop. xi. of Ethics, Pars I.: God necessarily exists "infinitis attributis, quorum unamquodque æternam et infinitam essentiam exprimit." This can't be reconciled with Erdmann's interpretation.

I grant a difficulty about the Spinozistic system, whichever interpretation be adopted. But Erdmann's view seems to me to destroy its whole *logical* character, its strictly (meant to be so) *deductive* method. He makes, it seems to me, the transition from the infinite to the finite, with the *modes* (affections) and not with the *attributes*. How could he say, that the one substance exists in "infinite attributes"—if these attributes mean only—what *our intellect* adds to his substance?

I have looked hastily over Feuerbach: he does not make the specific statement of Erdmann, but puts the thing more in Spinozistic terms without any such criticism or reflection from another standpoint.

I have not time now to look up the matter further; examinations, etc., going on. Perhaps I shall find time to say more by-and-by.

I haven't Orelli's book. I have a reference, which I cannot now look up, to Sigwart's Spinozismus (Tübingen, 1839) as opposing Erdmann's views.

During the following summer, after continuous preaching and work, he showed signs of weariness and exhaustion. In August he went to Keene Valley among the Southern Adirondacs, where, with his family and a party of friends, he thoroughly enjoyed the fine air and scenery. He made long excursions through the forests and up the mountains, fishing, boating, and camping out.* He stayed till the middle of September when he returned to his seminary work.

KEENE FLATS, August 14, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wish you were here. We are having grand times, the air is most exhilarating, company pleasant, all my family together, and all improving fast. I never gained more in the same time than during the past week. E. has told you of our projected trip thro' some of the finest parts of the Adirondacs. The view from Mount Marcy is grand. The lakes, and ponds, and streams all around are very beautiful, and this is just the time of year to feel the full contrast with the heat of the towns. We are all in a one-story, black, old house, and enjoy it fully; plenty of cream, butter, bread, eggs—all delicious—good hosts. Our young folks have started a Sunday school. I have preached the past two Sundays—the first preaching (except Methodist) here for several years. The people are primitive, hospitable, cordial, glad to see us all.

To the same:

NEW YORK, November 11, 1865.

The seminary is fuller than ever, and with a very good class of students. Many of them have served in the U. S. army, and show by their manliness the good effects of hard training. I think the prospects of the seminary never were so bright as now. There is a very serious and devout spirit among the students, and the directors are showing more and more interest in our affairs.

* On one of these excursions, Phelps, the well-known guide, claimed for him and his companion the first exploration of the Au Sable Gorge, "two thousand feet of precipices on each side."

At a meeting of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, in January, 1866, Professor Smith was appointed chairman of the committee to report at the general meeting which was expected to be held the next summer in Amsterdam. Later, he was appointed a delegate to that meeting.

He was a member of the General Assembly which met at St. Louis, in May. He did important work as chairman of the committee on Polity, drawing up its report on reunion ; * as chairman of the committee to reply to the fraternal letter of the Free Church of Scotland ; * and also in preparing the report of the committee on the State of the Country.* The Old School General Assembly held its annual meeting at the same time in St. Louis.

Two joint meetings of a fraternal and religious character were held with the most auspicious results. At the close of one of these, the whole audience rose, as if spontaneously, in response to a resolution that reunion was desirable and practicable. At the united communion service, a still deeper feeling of Christian union was engendered.†

To his wife :

St. Louis, Friday, May 18.

We arrived here safely (and coolly) on Thursday morning, two o'clock, and went to the Lindell House, a splendid affair. After breakfast to Assembly, which was duly opened ; a good sermon on prayer by Shaw. Professor Hopkins of Auburn is Moderator.

I found them all ready for me at Mr. Shepley's, near the church ; as comfortable as need be. They are very kind, and I shall have a good time. The Assembly is a very fair one, as you will see by the roll.

* See Appendix, C, D, E.

† "General Assembly at St. Louis," H. B. S.—*Am. Pres. and Theol. Review*, July, 1866.

Sunday, May 20.—At length a day of rest, no preaching but hearing, and a coolish day after our hot experiences for two or three days past.

There are so many ministers here, in proportion to the pulpits, that I have escaped preaching, and this morning heard Dr. McCosh in the O. S. church; he is to preach in Dr. Nelson's (N. S.) this evening. He gave us a very good, interesting, earnest sermon, on the Broad Church and the Narrow Church, with abundant illustrations, in a very decided Scotch accent. I have letters by him (of introduction) from Professor Gibson of Belfast and Mr. Carter of New York, and shall introduce him to our Assembly to-morrow.

The two Assemblies are to have religious services together to-morrow morning, and the communion together, probably on Tuesday. The O. S. are determined to put down the secession element and are bravely at work on it, having already put the Louisville Presbytery in durance. Dr. Thomas, of Dayton, made a telling speech to them on Saturday. Dr. Stanton, their Moderator, in reply to our N. S. delegate (Nelson), was very cordial, and distinctly referred to reunion.

As far as our Assembly is concerned, all the papers about reunion are in my hands (as chairman of committee on Polity), but it is not yet time to do anything with them.

The last news we have here from Europe looks more warlike; what if, after all, we have to give up our voyage? If Austria, Prussia, and Italy were at war, it seems to me very doubtful whether the Evangelical Alliance meeting would be held. So we had better, I think, prepare ourselves to be very philosophical about it, if war should actually break forth and we be compelled to stay at home.

May 25.—Yesterday our Assembly went to Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain, the most remarkable deposit of iron conceivable, two millions of tons a year for two hundred years and of the purest sort.

Before I go to Europe Dr. McCosh wants to have a meeting of our Evangelical Alliance in New York.

The Old School are in extremely hot water, as you will see by the papers. Both Assemblies will ultimately pass a resolution

for a committee of fifteen of each on reunion, to sit in the interim and report next year. I am seeing considerable of Dr. Boardman and some other O. S. men, and am very busy.

I've just finished a Report on the State of the Country, which I will send you, a pretty strong document. I have also to draw up a Reply to the letter of the Free Church of Scotland. But I keep well.

May 27.—My Report on the State of the Country, which I sent you, went through the Assembly very straight. I also made the Report on Reunion, which was unanimously adopted, for a committee of fifteen from each Assembly, to consult during the next year. So this affair is in as good a condition as need be.

CARS, BALTIMORE AND OHIO ROAD, Wednesday, May 30.

I have just determined to go to Washington to-night, as I have not seen the capital for many a year, and it will detain me only a day. This road is certainly magnificent, though, as you see by my writing, it is an irregular sort of beauty. No N. S. person on board, but a whole lot of Southern Baptist ministers (of one of whom I have just borrowed this pencil), fresh from the Southern Convention at Louisville, and thinking that they are now the true Union men, and that Northern radicals are dis-unionists.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

ST. LOUIS, May 27, 1866.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Yesterday our Assembly voted *unanimously* to raise a committee of Conference to meet a similar committee from the O. S. in the recess of the Assemblies and confer on reunion. I drew up our Report. Dr. Gurley addressed our Assembly admirably. No names are yet announced. The whole thing is in just the right state.

My Report on the State of the Country, which is strong enough even for you, went through square and straight, though some have since expressed doubts about "politics;" and on one or two points the majority of the committee, especially that old war-horse, Beman, were a little ahead of me. But, I think, it will, on the whole, do. I am also drawing up a letter of reply

to the Free Church of Scotland. I'm having a first-rate time, meeting many O. S. and other men. The O. S. passed the resolution for the committee on Reunion quite unanimously, though —— and others say, in the expectation that the Conference would disclose irreconcilable differences. We shall see.

The O. S. majority mean to drive the Louisville men to the wall; but I'm afraid they are doing it with too high a hand, after the example of the exscinding acts.

Many, many thanks to you and your wife (to whom give my love) for all your great kindness to my family during our breaking up times. I shall not forget it.

Dr. McCosh will come back to New York about June 13th, and wants to have an Evangelical Alliance meeting before I go to Europe—some two or three hundred ministers and others.

From Rev. Dr. Skinner:

"NEWPORT, June 13, 1866.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: Thanks for your very kind note. How happy should I be, to see and hear Dr. McCosh to-morrow evening; and to see *you*, face to face, before your departure. I am very glad you are going, and shall earnestly pray for your protection. I wish you were less restricted as to time. I read with special interest the reports from St. Louis, and marked particularly what they contained about yourself. Labor is your portion, go where you will—the inevitable penalty of your having performed so much of it and all so well. The Alliance, very probably, will not spare you. May your strength be as your day, and your happiness more than proportionate to your work. For our country's sake, I rejoice in your mission. You will know what to say as the representative and how to say it. God's richest mercies be with you, my dear brother and friend.

"I shall commend you in constant prayer to the safe keeping of God our heavenly father.

"Yours in the bonds of strictest friendship,

"THO. H. SKINNER."

CHAPTER IX.

GERMANY REVISITED.—1866.

On the sixteenth of June, 1866, Professor Smith sailed, with his wife, for Havre. At the end of a delightful voyage, made in company with a party of dear friends, the news met him that war was actually declared, and, consequently, there would be no meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. But although he failed to accomplish this main object of his trip, other desirable ends were attained, and the summer was spent with great enjoyment and benefit to his health.

In Paris he met De Tassy, De Pressensé, Laboulaye, Monod, Grandpierre and others; and his stay in that city included the Fourth of July and its celebration by the resident Americans, in the Près Catelan.

He then went directly, by way of Cologne, to Berlin. There his youth came back to him. He had hardly arrived, after his long night-journey, when he hastened to the University; and thither he went before eight o'clock, morning after morning. He heard Twesten and Hengstenberg, Dorner, Michelet and Trendelenburg, and received many kind attentions from them. After a few days spent in revisiting his old friends and haunts, and the chief objects of interest in Berlin and Potsdam, he went to Halle, where he received a most affectionate welcome from Professor and Mrs. Tholuck, and from Professor Ulrici and his family. He walked and talked with Tholuck as of old, and heard him lecture, as well as Ulrici, Scheller and Julius Müller. It was like old times, although the presence at the tea-table of several

of his own Union Seminary students reminded him of the many years that had passed since those pleasures were his before.

A similar joy awaited him in Leipsic, in the meeting with his friends Professor and Mrs. Kahnis. The war was an engrossing subject there as in Halle. Professor Kahnis had a sick soldier quartered in his house, and the lint-making around the table in the evening was a reminder of our own happily-past war times. A choice company of Leipsic professors and scholars were brought together to meet the old friend from America.

He made two visits to Professor Tischendorf, then in the height of his enthusiasm in regard to the Sinaitic Codex. As a result of these visits, a copy of the imperial edition of the Codex was afterwards purchased for the library of Union Seminary, which was also other wise enriched by purchases made at this time.

After short visits to Dresden, the Wartburg, Nuremberg, Augsburg,* and Munich, he proceeded by way of Lake Constance, and through the valley of the upper Rhine, to Davos am Platz, in the high Pratigau valley. Here he had expected to meet Professor Tholuck, who, however, was deterred by the uncertainties of journeying in war times, from accomplishing his purpose. But a fortnight later, they met in Basle at a large conference of German clergymen. His diary of that date records: "Evening with Tholuck. Old times—and hereafter."

After a few days of travel in Switzerland, he spent a delightful Sunday at Neuchatel, with his dear old friend, Professor Godet. Thence he went to Geneva and Chamouni, and, through Paris, to England. In Oxford he had, as he wrote, a "remarkably nice time," spent mostly with Dr. Mansel, who courteously went the rounds of the colleges with him.

* Here he found the old hall where Luther stood before the council so thronged that he could scarcely gain admittance; the children of the schools were receiving their annual prizes.

He sailed from Liverpool on the third of October. The passage was long and rough. During a severe storm he was struck down by a heavy inrush of water, as he stood talking on the deck, swept under it back and forth, "drowned to all intents," as he said, and, on recovering his consciousness, found that his shoulder was dislocated. After various painful expedients had been tried in vain for two hours, he rose, and gave directions to the surgeon and his assistants, following which, in a few minutes all was made right. That night while he lay, feeble and sleepless, in his berth, the large, heavily-laden steamer, *Denmark*, was in extreme peril, lying for a time, unmanageable, in the trough of the sea. But the good hand of God brought him safely through the danger, to his desired haven, and to a doubly joyful meeting with his children and friends.

The next week he began his lectures at the Seminary, and soon he was again in the thick of work.

To General Joseph Howland:

PARIS, July 15, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND: We received, yesterday, ——'s letter, telling us what a fine time she was having with you; and wished ourselves there, too, away from the glare and heat, and noise, and varieties of this Nouvel Paris—as the French are now calling it. We leave to-morrow for Cologne and Berlin, thence to Switzerland, in August, and back here the first of September. Our journey, thus far, has been prosperous, though the last week here has been very hot.

I heard Mignet at the Academy pronounce a brilliant eulogy on De Tocqueville; it was a rare occasion. I just missed being present a week ago when Laboulaye received his American album,* with which he was highly pleased. My note inviting me was delayed; but I shall see him and Rousseau St. Hilaire when I return.

My wife, who sends best love to you and Mrs. Howland, is

* An album filled with photograph likenesses of prominent Americans.

doing very well, though longing for quiet and coolness and the pastures of the Lord.

I heard Bersier preach a finished discourse this morning, and De Pressensé a week ago; the latter is full of thought and fire.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

PARIS, July 16, 1866.

MY DEAR GEORGE: We are just leaving for Cologne and Berlin, meaning to *try*, at least, and get a sight of my German friends; though the traveling from north to south of Germany is at some points broken, yet the through routes east and west are still open. Would that you and your wife were with us! Give my love to her and the children. The prospects of peace are still distant: Prussia and Italy are both in earnest to acquire more, and are advancing; it is doubtful whether Napoleon's mediation will be successful as yet. We are well, though the heat has been severe. After all, the Evangelical Alliance will not meet till next spring; this puts me in a kind of a fix; but I will make some arrangement about it when I return. The Hitchcocks are here, and go to Switzerland to-morrow. I am hungering for a line from you. Love to Stearns, etc.

DAVOS AM PLATZ, SWITZERLAND, August 14, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Here we are in the canton of Grisons, in the eastern part of Switzerland, in a village 5,000 feet high, among the glaciers and snow banks of the Alps, with the thermometer ranging for the last few days from 40° to 50°, and a constant succession of showers—really in a *shivering* state. Tholuck comes here to-morrow; and on Monday next (20th) we leave and go to Basle, to the annual ministers' meeting of Switzerland, for two or three days. Then we shall go through the Swiss Overland to Germany and reach Paris about the 1st or 5th of September, and home early in October. Our German journey was in all respects delightful; we were at Berlin, Halle, Leipsic and Dresden, the Wartburg, Nuremberg and Munich. My old friends, Twesten, Tholuck, Ulrici, and Kahnis, and others received us most cordially—and their wives, too. The war made us very little trouble; I have been asked for my passport only once since I left Paris. In Nuremberg there were

12,000 Prussians newly arrived; but everything was as orderly as in times of peace. Germany I like as much as ever; it has been one of the great wishes of my life to come back here and bring my wife with me, and now it has been fulfilled. It seemed strange as well as pleasant to find my old teachers still in their lecture rooms, and teaching students as of old. It made me almost feel young again. Tholuck and his wife are the same as ever. She is just now wearing herself out in taking care of the wounded soldiers who crowd the hospitals; and she is just as lovely as when I first saw her with Tholuck at Kissingen. Tholuck told us of this secluded place, and we await him here. We hope before we leave to make expeditions to some of the glaciers which lie all around us. Here, too, we saw, for the first time, papers giving accounts of your terrible fire in Portland—what a fearful time you must have had! It is difficult to believe that all those churches and buildings have been swept away. I have been hoping every day to hear from you some particulars; but we have not heard a word from you.

Dear mother, I want to see you very, very much, and hope and pray that our Heavenly Father may spare us to meet again.

(Translation.)

From Prof. Tholuck to H. B. S.:

"HALLE, December 8, 1866.

"DEAR FRIEND: Various hindrances, the Bavarian railroad among the rest, so interfere with my coming to Davos, that I can not say definitely as to my coming, only *about* the 24th or 25th. Since such hindrances in traveling cannot always be foreseen, it is possible that your arrival will also be delayed.

"I still hope for the joy of quietly being together with you both. Should this not be, still your beloved image has been so freshened in my mind, that it will remain before my inward eye even till my departure.

"In Christ eternally united,

"Yours,

"A. THOLUCK."

LONDON, September 23, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Here we are among English people and ways, and cooking, and comforts again—and with our faces

set homeward. We have been here about a week, and leave probably on Wednesday for Scotland, and sail from Liverpool on the 3d of October, hoping to arrive in New York by the 14th or 15th. The thought of coming home again makes us very happy, for we long to see our dear children and our dear parents, and all those friends for whom nothing abroad can be a compensation. Our three weeks in Switzerland were very pleasant. Our week here has been much pleasanter, though many of the persons we hoped to see are still out of town, and though the London fog and rain are at their thickest. It is indeed a gloomy atmosphere, but the people are much better, though they generally contrive by a sure instinct to get on the wrong side in American politics.

34 East 25th Street, New York, October 19, 1866.

My dear Mother: We arrived safely on Tuesday afternoon—a passage of thirteen days. The first ten days were pleasant and quiet, but we had then a storm of thirty-six hours, violent—the severest I have ever been out in. I was taken off my feet by one rush of the waves (three or four feet of water), and whirled about between decks, with the captain and two or three others; and when I came to myself I found my shoulder dislocated (the same right shoulder as last year). It took two doctors and two captains, and two extra hands, about two hours of hard work to get it back again. This was last Sunday night, and this is the first letter I have written since.

We found all our children here well—very well. I trust we are grateful for our preservation and our meeting again. But my arm is too feeble and tired to write more.

The following letter from Professor Tholuck refers to this accident:

(Translation.)

Prof. Tholuck to H. B. S.:

"Halle, October 7, 1867.

"Heartily beloved Friend: With deep interest and sorrowing sympathy I learned of your accident on your voyage home. I am very desirous to know whether, through God's favor, all serious consequences were averted.

"Short as was the time of our reunion, it was equally dear, partly because we have now also the image of your dear wife, partly because your own has been renewed to me. I found no difference from the old one, except that, having forgotten how unlike you and Prentiss were in regard to vivacity, your quietness of manner was an unexpected trait. However, I well know, indeed, how deep are the waters under the calm surface.

"As to myself, although on the verge of sixty, God still preserves to me all my active powers as fresh as ever, excepting that of writing. On the 21st of June we celebrated the jubilee of our union with Wittenberg, and as, on this occasion, the authorities conferred on me the same distinctions which are given on personal jubilees, it seemed to me almost as if my own had been celebrated. During the years that remain, may I be kept in so much the more thankful fidelity, and may I have also the joy of still showing affection to some of your countrymen."

"With truest, old love, and hearty greetings to your dear wife from me and mine,

"Yours,

"A. THOLUCK."

The following pages are taken from a lecture entitled "Germany Revisited," which was delivered in the chapel of the Church of the Covenant, in January, 1867.

After some general introductory remarks in regard to Germany and the prominence of the Germans in scientific invention and philosophic thought, he speaks more particularly of the potent influence of Germany in the political and religious history of Europe, and proceeds thus:

. . . By the Thirty Years' War Europe was saved to the Reformation. And the last summer has shown what a thirty days' war can effect under competent leaders. . . . In one aspect this is the old conflict between the North and the South, in which the South has never yet succumbed; in a higher aspect, it is the conflict between mediæval and modern ideas. . . .

Such general reflections would naturally come into the mind of any traveler in central Germany during the past summer, on witnessing the momentous changes there going on with such bewildering rapidity. The Prussians seemed to be omnipresent, and state after state reeled before their well-planned blows, until on the old Bohemian fighting-ground, on the field of Sadowa (or Königgrätz), Austria lay at the feet of its northern conqueror, and was ignominiously expelled from the German Confederation which it had so long hampered. Just at this time, in the middle of the ever-memorable month of July, it was my good fortune to revisit these German scenes, after an absence of more than a quarter of a century; and to see a nation, formerly absorbed in industrial, philosophic and literary aims, now well-nigh intoxicated with a martial ambition and success, such as it had not known since the days of Frederick the Great (the "Old Fritz," as the Germans call him), whom Carlyle has vainly endeavored, in six volumes full of brilliancy, wit and paradox, to transform into a moral hero, worthy of the veneration of mankind.

But before speaking of this great political change, which involves so much bearing upon the future destiny of Europe, we must glance at some of the more general aspects of the country, as they strike the eye of a traveler, after the lapse of nearly a generation. . . . How changed, yet how familiar seems every object on which the eye gazes! . . . The changes in ourselves we transfer to the outward world. The past comes over us like a dream. We gaze with a kind of reverence on what we formerly saw in a careless and familiar way. The distances have become contracted; what was once grand seems common, what was once common seems hallowed. In the changes of life we see something of its meaning and mystery. Would that we could be as once we were! Would that the past could be recalled in fact as well as in remembrance! Would that those old dreams and aspirations had been better realized! Would that we were now what it then seemed that we might be and become — that we might not have to repeat with such a sad meaning those saddest of words, "What might have been!"

But amid all these changes, here again was nature the same

as of old; rivers, hills, plains, the vine-clad slopes, the cultured fields spread out in their beauty, and arched by the same blue vault above: the heavens and the earth change not until their appointed time, while man, the pilgrim, wanders on and on.

And the scene which first greeted our eyes in coming out of Belgium into Germany, brought us at once to what is characteristic of the country. Over the new and massive bridge of stone, our train crossed the lordly Rhine, and, near the bank of the river, left us at the station, face to face with a scene which brought out the whole contrast between the new and the old. Just above was the long bridge of boats, as of yore; the Rhine rushed swiftly by; just before us was the grand Cologne Cathedral, but it was like a new and splendid vision. The ruin had become a temple; the squalid huts which erst jutted close up to the very buttresses were all taken away; a full view of the transcendent structure could now first be obtained and its full meaning be legible. More than six centuries ago the foundations of this minster were laid, forty-eight feet below the surface. For three centuries, Catholic piety and zeal piled stone upon stone.

> "They builded better than they knew;
> The conscious stones to beauty grew."

And then came the Reformation, and the work was left half done; the chapel finished in its sublime and delicate tracery, but the nave a mere skeleton, the towers incomplete, while the idle, massive crane, left by the workmen at the very top of an unfinished tower, swung lazily in the air. But a Protestant ruler, the late King Frederick William IV., of Prussia, took up the work anew, to finish what the middle ages designed. Six centuries after the foundation was laid the restoration began, and it has been going on until now, the plan and designs of the original architect being faithfully followed. The late munificent patron of art, Louis of Bavaria, gave the gorgeous painted windows of the south side of the nave, which rival in brilliancy the old glass paintings on the north side; the north and south transepts and central tower are nearly completed; and Catholic and Protestant Germany together will probably finish during this century this miracle of ecclesiastical architecture.

"A hymn to God sung in obedient stone," as one of our own poets (Lowell) calls a grand temple, with its "great minster towers rising like visible prayers" (Whittier); as if the stubborn rocks had been reared and shaped in order fair, crystallized to the sound of the most beautiful and solemn strains of music. As it now stands, it is an imperfect example of the most perfect period of Gothic architecture, so full of thought that every detail has its meaning, and yet so practical in adaptation that every detail has its use; so firm in structure that were the very walls knocked down, it would still stand securely on its piers and buttresses. In the endless variety and multiplicity the unity of the whole is perfectly preserved. It is the work, says one, of an artist, who, having worshiped beside the fountain of primeval beauty, has drunk in those essential principles of harmony which speak to the souls of all men. And its present restoration, in which both Catholics and Protestants unite, foreshadows—may we not hope!—the better coming time, in which the feuds of jarring sects shall be forgotten in the unity of a more perfect faith, and when these old cathedrals shall resound with the strains of a purer and sublimer worship than was possible in the age of superstition in which they were begun, or in the age of conflict in which they were restored.

. . . And by this old city, famous for its churches, its Catholicism, its Cologne water (of which there are some half a dozen sole genuine original venders), and its many other odors immortalized by Coleridge—by this city flows the noble Rhine—"that exulting and abounding river." Its banks are crowned with the monuments of an old civilization; its vine-clad hills still echo the songs of the peasants as they gather or press the grape. Its old peaks have heard the sounds of every European language, and resounded to the tread of the armies of all the nations. There are broader and deeper streams, flowing among grander hills and through lovelier plains, our own Hudson has spots unsurpassed by any on the Rhine; but there is, after all, no river on which the rains fall that can tell such a story, or has known such a history. It is among rivers what the Mediterranean is among seas.

. . . Slowly ooze its waters from the glaciers of Adula; madly they leap down the falls of Schaffhausen; between mighty

nations they form the ever moving yet abiding boundary; in many a ship and boat they bear the wealth of commerce; each old ruin, whose dismantled battlements they reflect, tells them a tale of conflict and of rapine; each castle, as its looks darkly into the stream, recalls its olden knights, its fair dames wooed and won by feats of chivalry; each rock has its myth; every city on its banks has its long record of a thousand years, and its churches whose foundations were coeval with the dawn of European civilization; and there are hill and dell, "fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-fields, mountain, vine," all mirrored in the flowing stream as it glides peacefully by. The German loves his Rhine, his "Father Rhine," his "King Rhine," as he fondly and loyally calls it.

. . . When I first went to Germany as a student, in the spring of 1838, railroads were not yet in vogue, but now the rapid train took me in one night (instead of some six days) from Cologne to the capital of Prussia, whose population, nearly doubled during the last thirty years, was now exulting with a quiet enthusiasm upon the stirring news that was every day coming in about the great battle of Königgrätz, and the subsequent progress of the German arms. It was the right time to be in Germany and in Berlin, to see the wonderful changes going on, and to study the character of the people in a new light. There were no such exuberant manifestions of excitement as would have been seen in New York or Paris. . . . The whole population, owing in part to the strict discipline of an absolute monarchy, took matters very quietly. Just before the war, undoubtedly a vast majority even of the Prussians were opposed to it, and nothing but transcendent success made it popular. In the great avenue *Unter den Linden*, there was not much more than the usual bustle; the print shops displayed maps and portraits; around that frowning and ugly pile, the Schloss (the great palace), there was more of a semblance of a crowd, to see the Austrian cannon, some twenty, which had been sent in as trophies, (the Prussians did not lose one in the campaign); and the people gathered round them, and the boys climbed on them and the girls patted them, but all in a very decorous way.

. . . But the chief attraction to me was the University, at which I had formerly spent a year as a student, listening

to the lectures of Neander (now no more) and other world-renowned teachers. The noble University building is one of the most conspicuous objects near the chief Place of the Metropolis, by its very site showing the dignity which is conferred upon science and letters in this intellectual capital of a country where all are faithfully taught, and where the arts and sciences flourish under the fostering care of the government. . . . Some of the men whom I heard in my youth are still reading their courses with unabated zeal. Here was Twesten, Schleiermacher's successor, at the age of seventy-eight, still vigorous, genial as ever, and reading with the serenity of a mature wisdom. Trendelenburg, the best Aristotelian in Germany, hardly seemed older than when I formerly heard him expounding the philosophy of the great Stagirite, or analyzing and refuting the logic of Hegel, the great German counterpart of Aristotle. . . . And here, still arrayed in harness, was the indomitable Hengstenberg, jerking out his sharp arrows against all ritualists and democrats, and exposing the negative criticisms in scornful falsettos. The room of Dorner was the most thronged, and the students hung upon his wise and measured words, as he expounded the Incarnation with unrivalled breadth of learning and high constructive skill. . . .

The general tone, both in theology and philosophy, is much more conservative and evangelical than it was thirty years ago. Then the "Life of Jesus," by Strauss, and the Hegelian pantheism threatened to sweep all before them, and Germany was alive with the momentous struggle. But now there are comparatively few in University chairs who think that Christianity is to be superseded by philosophy, or that Hegel has solved the problem of the universe better than Christ. Idealism has lost its power; the reactionary materialism of the last ten years cannot retain a permanent influence; historical and theological investigations take the place of purely philosophical constructions. Something more than abstract ideas are necessary to produce and govern the world. And the new career now opening for Germany will also tend to bring merely abstract speculation into still narrower limits.

. . . Nor can I delay to describe Potsdam, with its endless round of palaces, gardens and groves, its memories of Frederick

the Great, and Voltaire and Humboldt, its charming statue by Rauch of Queen Louisa in the repose of death, in its infinite grace and loveliness, one of the most perfect specimens of modern sculpture; nor the beautiful palace of Babelsberg, where I once played with the present Crown Prince, who had now just led the Prussian army to the final charge of victory. Then he was was a boy of seven, under the tuition of my friend Godet, now pastor and professor in Neuchatel, and still cordially remembered by his old pupil, who sends him every few months a friendly letter.

Nor can we tarry at Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation, still fragrant with the memory of Germany's greatest man and reformer. Next we come to Halle, the most noted theological school in Germany, an awkward, straggling, dirty town, now quite altered in its suburbs, but whose interior streets are much like a labyrinth. Professor Tholuck says that this town is cursed as to all the four elements: its waters are saline, its earth is rough and unfruitful, its air is heavy, and its fires are bad. Cholera, too, was just now appearing. Many of the houses had Austrian prisoners and wounded Prussians quartered upon them, according to the custom of the country in war, severely taxing the means of the inhabitants. Works of charity were abounding. The house of one of the professors was full of ladies working, as ours used to do, for the suffering soldiers. A sewing machine there sent from this country a few years ago, was doing good service for the needy. This ugly old town was transfigured by its beneficence.

The first persons whom an American student cares to see here are, of course, Professor Tholuck and his accomplished wife. I had been with them many, many years ago when they first knew each other, and now, after so long a time, there were the old looks and greetings, the hearts unchanged, and time had been gentle with their persons, too. No man in Germany, even now, comes nearer to the hearts of his students than does Professor Tholuck; and it would be difficult anywhere to find a more accomplished lady, delicate in feminine grace, mindful of the wants of others, indefatigable in charitable deeds, than his wife; of noble birth, but born again to a higher nobility among the daughters of Zion. Tholuck himself is a man who might have

been a great orientalist, or a great poet, or a successful dramatist, or the first of German preachers, or unrivaled in the mere amplitude of his general attainments. Something of all these he still is; but he is also more than any one, or all—he is a devout believer. His influence turned the tide against rationalism at Halle (its stronghold) when he was still young; his preaching inspired all who heard him with a better and tenderer faith; his life lived down his calumniators; his personal influence—so affable is he, so quick to feel, so felicitous in rebuke—has moulded more young men than has any other German theological teacher. Americans go to him as by instinct. He speaks English right well, loving our queerest idioms, and he used to keep his private journal in Arabic. His lecture-room is still thronged, and no one now expounds the most profound and spiritual parts of Scripture with a deeper insight, with an humbler and truer faith.

Julius Müller, too, is at Halle, somewhat enfeebled by years, but still able to read his lectures on theology and ethics, embodying a system, perhaps the most wise and fruitful, nearest to a true adjustment between faith and philosophy, of any now taught in Germany. The glory of Halle, as the first theological school in Germany, has not departed.

From Halle we passed in an hour to Leipsic, out of the Prussian dominions, but still in presence of the Prussian soldiery, who were holding this kingdom in subjection, while its venerated and accomplished ruler, King John, was in Vienna. . . . Leipsic and Dresden, as we saw them, were stagnant from the effects of the war. The great Leipsic book-trade was dull; its university, however, was still active, and is rapidly rising in importance. Here is Tischendorf, whose labors on the New Testament text have given him a world-wide fame; keen, rapid, versatile, enthusiastic, not to say egotistic, with a case full of medals and orders from every European court, including the Pope, and a room full of manuscripts; just now busily engaged in preparing for the press the Vatican Codex (so far as the pontifical jealousy allows) as he has already published the Sinaitic Codex, probably of equal antiquity, under the munificent patronage of the Czar of Russia.

Kahnis, the most genial and learned of the Leipsic corps of

professors, I found transformed from an ardent youth, full of fire and genius, into a strong, earnest, yet still enthusiastic man, winning the love of all his students, and looking very grand, especially in contrast with his youthful habiliments, in the splendid apparel of the Rector Magnificus of the University.

Dresden was almost deserted; few strangers were there this summer. But its galleries were still open, the best for Italian art north of the Alps; and there, in her serene loveliness, was still that most ideal and perfect of all the paintings of the Mother and Child—the Sistine Madonna; alone, as was fitting, in a room by itself, the canvas further unrolled since I had before seen it, so as to show the top and rings of the curtain, undimmed by age, superlative in its tender majesty, hovering between heaven and earth, rapt in contemplation, virginal yet maternal, with those deep eyes that no copy can reproduce, full of solemn wonder, half sad, half jubilant, as if an unspeakable burden were on her soul, yet a burden from which, for the world, she would not be quit. There must be a better and fairer world than this, for here is one of its radiant forms: else the resources of the artist are greater than those of the Maker of the world.

Just before we left Leipsic, my friend Kahnis said to us: "You have not seen Germany until you have seen the Wartburg and Nuremberg," and so we sped thither. The Wartburg, since I was there before, has been nearly all restored in the most finished style of building and decoration, recalling all the glories and piety of the sainted Elizabeth. And from its summit, as one day declined and another dawned, we feasted our eyes on one of the loveliest landscapes which Germany knows. As we descended the hill afoot, the streets of Eisenach, at seven o'clock in the morning, were full of bright boys and girls going to their day-schools with cheerful chat and merry laughter.

The old Bavarian Protestant city of Nuremberg had been occupied for a fortnight by twelve thousand Prussian troops. The soldiers were quartered everywhere, and the rations demanded were large, including, of course, several pots of beer and half a dozen cigars *per diem* for each man. And this Northern Protestant army in this old mediæval city was significant of the vast changes going on in Germany. The narrow and crooked streets, with their high houses, retaining the ancient style of

building and ornament, were filled with a quiet and orderly soldiery, who were guilty of no excesses. One of the most impressive of spectacles was the old church of St. Laurence, with its paintings by Durer (of Nuremberg birth), and its exquisite sculptures of Peter Vischer, filled, on Sunday, in every part, by the Prussian and Luxemburg troops, attentive and decorous, and all joining, with subduing effect, in those grand old German chorals which elevate the soul of the worshiper. But I must not linger upon these details ; nor can I speak of other cities such as Augsburg and Munich, through which we sped our way south, until, at the borders of Lake Constance, the glories of Switzerland began to break upon our view. We passed a memorable month amid the wonders of the Oberland, and the sublimities of the Chamouni Valley, associating these unequaled scenes with the goodness and grandeur of Him who made them, and also associating our daily pleasures with the memories of many friends at home, through whose kindness, in part, we were permitted thus to pass a summer vacation.

We reluctantly omit, as less relevant to his personal history, many pages of clear delineation and almost prophetic insight regarding the political changes and prospects of Europe, quoting only a few of the closing words.

During our late war, a Swiss committee wrote a letter to our government, which contained the pregnant words : "Unfinished questions have no pity on the repose of nations ;" and Europe is full of unfinished questions ; . . . the question of races and nationalities, the question of Papacy and Protestantism, the question of Church and State, the question of absolute or constitutional government, the question of aristocracy or democracy, the question of a secular State and of a Christian State ; when these questions are all settled, the end draweth nigh. And these unfinished European questions, as we read them over, what a lesson of thankfulness they have for us, for here we are, in the main, beyond them. Our church and State, our freedom now universal, our commingling instead of contending races, give us hopeful auguries for the future. Europe must fight these ques-

tions out. We have other questions, indeed, to answer, but these are of the past for us.

All Europe and America are invited to a grand exposition of the peaceful arts, to be held in Paris the coming spring; and meanwhile all Europe is arming to the teeth, increasing its armies by at least one-third. . . . "J'espere c'est la paix," said Napoleon. "C'est *l'epée*," said his witty critics. . . .

Who needs not, in the midst of these fearful portents, ever to call to mind the gracious promise that at last, at last, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and that He shall reign, with peaceful dominion, from the river to the ends of the earth.

CHAPTER X.

NEW YORK.—1867–1869.

"UNION and Reunion," the Evangelical Alliance of Christendom and the reunion of the severed branches of the Presbyterian Church in America were the absorbing topics of the next year. With both, his pen was constantly busied in private correspondence and in articles for the public press.

The Fifth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, postponed from the previous year, was held in Amsterdam in August, 1867. Professor Smith's report on the American Churches, as chairman of the executive committee of the American branch, was sent by the hands of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles W. Woolsey, in the hope that he would be present and read it. In his absence, and in the pressure of the time, and with the drawback of a foreign language, only portions of it were read by Rev. S. I. Prime, D.D. This report was printed in full in the *American Presbyterian and Theological Review*, October, 1867.

In behalf of reunion he wrote, during the year, strong editorials, for the *New York Evangelist*,* and articles for other papers. In October, his "Reply to the *Princeton Review* on Reunion" appeared in his *Review*.

Dr. Prentiss writes of this article:

"After the sermon at Dayton, it was, perhaps, Professor

* "Many of its editorials were written by Henry B. Smith, who did more than any other one man to bring about the reunion.

"H. M. FIELD, D.D."

Evangelist, February 12, 1880.

Smith's best service in the cause of Reunion. The circumstance that it was written in reply to the foremost theologian and the chief literary organ of the Old School, as well as its great ability, attracted to it instant and universal attention. It was at once issued in pamphlet form, and circulated far and wide by the friends of Reunion in that branch of the Presbyterian Church. Its influence upon the younger ministers and upon the laymen was especially marked."

Here are its opening sentences:

"Thirty years ago the Presbyterian Church in the United States was divided. The rupture was preceded by violent ecclesiastical agitations and bitter doctrinal controversies. A new generation has since grown up, and a new and calmer spirit pervades our churches. By a sure instinct they have been coming nearer together. The question about voluntary societies has become insignificant; the doctrinal differences are fading away; the Plan of Union is well nigh obsolete; slavery is abolished throughout the land by a higher than ecclesiastical authority; the Southern Presbyterian Churches are together, and by themselves, and likely to remain so for some time. The whole of the new generation of ministers, and the great body of the laity, in both branches of the Church, see no sufficient reason for continuing a division which weakens and embarrasses us at many points, which is a reproach to our Christianity, and an incubus upon our proper Christian work. We have the same standards of doctrine and polity; we are distinguished by identical family characteristics from the other denominations around us; we are living and working for the same ends, in the same towns and villages, across the broad central belt of the same country; we are planting our missionary and feeble churches side by side in our new States and Territories, and so wasting our strength. Why, then, should we stay longer asunder?

"Wise and good men have been asking this question for the last ten years; and the time has now come when it must be answered. Before God and our consciences, acting in the name of the Great Head of the Church, and under the most solemn sense of our responsibility to him and to his Church, we are summoned to answer this question, on which so much depends. No

more momentous ecclesiastical decision is now pending. Personal and partizan considerations are as the small dust in the balance. And we are to answer it in view of the present and the future, rather than of the past. The stress is not on what we may have been, but on what we now are, and what we are to be. Each side may honor for their services the men who bore aloft its banner in the contests of the past generation; each may still claim that itself was then all right, and the other party all wrong; but that is not the question now before us. We have a present duty to perform; and the past may be to us quite as much a warning as an example. He who reads the present only by the lights and shades of the past can not act wisely for the future. And we are in fact deciding rather for our posterity than for ourselves. Those who oppose reunion assume, then, a most serious responsibility."

Having given the Report of the Joint Committee, containing the proposed terms of reunion, the article then proceeds to repel, at length, the attack of the *Princeton Review* upon the New School, on account of its alleged lax doctrine of subscription to the standards.*

He wrote:

NEW YORK, October 10, 1867.

MY DEAR BROTHER STEARNS: I want to follow up my article in the October number of *Review* on Reunion, by another article, on the Doctrinal Differences of Old and New School, going into the matter historically, theologically and *irenically*.

I also want you to write on all the remaining items of the Plan of the Committee, the Plan of Union Churches, the Seminaries, the Board, the Books, etc., etc. Won't you do it? The matter must be pressed now.

By the way, a pamphlet edition of my Reunion article is to be published. Please run it over and tell me if there is anything to be altered or modified.

In November the Presbyterian Union Convention met

* Further extracts from this article will be found in the Appendix, F.

in Philadelphia. The account of this important meeting is best given in his own words.

"The Philadelphia Convention was called at the instance of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, by a communication addressed to all branches of the Presbyterian Church in this country, 'for prayer and conference in regard to the terms of union and communion among the various branches of the Presbyterian family.' It met in Philadelphia on Wednesday, November 6th, and concluded its sessions on Friday, November 8th.

"Delegates from the O. S., N. S., United Presbyterians and Reformed Presbyterians were present. The Cumberland Presbyterians, being Arminians, could not adopt the doctrinal basis, and the Dutch Reformed were not ready to join anybody else.

"In this Convention representatives of all the leading Presbyterian Churches (excepting the Southern Presbyterian Church, from which, we believe, there was only one delegate) met together, for the first time in our history, to consult about reunion. Consequently it seemed very doubtful what would come of it. For some of the leading, not to say extreme, men in the different churches were there, men thoroughly versed in all the points of difference and controversy, representative men, who would not be disposed to concede anything which would be considered essential or necessary. Had the spirit of division and contention been uppermost, here was a great arena for its exercise. But, from the beginning to the end, with one exception, an entirely different spirit, that of brotherly love and confidence, presided over the deliberations, and determined the results. It was a decisive and satisfactory demonstration of the real unity of our churches. Manifestly a higher than human power presided in the Convention. The spirit of Christ subdued and mellowed all hearts. The spirit of prayer was poured out in an unwonted measure; and in hallowed hymns the deepest feelings of faith and love found concordant expression. It is not often that believers stand together on such a mount of vision, and find the glory of heaven thus begun on earth. And yet these high-wrought emotions did not lead to any rash conclusions, such as

a cooler judgment might disapprove. On the contrary, the spirit of love moved in unison with the spirit of wisdom. Men were still cool and intent, and weighed their words. While points of controversy were justly kept in the background, yet the differences were not neglected, but rather harmonised. And the Convention was remarkable as to its results, in going just as far as it did, and properly could, and in going no farther. It exceeded the most sanguine expectations as to the conclusions reached, but it did not trespass on ground not properly belonging to it. It was a high festal day for the Church. It was good to be there.

"Another circumstance, impressive and providential, contributed to increase the spirit of Christian fellowship in yet wider relations. Three societies, supported by what is known as the Low Church party in the Protestant Episcopal Church, were holding their anniversaries at the same time in the city of Philadelphia. [These societies were the Evangelical Knowledge, the Home Missionary and that for the Education for the Ministry.] At one of their meetings, prayer was offered for the Presbyterian Convention, that its deliberations might help on the work of reunion for which it met. This was announced to the Convention, which responded by offering prayer, and also by appointing a committee to present their Christian salutations, in person, to the Episcopal clergy and laity there assembled. The members of the committee, Drs. Henry B. Smith and Stevenson of New York, Senator Drake and Elder Robert Carter, were most cordially received, with strong expressions of satisfaction at this visible manifestation of Christian brotherhood. The only regret expressed was that they had not taken the initiative. Bishop McIlvaine, in responding to the delegation, pronounced a noble eulogy upon the Presbyterian Church, and what it had done for the cause of truth and righteousness. One after another spoke, and, at the close of the meeting, the most hearty expressions of Christian fellowship were exchanged. A delegation to our Convention was also appointed by the Episcopalians, and the reception of this delegation on the morning of Friday, was, indeed, a memorable occasion.

"For the first time, we believe, in this country, did so large a number of Episcopalians and Presbyterians unite in a common

service with fraternal greetings. The Episcopal delegation consisted of Bishops McIlvaine and Lee, Judge Conyngham, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Mr. Brunot. They were attended by about two hundred of the Episcopal clergy and laity. Mr. [George H.] Stuart was in his element in receiving them, and giving out the quaint Scotch version of the 133d Psalm :

> 'Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell.'

"Dr. Newton of the Episcopal Church made an earnest prayer; the whole assembly united in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and, subsequently, led by Professor Smith, in reciting the Apostles' Creed ; Mr. Stuart almost pronounced the benediction ; 'Blest be the tie that binds,' was sung, of course ; and the vast assemblage was stirred to its depths, and elevated to the highest Christian emotion. Bishops McIlvaine and Lee, Drs. Hodge, Tyng, and Stearns made eloquent addresses. And then with prayers and thankful tears, and repeated benedictions, and the solemn doxology, the audience dispersed, thanking God for the communion of saints."*

Professor Smith wrote to his mother, November 17th:

We had a grand meeting of Presbyterians in Philadelphia last week, and helped on the reunion cause wonderfully. I never was at an ecclesiastical assemblage where there was such manifest indication of the presence of God's good spirit, guiding and calming men's minds. Some of the strongest opponents of reunion were converted on the spot. Even Dr. Hodge relented wonderfully. I think that the question is now virtually settled. The coming in of the Episcopal delegation so large, and able, was a memorable event and moved all hearts. These Low Church Episcopalians were glad of the occasion to recognize us as fellow-ministers and co-laborers in the work of the Lord.

* *American Presbyterian and Theological Review*, January, 1868.

From Eleazer Lord, Esq.:

"PIERMONT, November 14, 1867.

"REV. H. B. SMITH, D.D.

"MY DEAR SIR: I rejoice exceedingly in the doings of the late convention at Philadelphia, and the very prominent part you have taken in initiating and urging and facilitating the measures so unitedly and cordially adopted. Some of the scenes cannot be read in the reports, without overwhelming emotion, tears, thankfulness and joy. It seems more like Pentecost renewed, than anything I have ever read. A chasm is passed. Great and good results will, I believe, soon follow."

The late Rev. Dr. Gurley wrote:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 10, 1867.

". . . As you thank me for my letter in the *Presbyter*, approving your article in reply to Dr. Hodge, you will allow me to thank you, with all my heart, for that article. It was timely and exactly to the point, and, I believe, it has exerted a powerful and happy influence in favor of Reunion in every part of the Old School branch of the church."

The Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., who as Moderator of the Old School General Assembly at St. Louis, in 1866, had appointed its committee of Conference on Reunion, wrote from Oxford, Ohio, November 25th:

"I cannot forbear writing to express my great gratification at the results of the late Presbyterian Convention held in Philadelphia, and to congratulate you on the part you took in amending the reported 'Basis.' Dr. —— has told me the remark Dr. Hodge made, that 'if all the New School men were like you and Dr. Fisher,' he would have no fears of reunion. I am most gratified with the report which Dr. Monfort brings that the results arrived at by the Convention, in conjunction with the speeches made and the spirit manifested, are regarded as *settling* the question of union between *our* two bodies.

"I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for your *answer* to Dr. Hodge. It is a searching, scathing (though not

unkind), just and complete reply. A short time since I expressed my wish that your article might be sent to all *our* ministers. I was not then aware that it had been contemplated, much less that it had been done. You have done the Union cause a great service by that article. I know of some in our body, prominent men in the West, until lately opposed to Union, who were changed by reading your reply, and who expressed a wish that *all* our ministers might see it. I hope it may change the views of others in the same direction."

Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., wrote thus:

"As Moderator of the New School Assembly of 1863; in his ringing utterance on 'Christian Union and Ecclesiastical Reunion;' by his vigorous vindication of the fidelity of the New School Church to the standards, after the presentation of the reunion plan of 1867; as delegate to the Philadelphia Convention of 1867, from which his modest little amendment of two lines to the second article of the Basis went up into the Assembly of 1868, and became one of the strong strands of the bond of union; by his liberal, conciliatory, frank spirit, and his delicate Christian tact, he has associated his name indissolubly with that great crisis in the history of the American Presbyterian Church." *

In regard to the "modest little amendment of two lines," which was this: "It being understood that this Confession† is received in its proper historical, that is, the Calvinistic or Reformed, sense," we quote again from Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns:

"It took the Convention by surprise. Some did not see the need of it, others feared it would raise a new and unnecessary discussion. But the mover persisted. To a friend, who suggested that some would prefer to have him withdraw it, he replied, 'I have offered it, and the Convention may dispose of it as they like; vote it down if they do not like it.' His object is manifest. *First*, to meet the objections on the part of a considerable section of the Old School, of which the *Princeton*

* *Pres. Quarterly and Princeton Review*, April, 1877.

† *i. e.*, The Westminster Confession.

Review was the representative ; and, *second*, to test, in an open and explicit manner, the position of the New School on the subject of accepting and adopting the Confession. In the latter view its success was most signal. . . . The result proved eminently acceptable to all candid men in both parties. . . . It had, no doubt, a most important influence in producing harmony and confidence between the two parties in all parts of the church."*

At the request of the Philadelphia Convention, Professor Smith gave an account of its proceedings to the students of the seminary, on his return to New York. At a public meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, he spoke on the same subject ; and at a reunion meeting in December he made a long address.

"Work, work, on Reunion Article," he wrote, December 26th. This was on "Presbyterian Division and Reunion in Scotland, Ireland, and the United States," published in the January number of his *Review*, as supplementary to the preceding article on "Presbyterian Union in the Colonies of Great Britain," reprinted from the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, October, 1867.

By letters and newspaper articles, by private conferences and public speeches, he labored incessantly for reunion. He wrote "enormously" (to quote his own word) upon the various points which came up. His correspondence upon the subject was, in itself, enormous. At two public meetings held in New York, early in January, 1868, he made stirring speeches, the latter when he was hardly able to leave his bed. At a meeting, January 16th, of the Presbyterian Historical Society, he made an address of forty minutes, on "Division and Reunion," and, the next day, wrote an editorial on the same subject for the *New York Evangelist*. During this

* Historical Sketch of the Reunion.—*Am. Pres. and Theol. Review*, July, 1869, pp. 583, 584.

time he was far from well. The pressure of overwork and exciting feeling was telling upon his health, and now and then he was housed for days with feverish pain.

It must be remembered that this was outside, extra work. His daily lectures at the seminary, always revised, if not partially re-written, before delivery, were going on with as much freshness of enthusiasm as if he had no other interest. So far from abating his regular duties, he sometimes gave additional instruction to his students.

His labors as co-editor of the *American Presbyterian and Theological Review* were by no means light. The consultations and arrangements for subjects and writers, the reading of multitudinous manuscripts, accepted and rejected, the amount of reading requisite for his book-notices and for collecting his literary intelligence from American, English, French and German periodicals, the proof-reading, usually at a late hour of the night, all these caused the oft-returning pressure of preparation for the "next number," to be looked upon in his home with deprecating eyes.

In May, 1868, he was a member of the General Assembly in Harrisburg, Penn.

To his wife:

HARRISBURG, May 20, 1868.

Arrived here safely; Skinner, Spear, Prentiss, Stearns; nice folks and time. Mrs. DeWitt and family very cordial. My room looks just on the Susquehanna, a mile broad—beautiful.

May 22.—Stearns was elected [Moderator] by a great majority; made a first-rate speech, which you will find in a paper I will send. You will get a daily paper.

Mr. Dodge had a very good reunion meeting last evening. This morning Dr. Adams read his report—admirable—and Dr. Patterson read his reply. All goes well so far.

Sunday, May 24.—I preached for the German Reformed

Church this morning. This afternoon is given up to the Sunday-school celebration. Reunion is growing here rapidly. Our committee on the joint committee's report had a long session yesterday afternoon. Spear is on it, and is yielding. If the Old School do right, we can carry the report through our Assembly by a heavy vote. Dr. Fisher brought yesterday good accounts of the way things are going at Albany [O. S. General Assembly]. They have got right into the thick of the fight, it seems.

I am very well, better than when I left; not too much to do; well taken care of. The DeWitts are very kind. Stearns and Prentiss are next door. It is good to get away from the ruts and routine; it will be better to get home to you.

May 27.—Yesterday was our "field-day" on reunion. Our special committee brought in their report (after long discussion) and we have converted the Assembly. Spear has given in wholly, and Patterson on all but one article, so that there is to be no fight. It will pass well-nigh unanimously, and the O. S. must take the responsibility of its rejection. Great times! Conversions unexpected! The O. S. delegates (Richardson, of New York, and Chancellor Green) were capital. Nelson made a noble speech. I spoke in the afternoon. Everybody is in a glow; feeling better. To-day the debate goes on. To-morrow to Gettysburg; a long day of it, three hundred going. Stearns is doing exceedingly well (tell his wife) as Moderator. I have a considerable extra work to do, on bills and overtures, committee reports, etc., but find time enough to do it in.

Friday afternoon May 29.—Victory! The Reunion Report has passed unanimously. On one article there were thirty-seven dissenters, but on the final vote, all these went for the Report, three or four not voting. A splendid triumph and the opposition nowhere!

We had a grand time at Gettysburg yesterday, all day, from seven A. M., till eleven P. M., eighty miles and back, a memorable occasion, of which I cannot stop to tell, as I must be off to the Assembly, the Convention, etc.

May 31.—We have had a great week of it, and succeeded at

last beyond all our expectations. The North-Western men seem somewhat chagrined, but they could not stand their ground at all in the discussion in open Assembly. Even on the right of examination, the most disputed point, they were in a small minority. Everybody, almost, is delighted at the result, also at that in the Old School, so far as it goes, better, I confess, than I had expected. The vote in the O. S. Assembly really means that Hodge's type of theology is not to be considered binding in the reunited church. The O. S. sent us a proposition to alter the doctrinal basis, but we have declined doing so, at least for the present. To-day is splendid—a bright, sparkling day—the air finely tempered, and all nature rejoicing. Would that you were here. . . . Drs. Skinner, Stearns, and Prentiss are all well. I do not preach to-day. This morning I heard a German preacher of the Albright sect (Evangelical Association). Dr. Fisher has preached to the great satisfaction of everybody, and Duryea, etc., etc. We shall probably not break up before Tuesday; a good deal of business is still behind hand. Next year the Assembly meets in our church, and the Old School in Murray's. On Wednesday next, the Tunkers or Dunkards, have a great gathering at Shiffensburg, about thirty miles down the Cumberland Valley, and I think I shall go to it, with some others; if so, I shall probably not be home before Thursday, as I want to stay over a train and see March at Easton. I have had a good deal to do on my committee, and shall still have, but I am very well indeed, and put into unusually good spirits by our results. . . . I am sorry for ——'s disappointment, which we must try to make up to her. . . . The flowers are from Gettysburg cemetery.

He performed a good amount of literary work, during this year, 1868. In the spring he gave a course of lectures on psychology at one of the schools in the city. In April he read before the New York Historical Society a newly written paper on "Increase Mather and his Times," which he repeated, in June, by request, before the Historical Society of Long Island. This address, which he declined to have published, was an earnest vindication of Mather against the charges which be-

longed, as he urged, far more to the times than to the man. A few months previously he had read, before the New York Historical Society, a similar defence of Cotton Mather.

He also wrote this year the article on Calvin, for Dr. McClintock's *Cyclopædia*, and the Commencement address before the literary societies of Bowdoin College. He was at this time a correspondent of the London *Evangelical Christendom*, for which, among other contributions, he gave an account of the "Camp Meeting" at Martha's Vineyard, which he had attended in company with Professor R. D. Hitchcock, and other friends.

The following letters refer to some of his less public interests during this year.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1868.

MY DEAR MOTHER: A most happy New Year to you! Would that I could give you the salutation in person. All send best love and greetings. Do you know that next Sunday is our twenty-fifth marriage day—a whole quarter of a century! . . . And we are all spared, all quite well, and have so many blessings to recount. It will be a day of thankful and happy memories, for God has been very good to us. . . . And we have great comfort, too, in all our children. Few persons can look back on so many years so full of mercies.

January 6.—We did have just the nicest time at our silver wedding anniversary (on Monday evening), and I only wish that you and Dr. Allen could have been here. I am sure you would have rejoiced in it together. It was a simple, almost unpremeditated affair, but we had a good many friends present. . . .

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

Wednesday evening, January 8, 1868.

MY DEAR GEORGE: . . . We want to tell you, too, how thankful we are to you and your wife, for all you have been to us these many long years, when you two have been our best friends here in the midst of so many changes and trials. Such

long friendship, never jarred by a word, is indeed above all price. I do not know what we should have done or been without you. We thank you, too, for the prayer you made for us—just what we wanted prayed. The Lord bless and keep you and yours evermore!

From Mr. Bancroft:

"BERLIN, April 4, 1868.

"*Caro Dottore.*—Glad always to hear of the increase of Protestantism, especially in Rome! May you live to see your grandson triumph over the complete liberation of Italy, and the fall of the temporal power of the pope. The spiritual will die out with what there is of servile in the nature of corrupt humanity. The longer I consider the subject, the more I find in the fundamental idea of Protestantism the animating principle of modern success in political organization.

"Dorner was delighted with the translation, which, is indeed, admirably well done. He owns his History of Protestantism is meagre; but blames you for it. He and many others are eager for sketches of the American theological leaders; and are very ready to give them that attention they deserve. The accounts must come from a New England man, and you are the chosen one to do it. An 'objective' sketch of the development of N. E. theology would be in itself a work of the highest importance, and would just now attract universal attention among German theologians.

"Send on your Increase Mather, when printed: remember. Rothe's new edition sparkles with wit and almost drollery."

To his wife:

July 11, 1868.

I trust that you found your father comfortable, and able to recognize you. Give him, if he can know the message, my love, and my warm thanks for all he has done for me and us. His has been, indeed, a beautiful and consistent Christian life. He departs full of honor and veneration. Even you could not desire a better life and a better end for your dear father. I love and honor him as much as even you, dearest, could wish.

On the sixteenth of July, the father-in-law of Professor Smith, Rev. William Allen, D.D., died at his residence at Northampton. His life of varied literary and Christian activity closed in a serene and honored old age. At last, with all his children around him, he passed, in peace and faith, to his long-desired home above.

Professor Smith joined the family at Northampton, where, already wearied with work, he soon succumbed to the excessive and protracted heat.

It was proverbial in his family that "work was his normal condition," and that his strength gave way as soon as he began to rest. It became more and more evident that his labors were performed under too great a strain. Nature asserted her rights whenever she had an opportunity.

He spent a few weeks after this, at "Cumberland Foreside," a few miles north of Portland. He returned to New York, early in September, but, after lecturing for ten days, he was again ill, and for weeks afterward he struggled against the adverse current.

To Hon. George Bancroft:

NEW YORK, October 2, 1868.

Mr. —— and others want me very much to publish what you say about Seymour and Grant; but I think you would rather choose your own way of reaching the public. General Dix's letter has produced quite an impression. The tide is setting deep and strong against the repudiation platform; nobody now seems to doubt much about the result. I was down in Maine during the canvass, and it was really inspiring to see how the strong, right sense of the people got hold of the real facts and principles. Here in New York they have even got up a successful Irish demonstration for the Republicans.

Dr. Bellows is back, full of burning zeal against all the mere, cold rationalists and destructive critics, planting himself fairly on positive and "institutional" Christianity. He even thinks

that Dean Stanley and Jowett, and such like, have a too negative position. He means to come out against the sceptics in the Unitarian Convention here this fall. . . . Dr. Osgood is hard at work on Rothe. I keep on our old Trinitarian platform to which Dr. B. has not yet attained.

Many thanks for the volume of Ueberweg duly received from you through the State Department. I shall have to revise my theory of that "department;" philosophy, it seems, comes through it: the vision of Plato may yet be realized. I have got a good scholar, Morris, just back from Germany, at work on the translation of Ueberweg, which I hope to get all out this winter.

We are all glad and proud of your diplomatic success.

To Rev. Dr. Sprague:

NEW YORK, November 20, 1868.

I send you by express a package, chiefly of MSS., undoubted originals, most of them in the state in which they come from the printer. Some of them have a historical value in connection with our present Presbyterian discussions, *e. g.*, Stearns, Hatfield, etc. The MS. of Mr. Barnes is one of the latest long MSS. which he has been able himself to write. I do not send you a sermon, but an article of my own, one (pardon me for saying so) which I like, and which Mr. Mill has done me the honor to reply to in a recent edition of his work: on which reply please see my rejoinder in the July number of my *Review*, page 389. I am hoping to receive an article from yourself for my January number. I should value it exceedingly.

From Dr. Sprague:

"ALBANY, November 23, 1868.

"How shall I thank you for the great variety of manuscripts, pamphlets, and books which your kindness has showered upon me. I value them all greatly, and shall take care that they are preserved, not merely or chiefly for my gratification, but for the benefit of posterity. My experience is that most people do less for me in this way than they promise. You have done a great deal more."

To Hon. George Bancroft:

NEW YORK, November 27, 1868.
Day after Thanksgiving.

I am reminded every week of yourself and your kindness by receiving the Lit. Centralblatt, in every number of which I find something to use.

Last Sunday evening I attended "vespers" at the "Church of the Messiah,"—*not* a Jewish Synagogue, and heard our friend, Dr. Osgood, on Schleiermacher and other matters, among the latter—yourself—and (minor mode) myself.*

Dr. Bellows also officiated. Dr. O. was full of his matter, and told a large congregation about the great apostles of the revival of evangelical religion fifty years ago in Germany, under the influence of the "Reden über die Religion," which exalted Spinoza so highly. It was well done, and a fitting service. Dr. O. is to write for my *Review* a notice of Rothe's "Theol. Ethics."

We are trying to organize an "American Institute of Letters, Sciences, and Art." There is to be an "Academy of the Metaphysical and Moral Sciences," of which you are invited to be a member. What we now lack is means, money, and a building:† there is quite enough of fermentation, but the solids carry the day.

Prof. N. Porter, of New Haven, has just published a work on the "Human Intellect," seven hundred pages (Scribner),—the most noticeable metaphysical work here, since Hickok's "Rational Psychology." He makes large use, and rightfully, of Trendelenberg's works, especially his "Logische Untersuchungen."

The political ferment has subsided. Grant has nothing to

* "It has seemed that our scholar's Protestant Catholicity has been at work in the reconciliation of the Old and New School Presbyterians, and that the mantle of his evangelical charity and wisdom, without his speculative laxity, has fallen upon the leading Presbyterian scholar of America, Henry B. Smith, in his work of peace."

† Prof. Smith spent much time and labor in the organization of the Department of Metaphysical and Moral Sciences in the proposed National Academy. Mr. George Ripley and himself were the sub-committee, and Mr. Richard Grant White was chairman of the whole committee. For lack of the requisites mentioned in the text, the project failed.

say—a rare gift among politicians. New York politics and railroads are fearfully corrupt, of course. We live here in an Irish city. Our officers are Irish, thus: Sheriff, Register, Comptroller, City Chamberlain, Corporation Counsel, President of Board of Aldermen and of Board of Councilmen, Clerks of both Boards, all the Civil Justices, and of the Police Justices all but two, all of the Clerks of Police Courts, three out of four Coroners, two M. C.'s, three in five State Senators, eighteen out of twenty-one Members of State Assembly, fourteen out of nineteen Members of Common Council, eight of the ten Supervisors. This makes our city *cosmopolitan.*

The "Evangelical Alliance" will meet here October, 1869. We mean to make of it a demonstration of Protestant unity.

Εἰς αἰὲ,

H. B. Smith.

From Prof. Francis Lieber, LL.D.:

"New York, December 2, 1868.

"My dear Friend and Don Calvinista! Read, reflect and answer, as soon as may be—*i. e.*, at once.

"My lecture on *Rights* is a crack lecture, however little a crack lecture of mine may be. In it I have to say that: *Every right implies a corresponding duty*, and *vice versâ*, *not* as corollaries, as completion of the first idea, but as *inter-complementary.*

"Paley says that every right indicates a duty in some one to obey it, and *that* is the corollary of right (jus). *I* say, right being a moral (ethical) claim, it carries along with it the idea of *obligation* in the claimant. There is no such thing in reason as an absolute right, *i. e.*, a claim without its twin-born obligation. Possibly, it is the most important idea in political philosophy, and its neglect one of the chief calamities of the present period. I have called the two ideas, long ago, in my first inaugural, in New York (1857), the Castor and Pollux flames in the Mediterranean. Let that be. I write to ask you, 'cute philosopher that you are, whether you know a better term for my idea than *inter-relative*, inter-complementary being too—well, heptasyllabic. But *inter-relative* is not clinching enough for me, not *complete* enough.

"Don't, I pray! I know you think at this moment of the Siamese twins, and that is disgusting to me, when I am so serious.

"I use the word *inter-dependent* so often in political philosophy, applied to men, that I would not use it in this case. *Reciprocal* I do not like. A word, a word! Six kingdoms and the Spanish crown for a word! With a pennyweight of German principality!

"This moment I saw a sermon of Beecher's advertised, 'The American Family.' American family! I used to tell the people in the South that, if they went on, they must come to the invention of American mathematics, and the proclamation of an American God.

"*Ergo*, respond,

"FRANCIS LIEBER.

"Why have you not in your prim dictionary-language a word *Geminal?* My idea is best expressed in that magical expression, *Double Star:* two stars turning around each other and making *one double star.* F. L.

"Some one, long ago, must have hit upon the same general idea of *Geminal* ideas. How did that some one call it? *Binate* does not indicate the inter-complementary."

To Rev. Dr. Sprague:

NEW YORK, October 19, 1868.

I have for a long time been meaning to tell you how much we are all gratified with your Discourse on Dr. Allen as now published. It is a worthy memorial of him, which we shall all cherish. I am making some collections for your MS. store, and will send them by-and-by, when completed. I have for you a MS. sermon of Dr. Asa Cummings, of Portland, etc.

But my special object in writing is to ask if you will send me an article for the January number of my *Review* (of which I send the October number) on some point of Presbyterian history, or biography. I should value it highly.

With the next year, the *Review* will be much enlarged and improved, and I am anxious to get contributions from *your* "branch" of *our* church.

To the same:

December 3, 1868.

Just conceive my dismay, when I saw, piled on the table of our library, that formidable heap of pamphlets; for you must know I am librarian here, and must see to having them *catalogued!* Really, you have been most liberal to us, and I thank you now in the name of the faculty, and will send you, by-and-by, a more formal acknowledgment in behalf of our board of directors. I write before having time to look over the collection; but it must be invaluable. The special package you sent me I shall cherish with unusual pleasure, because they are your writings, and a gift from yourself. Your honor, as a contributor in such an unsurpassed degree to our American church history, and to American biography, will surely grow as the years pass by, and be greater in the next generation than even now. Your wishes about any (or, no) publication of the fact of this donation to our seminary, shall be scrupulously respected, much as we may wish to tell of it. From the library of the late Dr. John Marsh we have also just received quite a collection of pamphlets, among others, over twenty eulogies pronounced on occasion of the decease of George Washington.

To the same:

December 23, 1868.

I thank you very much for—yourself. It is excellent, in repose; I assure you I value it. Your admirable donation to our library is fully appreciated. It is so well arranged, too. Dr. Gillett has looked it over, and, as becomes such an enthusiastic collector of pamphlets, gets warm over it. Our board has not yet met; so please take this expression of the mind of the faculty and librarian, as interimistic.

Our Academy was organized with good prospects last night.

I have procured for you from Dr. and Mrs. Prentiss a MS. sermon of Dr. Edward Payson, quite an early one, 1818. Most of his MSS. have been very much scattered; very many were consumed in the great Portland fire.

During the autumn he was in feeble health, some-

times suffering much, so that he was obliged to absent himself repeatedly from the seminary, and from the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance. But at home he was still busy, writing various articles for the press, chiefly on Reunion.

On December 30th he went to Northampton for rest and change. There he enjoyed "the sleigh-rides and the splendid winter-scenes." Feeble as he was, he assisted in officiating at the communion service, on Sunday, and returned home the next day, unrefreshed. Business and many letters awaited him, and the tidings of the death of his valued friend of many years, Mrs. Stearns, the wife of Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D., of Newark, and the sister of Rev. Dr. Prentiss: and a request had been sent that he should make one of the addresses at the funeral on Wednesday. He endeavored to prepare himself for this. Late on Tuesday night, he was found at his desk, alarmingly haggard and ill, still forcing himself to the attempt. On Wednesday morning he rose, still intending to go to Newark, against the protest of his family; but, after a turn of faintness, he was persuaded to go to his bed, and allow his physician to be sent for.

This was the beginning of a time of utter prostration, yet it was rather a crisis than a new condition. His incessant, manifold labors had long been undermining his never firm health; his sleep had been uncertain, his nervous system impaired, and the seasons of feverish pain, to which he had long been subject, had become more frequent and exhausting.

Even now he gave himself little rest His diary gives an appalling record of the demands upon him—matters in connection with the *Review*, Reunion and the Evangelical Alliance; letters written, and manuscripts read, discussions and library work. He was cataloguing, at home, two large collections of pamphlets just given to the seminary. Several times during these weeks he in-

sisted upon giving his lecture to his students, but it was done with painful effort and subsequent exhaustion. There were times when he was so prostrated that he felt doubtful of his recovery; he even expressed his wishes in regard to his funeral services.

One day, when walking with his son, he said that when Reunion and the Evangelical Alliance were accomplished, he should feel that his work was done. "This Reunion!" he said at another time, "it has been my one aim;" and he quoted, emphatically, from a poem by William Blake, which he had previously brought to be copied, as "one of the finest things which had been said in English for years":

> "I will not give mine eyelids sleep,
> Nor shall my sword rest in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem,
> In England's green and pleasant land."

Early in January, 1869, he received a letter from Rev. S. I. Prime, D.D., informing him that, at a meeting of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, he had been appointed "by acclamation" to go to Europe as their representative, for the purpose of making arrangements for the expected General Conference in New York, the following October, a chief object being to secure the best representative men from different countries. Later came the request from the committee that he should go at once.

This was urged peremptorily by his physicians, and strongly by his friends, whose munificent kindness opened the way.* He consented reluctantly, clinging

* A few days before sailing he received a most kind letter from Mr. D. Willis James, one of the directors of the seminary, informing him that the sum of four thousand dollars had been deposited to his credit with Brown Brothers & Co., and begging him to accept it as a token of the love and esteem of his friends, and the friends of the seminary.

to home as the best place for a weary invalid, and to work almost as to life itself.

The students of the seminary sent him the following letter:

"UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, February 25, 1869.

"DEAR DOCTOR: We learn with deep regret that the pleasant and profitable relations hitherto existing between you and us must for a time be dissolved. We should have been glad to have been able, each one of us, to see you, and express our deep sense of what we owe you personally, and our sympathy with you in your suffering. We have been under your instruction a sufficient time to have learned something of your own system and of yourself. We have been led along by you clearly, in paths which are so often difficult and unsatisfactory. We have found you in the midst of conflicting views, taking a *media via*, gathering from each side the truths, and establishing a system honest and pure, which tended to unite all, and lift all into a closer communion with God, and a clearer appreciation of Him and His relations to us. The advance of each day has unfolded more and more the beauty of your plan, and quickened our interest. Others have made religion yield to philosophy. You have shown to us that there is no real conflict between them. The highest philosophy rightly promotes religion. The personal contact has inspired us all with the deepest regard, and beyond all selfish regret on account of our loss of your instruction and your inspiration, is our feeling at your suffering. Therefore, although recognizing your full importance here at present, and the things that may miscarry and suffer on account of your absence, we yet most heartily unite in urging you to go, believing that the future with its years will have more need of your life and strength than the present. Hitherto we have been near together and able to make inquiries concerning you, and have rejoiced at every symptom of returning health and strength.

"Now it becomes necessary to part from you, knowing that weeks may elapse ere we hear from you, and we can only commend you from our hearts to the kind Father of us all. And so with your going we send our warmest wishes and prayers for safety on the sea, for restoration of health and strength through

this rest from your too great labors, and a speedy return to those who know and love you.

Committee in behalf of the Classes, { S. F. Gale, Senior Class, Lewis Lampman, Mid. Class, Edwin R. Lewis, Junior Class.

His solicitude about Reunion continued to the moment of embarking. He wrote to Dr. Stearns:

I ought to be in bed, but I can't help saying to you how much I like your article in the *Evangelist*. Keep this Reunion matter in your hands. I shall write the editors about it. . . .

Stearns! I have got to go off; I am worn and wearied, taking life hardly—often wishing rather for death. But I want you to know how much I love and honor you; what profound esteem I had for your wife, and how much I feel for you in your loneliness; how much I thank you for all you have been to and done for me—much more than you will ever fully know.

February 23.—Wednesday morning, two-and-a-half o'clock in the morning. To-morrow, dear, dear mother, we sail, E—— and W—— and I. Our friends have been most generous. . . . I am getting along slowly, still weak, but only one day remains between me and the ship.

I enclose —— for the Payson Memorial Church, which I promised a year ago. . . .

The following note was written at this time:

"New York, February 26, 1869.

"Dear Dr. Prentiss: Many thanks for your prompt attention to my message to our dear Professor Smith. I value his parting remembrance exceedingly, and circumstances which I dread to contemplate *may* give it a preciousness belonging only to dying bequests. I shall earnestly pray for his safe return, for who could take his place in the world of philosophic thought and catholic sympathies, and personal sweetness mingled with intellectual power and grasp? . . .

"With the most cordial and fraternal regards,

"Yours truly,

"H. W. Bellows."

Accompanied by his wife and son, in his extreme feebleness, he sailed, on the twenty-fourth of February, for Southampton. As before, in his youth, the friends whom he left—some of them the same friends—doubted whether they should see his face again; doubted, even, whether he would live to cross the ocean. So deep and widely-felt was the solicitude on his account, that it might almost have been said of him, as of the Apostle, that "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."

CHAPTER XI.

EUROPE AND THE EAST.—1869–1870.

THE prayers were answered. The voyage, for which many comforts had been provided by the thoughtful kindness of his friends, was unusually prosperous. After days and nights of utter prostration and weariness,—the first night without a wink of sleep—he began to rally, and before the voyage ended he was able to sit on deck in an extension-chair, and even to walk a little. The sea-air gave him new life.

He crossed directly from Southampton to Paris. The weather was cold and cheerless, and he attempted too much, so that he gained nothing while there. At the end of a miserable week, he left Paris in a snow-storm at midnight, and the next day was at Hyères, among roses and palm-trees, in the balmy air of the Mediterranean coast.

His own letters will best tell the story of his subsequent journeyings.

NICE, Easter Sunday, March 28, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: This is the first letter which I have written since I left home; and it belongs to you of right. E. wrote you from Southampton, I think. We passed a week in Paris, but it was chilly there, three falls of snow in the week, slight but significant—"triste" as the French say; and so we packed up and went to Hyères, near Marseilles, on the south line of France—and came upon June (with occasional variations),—a beautiful place, trees in bloom, oranges ripe, early vegetables, for the most part bright and sunny. Next (last Thursday) we

came to Nice, which is too much like a little Paris to suit us; and on Tuesday next, we take the steamer for Genoa, Leghorn and Naples, expecting to be in Rome in about ten days, and to spend about three weeks there. M. Pilatte here has been very friendly to me. He wants me to go to the meeting of the Synod of the Waldenses, the third Wednesday in May, and I shall try to do so, and get into Switzerland some time in June. As to myself, I am slowly creeping out into the light and air. I have recovered from my *extreme* feebleness and depression, though the recovery is intermittent. I sleep better and I can walk two or three miles at a time. Appetite good, but I cannot yet do or bear much. This letter is the *most* that I have as yet done at any one time.

Dear mother, I know you pray for me every day. May God ever bless you and let me see you yet again and often.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

ROME, April 12, 1869.

MY DEAR GEORGE: I am just back from seeing the last support of the "temporal sovereignty" of the Roman See, *i. e.* twenty-five thousand soldiers marching through all the streets at quick pace, with stirring music, but with absolute silence on the part of the people—no cheers, rather scowls, or mere curiosity. This is the last day of these festivities (the illuminating having been all deferred till now on account of the weather); Pius IX. celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his saying mass. This evening is to be a grand illumination (presided over by the police). And Rome ends this "holy" fortnight (for so it has this year been) by three days of fireworks and skyrockets, and splendid emblazonry in tallow candles of the papacy and of Pius; and it is as good a play as need be acted out to show on what Rome depends,—amusement for the populace, and guns and cannon for those who love Italy better than Rome. And this gay soldiery marches all day, up and down, through all the main arteries, one soldier to every six persons in the city, guns, howitzers, cavalry—a pageant with a moral. Meanwhile Pius IX. blesses the people, with his benignant look, and the priests look pleased as the trained bands march by; and everybody else sees what the end must be. The moral power of the papacy is gone

here in Italy; hired soldiers and the French reserve keep up this stupendous fraud upon the reason and conscience of mankind. If anybody you know of has any tendencies toward Rome, and any spark of real Christian feeling left, send him here to spend the Holy Week. By the way, I wish you were here, not on the above account, but because an hour with you would do me a world of good. Your letter reached us here (we coming from Naples) two days ago.

Next day.—The lights are put out, the curtain is dropped, the play is ended—for this year. The notable actors have withdrawn to their wonted routine. The curious and gaping crowd is fast dispersing; this travesty of the Holy Passion, this execrable imitation of it (like an ape to a man) is over. It ended last night in a general illumination of the city; certainly the most beautiful and brilliant of any in Christendom, which was *not* like anything in the New Testament. We drove all round, Dr. and Mrs. Gould, who have been very kind, taking us in their carriage, and saw old and new Rome, old Rome Christianized or new Rome paganized, in the brightest hues. As for myself, George, I am slowly gaining, doing as well as could be expected, having every other night or so, snatches of true sleep; but I am working up from the roots, the process is slow and painful. I have been stranded and am just creeping and staggering toward the green fields and the blue skies, with glimpses now and then of a better land beyond and above. God willing, I hope to work through; if not, it is all well and right. It is a great comfort to me that our church prays for me; I love it and pray for it. May the Lord make you strong for your work. Best love to your wife and children and Stearns and Chi Alpha.*

ROME, April 15, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Your first letter reached me here, and I cannot tell you how the very sight of the address made me more glad than all the splendors (contrasted with the squalors)

* "Chi Alpha"—"Christian Brothers," an association of clergymen, of New York and Brooklyn, which, for more than half a century, has met on Saturday evenings, for Christian intercourse and the confidential discussion of questions bearing upon their ministerial work and culture.

of this Eternal City. I would much rather be on the lounge in your dining-room than on any resting-place here ; and I would much rather have your blessing than that of Pius IX., so liberally dispensed with his soft and pious hand during the Holy Week. Since I wrote you we have been a week in Naples, and a few days here. . . . A visit to Rome, just now, is the best prescription for Ritualists and Romanizers ; it is the veriest caricature of Christianity. . . . On the whole, I am gaining, week by week, though slowly. Next week we go to Florence. In May we shall be among the Waldenses, I hope ; and in June in Switzerland. We find kind friends and some New York acquaintances here. . . . Do not grieve for me, dear mother ; I am doing well, on the whole, though I am not sanguine. I think I can truly say, the Lord's will be done. . . . Sometimes I think that Cumberland Fore-side would be better than all this.

La Tour, Italy, May 25, 1869.

My dearest Mother : Here among the Waldenses I am finding quiet (especially as it is just now raining furiously) and good air, eggs, milk, cream, a simple diet, great chances for out-of-door life, which I improve tolerably, and few chances or temptations for doing much more than eating, sleeping, walking, etc. It is very pleasant here. From one of my windows I look out on Castaluz, where was the terrible Waldensian massacre two hundred years ago. A rocky, foaming stream, the Pellice, rushes through the valley, joined just down here by another, the Angrogne. All around are the mountains and valleys of this secluded race, which so long kept up the pure tradition of the Christian faith. I got here in time to take part in the annual Synod, and was able to say a few words [in French]. Several English and Scotch ministers and families are staying here. We have a nice boarding-place, with a very motherly sort of a hostess, and are living more as we ought to, I suppose, though it seems very lazy, flat and unprofitable. . . . Your second letter we received at Florence, where we spent a week. . . . Venice I found charming, no sound of wheels, no dust, every thing after its own kind. You just get into a gondola and float about. . . . As for myself, dear mother, I am better, slowly

—sometimes I think very slowly—mending ; not good for much. The days and hours and nights are just about twice as long as they used to be. . . . Dear mother, I want to see you again.

To Mr. C. W. Woolsey :

La Tour, Piedmont, June 11, 1869.

My dear Charles : Your letter written May 27th, postmarked New York, May 29th, arrived here, *via* Paris, this morning, and I answer at once, partly in order to see how long a time it takes to exchange epistles, and partly to tell you how glad I was to hear from and of you, ——'s hoeing and little Howland's farming. We quite long to see you in your new house, and meanwhile imagine all about it. What would we not give, way off here in the old Vaudois valleys, to see some of your dear home faces, but if God so pleases, this, too, will be in due time. We have been here near three weeks, and may stay three more, if all goes as well as till now. I feel really better, *e. g.*, day before yesterday, in company with Pastor Malan (of this commune), etc., I mounted three thousand feet (taking four hours for it, and three for coming back), and was able to get about comfortably the next day. If my head were in as good order as my legs, I should be for coming home right off.

The hints and glimpses you give us of your home are quite tantalizing. I am so happy in the thought that you and Z. have a home you like and will care for, and that dear little H. is flourishing. We see you all every day, and pray for your health and happiness. May God bless you ! I am quite enjoying the Waldensian valleys. They are charming, and the people are simple, earnest and pious. Two or three months would hardly exhaust all there is to be seen ; through four or five valleys the scenes are charming and various. I have gained more sensibly than at any previous point.

La Tour, July 13, 1869.

My dear C. and Z. : I think the heat of these last few days here must be quite equal to yours, though tempered by cool nights from the hills, but to-morrow we leave for the glaciers of Zermatt, Eggischorn, etc. The theory now is that glacial air is the best for shattered nerves. It is not enough to be in a high valley, it must be a valley swept by air from the glaciers. After

that I am to go to St. Moritz for the springs, where we hope to meet Dr. Schaff, Dr. Park, W——, the Hopkinses, Howlands, etc.

We long, long to see you all again. I cannot yet fix the time of our return. If Prof. Hitchcock is not well, I must make haste and go back. On the whole I am improving, getting quite brown and walking six or eight hours a day.

June 17, 1869.

My dear George: Dorset is not half as fine as La Tour, and you could build a splendid house here for $5,000. We have now been here four weeks and more, and mean to stay on as long as it is cool enough, and then over St. Bernard. I *am* better in a general way—stronger, sleepier, and improving from week to week. I hope to be well enough to come back in early autumn. What a grand time you must have had with the Assembly, and how well things are done up. I received your *Tribune* just before your letter, and have been in quite an exalted state ever since. This reunion will be welcomed all over Protestant Europe with great delight, and will give new hopes to all the friends of liberty in both Church and State. It is a good thing, well-done, and 'tis only the beginning. Dr. Guthrie (when here) was quite anxious about the reunion in America as well as in Scotland; he gives up the whole union of Church and State. I like the Vaudois here (in spite of defects and limitations); they have a great work to do, and are doing the best and all they can. 'Tis a pity our American evangelists, like ——, should get into difficulties and disputes with the Waldenses. Love to your wife, A., and all. How I should love to see you! God bless you!

Most affectionately yours,

H. B. Smith.

You have heard of Hengstenberg's death—worn out.

La Tour, June 22, 1869.

My dearest M.: It is just perfect weather here to-day, and we are going to take a long walk this afternoon among the hills, and by the streams, which are innumerable, and only wish that you were here to go with us, and little H—— too, for, I fancy, he can walk fully as far as I can. Every day, every hour, we have some loving thoughts of you dear ones at home, and such a

strong and constant wish and hope to see you all again. That reunion news was grand and good, only I think Uncle George was rather extravagant about me.

. . . . Always remember how dearly I love you and H.

To Rev. Dr. Stearns:

La Tour, Piedmont, June 28, 1869.

My dear Stearns: I was right glad to get your letter after the Assembly, and also the reports of proceedings, though I have not seen even an abstract of your opening sermon. You have had great responsibility and honor put upon you in this momentous crisis, and I rejoice that you have been able to counsel so wisely and do so much. It is, indeed, a glorious result of all these years of change and discussion, and it promises much more for the future. Would that I could have been with you, but I hope to get back in harvest-time. For the last month I have been steadily gaining in tone and strength among these beautiful hills and valleys. I always had a kind of yearning for the Waldenses, which has now been gratified. They are a reduced and compressed people, and bear the marks of their past persecutions; at the same time there is much of the old simple faith remaining; the pastors are faithful, and no church, in proportion to its numbers, is doing more for evangelization outside of its own boundaries. The whole of Italy is now open to these despised and persecuted Waldenses, and in every chief city they have lighted up their lamps. I like them, and I don't like it that some of the agents of the American and Foreign Christian Union have so set themselves against them.

To-day I am off for a three or four days' excursion in another valley—to Balsille, Fenestrelle (fortress), and other famous points. Dorner, and Hoffman, and De Pressensé, etc., are pledged for the 1870 Alliance in New York. The British organization has joined in heartily, and will send some of the best of its men. Schaff is now in Berlin working for it. I hear that Prof. Park is coming abroad, I trust that we may meet. It is now four months since I left New York—how quickly passed! I am much better on the whole, physically, and in my muscular apparatus; I sleep better, though still uncertain of it; and I can bear a good deal of walking. But I cannot read or write much. I do not

yet care about writing more than one letter or so a day. I hope to return in the early fall. But I want to know how much of a pressure there is, or would be, for my return early in the term. If I should find it best to stay into the late autumn (for the sake of solidifying my health), could arrangements be made at the Seminary, do you think, without much inconvenience? Any expense, of course, I would bear. But I think I ought not this time to run much risk.

While at La Tour he was cheered by many kind letters, among which were the following:

"New York, May 15, 1869.

"Very dear Brother and Friend: I was greatly consoled by the letters you sent to us from Rome. Your health must have improved very materially, if the effort in writing them did not quite exhaust you; and if it continues to improve as it has done since you left us, will you not return to us in September, as well as you have ever been? And if so, what thanksgiving will be due from us and from the Church to the Father of all our mercies! Your illness has taught us, in some measure, how to value your labors. If prayer can avail to prolong your strength, and your work for the Church, the result can hardly be uncertain. There has been a large increase of prayer, for you and for our Seminary, since you have been withdrawn from us. What a chasm in our course of teaching, the lack of lectures on *Theology!*

"Your letter to the students was read to them Saturday evening, before proceeding with the service of the Lord's Supper. Its effect on the service was very happy: a peculiar tenderness and pathos marked all the exercises. For once, I felt it was very good to be there. I thank you very cordially, beloved friend and brother, for the letter you sent me. It comforts me to be assured that I have ever done anything which has in any way comforted you. I regard you as the glory of our Seminary, and have from the first, so regarded you. Through you, more than any one, our Institution has risen to a rank quite equal to that of any other in the land. I have loved you for your own sake: I have loved you for the sake of your work in the Seminary; I

have loved you for what you have done for the cause of sacred learning and evangelical religion in the American Church. I wish I had shown you my love in a worthier manner. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Smith and your son.

"Yours very affectionately,

"THO. H. SKINNER."

Dr. Skinner also wrote to him later:

". . . No man has done as much as you have in consummating our glorious reunion. I sympathize with the high rejoicing with which your soul cannot but be filled by the perfect and wonderful success of your labors. May God fill you more and more with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for His grace toward you, in this great movement. I am only happy in the hope of seeing you so soon, and seeing you well and able to work again in the Lord's vineyard. With very affectionate remembrances to Mrs. S. and your son, I am, very dear brother, in the bonds of everlasting friendship and love, yours,

"THOMAS H. SKINNER."

"NEW YORK, June 3, 1869.

"MY DEAR BROTHER SMITH: Very many were made most happy—myself principally—by your favor of April 4th, from Naples. It rejoices us all to know that you are in the way of convalescence. From my heart, I can adopt the words of Paul concerning Epaphroditus—'but God had mercy not on him only but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.' You have heard all the good things which have been done for us, during your absence. Some of them have occupied me so much that I find in them my only apology for delaying writing to you so long.

"Prentiss has written you all about General Assemblies, which have just adjourned. Never since Pentecost were such conventions of Christian men. The Reunion is *un fait accompli.*

"*You* were missed by all; very frequent mention was made of your name both in public and private. All feel that no one has done more than you to bring about reunion.

"Ever believe me, my dear brother, yours most truly and affectionately,

"W. ADAMS."

He received, about this time, from the College of New Jersey, the honorary degree of LL.D. In communicating to him the action of the trustees, President McCosh wrote: "This is no honor to you, but it is an expression of esteem on our part, and may be regarded as an earnest of the reality of the Presbyterian Union, for which you have done so much."

August 2, 1869.

The Hotel Bel Alp, where we have been staying for a week, is near Brigue, valley of the Rhone, seven thousand feet above the sea, on the edge of a glacier (the Aletsch) twenty miles long, surrounded by beautiful Alps, and in full view of one of the grandest chains of mountains in Switzerland. . . . We had a fine journey over the Simplon, and then to Zermatt, to see the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, etc., where we stayed about a week. The views there, from the Gorner Grat, are among the grandest of the Alps; nothing but high, sharp mountains and glaciers, filling up the horizon on all sides. . . . Then we came here, in a rain storm, a week ago, and to-day it is again raining hard, keeping about forty people in-doors, shivering, grumbling, reading over old newspapers, writing, and, in general, much out of sorts. This high glacial air, in which I have been living for two weeks, has, on the whole, been favorable to me. . . . In these physical respects I think I am a real gainer, though I cannot yet say that I should feel it quite safe to go to work lecturing every day again. But that, I trust, will come with time. I hope to go back to New York in the autumn, though very much depends upon the result of the next six or eight weeks in Switzerland.

I have lately received a letter from Professor Park, now at Oxford, proposing that we should be together in Switzerland, so we shall not lack for good company. Through Mr. Bancroft [in Berlin] I have a home paper almost every day. . . . Our future plans are somewhat uncertain, though I hope to get back early in the autumn. . . . I am delighted about Reunion and other home news.

From the Bel Alp he descended to Brieg, and jour-

neyed over the Furca, Oberalp, and Julier passes, to St. Moritz, in the Engadin. This unique valley had great charms for him, in its pure air, its intense sunshine, its fields rich with wild-flowers, its chain of sea-green lakes, and its encircling wall of fir-based, snowy mountains, with their immense interlying fields of glaciers. The strong chalybeate waters were of great benefit to him. His colleague, Professor Schaff, was there, a native of Chur, to whom the whole region was familiar, and who introduced his friend to several of his old school-mates, among them the great scholar, and the hereditary great man of the valley. Other American friends were also there. The influences of the place were so invigorating that he remained until the middle of September. Then he went down to Ragatz, for a week, on his way to Lake Lucerne, and spent several weeks at Gersau and on the Rigi Scheideck.

The day after he reached Gersau, he received a letter informing him that the Directors of the Seminary had generously voted to give him longer release from his duties. This reached him when he was feeling the effects of the relaxing change from the high air of the Engadin. At first he was very reluctant to take advantage of the generous proposal, and to admit the thought of continued inactivity, but the next day his decision was made, and a cable telegram sent for his children to come and join him. So restless a night followed this decision, that it was thought best for him to go up the mountain to the Rigi Scheideck Hotel, where he stayed till October. On his return to Gersau he had the pleasure of meeting his friend, Professor Park, and of making with him a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln.

RIGI SCHEIDECK, September 28, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I had hoped by this time to be setting my face homeward, but it seems that this is not to be quite yet. The action of the Directors in giving me the liberty of

staying is indeed very generous, after all they have before done, and it puts me more at ease about staying for a time. I do hope and believe that I have not got to remain idle another year, for I can ill afford to do that at my time of life, and with so much left undone. But who, after all, knows much about what he really does in this world, or what it will amount to. How soon the waves of forgetfulness roll over almost everybody! How easily our places can be supplied, and that is, after all, a comfort.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

Rigi Scheideck, September 30, 1869.

The Föhn wind is blowing up here, like the Furies let loose, day and night, whistling through every crevice, and shaking the old house. The sun is shining bright and warm, the prospect is clear and magnificent, and thus it has been for days. We are staying on till rain and cold come and drive us down. In these high places I feel like another man. . . .

I hope that the Board understood that I might be back for the last half of the year, and that they have made their arrangements accordingly. I cannot bear to think of staying away a whole year, half idle; I think it quite probable that by December I shall be able to come home. . . . I don't like to be such a burden on you all. If a man can't work he shouldn't eat. I am ready, as I have already written, to bear my part in the needed supply. . . . Love to you all. How we want to see you! We are hoping to see A—— with M——. Greetings to the beloved Chi Alpha. Love to Stearns. Farewell.

H. B. S.

About the middle of October he joined, in Heidelberg, the family of his brother-in-law, Hon. Erastus Hopkins, who were established there for the winter, and there he awaited the arrival of his children. A painful trouble in the ear, which had shown itself first at Ragatz, and had been partially relieved by medical treatment at Gersau, had been increasing, until it now deprived him of sleep. Professor Moos, the eminent aurist, found the evil to be one which threatened very serious results. His skillful course of treatment arrested it. This, and

the depressing winter climate of Heidelberg, counteracted the benefits of the pleasant family life. Early in November he had the joy of welcoming three of his children, and with them, the daughter of Dr. Prentiss, his oldest son, then residing in Berlin, having met the others on their arrival at Bremen.

To Prof. R. D. Hitchcock:

HEIDELBERG, December 5, 1869.

Your ship letter is just received, and I suppose this will find you in Paris. I am sorry that you had so tedious a voyage; but you will, I trust, soon get over it.

As to myself, I have been here now some six weeks, and, until within a few days, the weather has been discouraging. But now we have snow, and capital sleighing, and brisk air, and it is good. I cannot join you in Marseilles; nor, on the whole, do I think it will be best for me to make the Nile journey. But I *may* be in Cairo to join you on your return.

I want to stay in Germany a while longer, to see some universities I have not yet seen—Tübingen, Erlangen, and Bonn—and to extend my "general information." . . .

. . . The family is well established here for the present. Indoors we have comfortable times, and live as we like, much better and more economical than hotel or pension life. . . . Tell me just how the Seminary is doing. I am glad to hear of *definite* talk about a new building. Reunion is secured; may we but live and work for the results.

. . . Please write when you get anywhere. *Au revoir aux Pyramides!*

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

HEIDELBERG, November 1, 1869.

We have this evening heard from W., at Bremen, that the *Deutschland* was at Southampton last evening at ten o'clock. So we are full of thankfulness and expectation. If this villainous weather holds up a bit, we may go to Cologne to meet and escort the comers. Such weather has not been known here for years—the most cheerless ten days we have had in Europe. But it was fortunate I came here; for I am under one of the best

European aurists (Prof. Moos) for my ear-trouble, which threatened to be serious ; it has pulled me back these past six weeks, and is not yet over, though doing better. It is, on the whole, fortunate that I have not been compelled to plan about coming home just yet. I am hearing lectures here (Schenkel, Holtzmann, Hitzig, Zeller, Bluntschli, etc.), and manage to get along, though with some tedium and chafing. What to do after a month, I don't know. I mean to go to Tübingen, Würzburg, and, perhaps, Erlangen and Bonn—for a few days or so each—to see and hear the men and get *ideas!* If this *sombre* weather holds on, I shall want to get below the Alps—to become Ultramontane, in short. Prof. Park is going to Greece and Palestine, and would like to have me along, but this seems too formidable and expensive a matter, etc., etc. Sherwood wrote me about uniting our *Review* with *Princeton*, and wanted me to give him authority. I wrote him that I was afraid *Princeton* could not offer or accept what we should want, but that I would agree to whatever you might sanction. I am sorry to trouble you, but I didn't know what else to say. . . What you and Stearns would think right, I should like. . . .

I want very much to know soon just how matters are getting along in the Seminary. I can't tell you how badly I feel at being away when the Seminary is otherwise crippled. How would it affect matters to have me back in January ? Do let me know all about it. . . .

HEIDELBERG, BADEN, January 10, 1870.

MY DEAR GEORGE : Your long and most welcome letter came safely to hand, and made us to rejoice with you. . . . What with all this, and the reunion news, and rejoicings, I almost feel, way off here, as if I was shut out from both the church and the world. These two or three months in Heidelberg have not been any great gain to me, though, in some respects, I am better off. Our family life here has been pleasant, but of Heidelberg society I have seen almost nothing. . . . There are pleasant English and American families. The young people have enough to do with lessons and concerts, etc., etc., and they go out rather more than they would, perhaps, at home, which will, I think, work itself out all right in time. Then we have been to Worms,

and Speyer, and Nuremberg, Würzburg, Bamberg, and Stuttgart—all pleasant excursions.

Please tell Schaff, with love, that v. Bizer and Prof. Schwab at Stuttgart received me very cordially. I have been getting all the works published in Germany on the Council, which already make quite a literature of twenty volumes, or so. Have you seen *Janus*, probably by Döllinger, the ablest book against Papal Infallibility? *Richter*, on "Reform of Churches," is also instructive, and faces the consequences better, saying that in Germany a national church, non-Italian, is the only solution of the present difficulties. But it will probably be in this Council as at Trent—the Pope will either have things his own way, or else have them so left that he can put them as he pleases afterward. The logic of Rome leads irrevocably to the Personal Infallibility of the Pope. The French and American bishops who object, do so chiefly on grounds of prudence, not of principle. The dogma will be carried, even if it is not decreed. . . .

To Chi Alpha my special salutations, made warmer than ever by absence and distance. I think of that Christian brotherhood with strong desire, almost every Saturday night, and feel like an exile. If I can only get back, I will try not to go away again. The Lord bless and keep you all. I am still waiting here to hear from Rome. Probably in a week or so I shall be off—for Rome, or Athens, or Alexandria—farther than ever from home, but, I hope and pray, on the best way to it. Ever so much love to your wife.

Ever most affectionately,

H. B. Smith.

(Translation.)

From Professor Tholuck:

"Halle, December 12, 1869.

"My dear Friend: How much I lament the cessation of your letters to me, since I know that it is because you are not in a condition to return to your blessed work at home!

"I think that the benefit of a winter in Palestine depends almost entirely upon the character of your disease. If that is nervous debility, I cannot recommend it confidently on account of its winter weather, with frost and rain, and the insufficiently protected houses. On the other hand, it would be a great gain

in the way of rich enjoyment (Herzensfreude), and of theological fruit.

"I wish, indeed, that I could accompany you. But my bodily complaints are such as forbid my undertaking so long a journey, although, thank God, I am in a condition to lay aside easily my academical duties.

"I have endeavored to meet your wishes by the enclosed [letters], and, together with my wife, assure you how much I should rejoice to see you, with your wife and children, and the daughter of our dear Prentiss, once more before my end. Your son gave me so lovely an impression of his mind and heart that I could only regret that his stay was so short.

"With hearty friendship in the Lord,

"Yours,

"A. THOLUCK."

(Translation.)

From Professor Kahnis:

"December 12, 1869.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: My wife strongly hoped to meet you in Switzerland, but it did not come about, to her great regret. I rejoice to hear that, on the whole, you are doing well. And there could not be a more delightful path to health than that which leads through Italy, Egypt, and Palestine. I rejoice with all my heart in the hope of seeing you in Leipsic next spring, and mean that you shall be our guest.

"In Heidelberg I have no acquaintances to whom I could introduce you. In Tübingen, Oehler is a near friend of mine. I enclose a letter to him; he will introduce you to others. In Erlangen, seek out, particularly, Herr von Zezsonwitz, and give him the enclosed letter; he will be very cordial, and you will find a great deal in him. . . . I enclose letters to Hoffmann and Thomasius. I hope that you will enjoy much. . . .

"'May God guide thee in all thy ways, and strengthen thy weakness, and renew thy youth like the eagle's' (Isaiah 40). I am, in deep and true affection,

"Thine,

"KAHNIS."

His stay in Heidelberg, as has been seen, was pro-

tracted beyond his original intention, by necessary medical treatment, and afterwards by the arrangements for a journey to the East, which had been proposed to him by Professor Park. He seemed to his friends almost too feeble to undertake this long journey with its fatigues and exposures, but it was the most hopeful of experiments. The decision was made, not without misgivings, and on the fifteenth of January, 1870, he left Heidelberg. His wife and daughter accompanied him to Munich, and a few days later, after short visits to Florence and Ravenna, he joined Professor Park in Rome.

To his wife:

VERONA, Wednesday morning, January 19, 1870.

Eight o'clock. So far on my way, safe and well. It was snowing fast at Innspruck, and was not yet snowing much on the pass, but might in the night, and so I thought it best to push right on, and am glad that I did; for, after passing the summit of the pass, the moon broke out and we had the most magnificent ride possible, all the way the hills snow-clad, and a pale light upon them, valleys, streams, etc. I did not get more than half a night's sleep, but the magnificent view more than made up for it. . . . I am now going out to see the amphitheatre, etc.

VERONA, Wednesday evening, January 19, 1870.

I write again now, as I start at six o'clock to-morrow morning for Ferrara and Ravenna, expecting to reach Florence on Wednesday.

Already I am out of that mixed climate of Heidelberg; the day has been overcast, but like a dull November day, instead of a dreary one in February. I have been about, walking, for six or eight hours, and have had a nice time of it. The "arena" or amphitheatre here is hardly second to the Coliseum in Rome, in some respects better preserved. It is not so grand, but more complete The Duomo, the Church of St. Anastasia, . . . and especially the Church of St. Zeno, are all peculiar and impressive. At noon I went, casually, into an obscure church, and it was full; the priest was dispensing the bread,

and it was a memorable sight. If it were not for some dozen or fifteen good reasons, I should be inclined to become a Roman Catholic; somehow that church gets hold of a part of the population, and a part of our common sinful nature, which Protestants as yet (or now) fail to reach as thoroughly.

This city, like most of the Italian towns, has its own physiognomy, unlike any other, as if it grew up. It is on the Adige, which is shallow and turbulent, spanned by several fine bridges. All around stand the guardian hills, crowned with castles and fortresses. Coming from Germany, where everybody slouches, the bearing of these Italians is striking; the commonest workmen in groups have their rude cloaks slung over the shoulder with simple grace, and they walk as if they were born to nobility. On the market-place men and women hail you, and retail vegetables and meat with a kind of unconscious dignity. . . . But it is good for me to be off from a settled, secluded sort of life, for which I now feel that I was not ready. Not to stay in any one place too long is best for me now.

BOLOGNA, January 20.

. . . I had two hours in Padua, and a snow-storm all the way from Padua here; several inches of snow, real winter; so that even Italy is not always bright and warm. . . . This morning I go out to Ravenna.

Padua would be well worth a longer stay; some of Giotto's frescoes are admirable. . . . But Ravenna is *the* place to be seen, and being so near I could not deny myself. I feel better, too, to-day, and am getting to like traveling.

RAVENNA, January 21.

. . . I have been on the go most of the time since eight this morning, so as to get through with this *very* remarkable place. I have hardly spent so improving a day since I came abroad. The churches and mosaics and ancient monuments of Theoderic, etc., are far beyond my expectations. . . . The breath of the sea air does me good, and I have just kept out all day. And in my room I have a blazing wood fire, and have my bed warmed, and everybody attentive, because no other stranger is here.

FLORENCE, January 25.

. . . Just heard from Professor Park ; go to Rome to-morrow. . . . Last evening, dinner at the Grahams (beautiful), and reception at Van Nest's. To-day Ball's studio and several visits; dinner (now) at Graham's, reception at Marsh's, more society and life than in a year at Heidelberg. I am feeling better—much.

ROME, January 27, 1870.

I left Florence yesterday morning at seven and got here, somewhat cold and tired, last night at eleven, and had a good sound sleep. . . . Professor Park is not far off, and I have been with him two hours this morning. . . . To-day is bright, clear, cool, and I am going to St. Peter's and the Vatican, and this evening to see Mrs. Gould.

HOTEL DE ROMA, ROME, January 28, 1870.

The Hungarian bishops and theologians (of the Council) are here, at this hotel, as I believe I told you, and I have had good talks in German with some of them. This morning I went to see all the bishops coming out of the council-chamber (there was a Conciliar Congregation to-day), an imposing sight—the Orientals are splendid ; then to the gallery of the Vatican, and I got unmounted photographs from the *originals* of The Transfiguration and of Murillo's St. Catherine's Espousal to the Infant Jesus—the last is perfectly charming ; then to the Reading-room. The *Times* of London for the 24th and 25th have been seized by the police ; the Roman correspondent has been getting saucy of late. One of the Hungarians told me that it was not supposed that the Council would pass any decrees yet awhile, but debate and prepare until Easter, and then put all the matters in the hands of commissioners, and adjourn until next autumn or winter. . . . I get along nicely without you, even in the matter of sewing on buttons, which I had to do this morning. To be sure, it took me some time to establish a conclusive relation between the thread and the needle's eye, but after that I did grandly, and I don't believe that any other two buttons on my clothes are as solidly fixed as these, and now here's another button just off—I wish you were here. Everybody says that I am looking so much better.

Saturday evening, 29th.—This is bright, cool, clear. This morning the mausoleum of Augustus, etc.; got some old coins. With Professor Park, etc., to see a picture of Raphael on sale for forty thousand dollars, genuine, beautiful, Apollo and Marsyas. Apollo looks like a god; but I haven't the money. Afternoon with Prof. P. to St. Clement's church, and Father Mallooly showed us all through, and so we had to buy his book; you recollect the church. Then to Coliseum and St. John Lateran; the Pietà by Beradin in the vault we didn't see last year; *very* touching, even Prof. P. was sentimental over it. . . . Sunday afternoon. 'Tis a perfect spring day, the olives are all green; this scene quickens me, it is like a new breath of life.

February 3.—On Monday I saw and heard a bishop's funeral, some two or three hundred bishops performing the service. Tuesday morning in the Vatican and St. Peter's. Another bishop's funeral; a hundred of the barefooted Carmelites and about fifty celebrants chaunting dirges from St. Peter's to a church near here. Tuesday evening the funeral of the Grand Duke of Tuscany—five or six thousand soldiers in the train—a grand spectacle.

Yesterday was Candlemas; St. Peter's full; the pope borne aloft, three times round the church, with five hundred bishops bearing burning lights in his train. Tuesday, also, at St. Clement's where Father Burke, an Irish preacher, made an eloquent panegyric.

HOTEL CROCELLE, NAPLES, February 6, 1870.

. . . I left Rome Thursday afternoon for Ceprano, on the frontier, . . . about as forlorn a place as I have been in; then had to get up at five in the morning, and drive again in the gray light to Isoletta, to catch the train for Monte Cassino, where I arrived at eight, got breakfast, guide and a small white pony, and rode, in a bright, warm sun, up to the convent, where I had a grand time. One of the monks (now twenty-five, with a hundred and fifty pupils) showed me everything I cared to see, in three or four hours, and then gave me a lunch. The church is superb, with its marble decorations, etc. I saw Tosti. . . . I saw the Dante and other MSS. (they have five hundred volumes of MSS.), and a few of their forty thousand diplomas,

and of their forty thousand volumes in the library. The place exceeded my expectations, and that is saying a good deal. I enclose two leaves from the monks' garden. Then I walked down, enjoying the splendid view of the Abruzzi and other ranges of hills filling the whole horizon and bathing in the sunlight. Professor Park was in the afternoon train. . . . Naples is full of Americans. I wish I had been here two months, it is a luxury to live in this warmth and light; I want to be out of doors all the time. As I look from my window the setting sun is bathing Capri (just enveloped in a thin veil) with its purple light, and brightening all the southern arm of the coast to Sorrento; and Vesuvius is grand, its pillar of cloud being just laid flat on its northern slope by the breeze streaming over it, and the whole bay is glad and bright. I like it better and better, it is a very bright place, swarming with life.

. . . Tuesday to Sorrento and Capri with quite a company. . . . Sorrento is very beautiful, a broad, sheltered plateau on a high bluff, shaded by orange and lemon trees. But Capri is the most picturesque island I ever saw; about ten miles round, two mountains, one 1,800, and one 800 feet; on the last the remains of a palace of Augustus, and the precipice down which Tiberius threw his victims. We had a capital donkey ride of two and a half hours up and down steep places. Each donkey was attended by two girls, one to push and one to pull, and both screeching at the top of their voices all the way, "courage, Monsieur! allez, allez, ah! ah! ah!" 'Twas very funny, and they trotted me almost to death, but I was better after it. And then, at the landing, such a crowd of boys, girls, beggars, old women and children, all crying, screaming and importunate.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Summer, Thermometer 80° in the shade, Sunday, February 13, 1870.

We arrived early this morning, safe and sound, and are well lodged at the Peninsula and Oriental hotel, on the great square of Alexandria. You never saw such a place, such picturesque confusion of skin-colors and clothes-colors, and donkeys, and camels, and drays, and vehicles of all sorts, and a very Babel of tongues on the market-place. The morning was bright, and we steamed up the bay just as the sun was rising behind the mina-

rets, and towers, and windmills, and ships, and palaces. There was the Pharos on the site of the old wonder of the world, and there was the Pasha's palace, and behind, the towers of churches and minarets of mosques, and the summits of Pompey's pillar and of Cleopatra's needle. We were soon invaded by a motley throng of boatmen, dragomen, custom-house officers, soft and flowing in ways and dress, until they got mad, when the fire broke out; all hues, some of the finest-looking deep jet beings you ever saw. Greeks, Franks, Egyptians, everybody stammering some English. We worked through and out, and got the whole party of twelve ashore, through the custom-house, and to the hotel (a mile) in an omnibus, for about a franc and a half a head! They rather put on me the bargaining and piloting, because I can talk French and a bit of Italian in a high key, and don't mind the chaps. Don't you think I must be better? This warm sun is just like a cordial to me, and more than that, it sends life through all the pores to the center.

But now I must make up my itinerary. On the 8th we left Naples, about noon. . . . We took the Italian steamer way through to Alexandria, and had close quarters and good fare. There were eighteen Americans aboard, a pleasant company.

9th, at 8 o'clock at Messina, passing between Scylla and Charybdis; just as we entered the Messina Straits, with glimpses then and afterward of Mt. Ætna, though clouds obscured the summit. At Messina, a drive round the town (well built), and to an orange grove, where we plucked and ate the best of oranges, and gathered flowers. It was a brilliant day.

10th, bright and billowy; almost all sick, except Prof. P. and myself. For a hundred miles we sailed along the coast of Candia (Crete), with the snow-capped Mt. Ida in full view—a rare vision—for six or eight hours.

11th and 12th, calmer, sunny days, among the best of the Mediterranean.

13th, arrived at Alexandria, Sunday. I went to the R. C. Church, and to the Greek Church; nothing very striking.

Farewell. All is new and old and strange.

CAIRO, February 17.

. . . I am improving every day in health and tone, and

several nights have just slept straight through. This is our July weather, tempered by the most grateful breezes all day, with cool nights and mornings. Nothing could be better, and I ought to have come here a month sooner and gone up the Nile.

14th, Tuesday, four and a half hours by railroad to Cairo. Such fertility as that of the Delta of the Nile can hardly be matched. Long lines of camels, thirty or forty in a row, carrying all sorts of things; rude mud villages, a mixed, picturesque and dirty population, of all possible human hues. We are very comfortably established at Shepherd's hotel, a large, roomy place, built round wide, open courts. Out of my window I see a garden of palm-trees and all sorts of Oriental shrubbery; delicate, brown, long-eared kids are feeding on the new grass.

In the afternoon we drove through the bazars, crammed with shops and people; narrow streets, high houses, crooked lanes, covered at the top, to keep out the sun. We also went to the citadel, and the splendid mosque of Mohammed Ali, built about twenty-five years since. The dome is superb, and the tomb of his highness is really noble. Going into a mosque, we all have to doff boots and don slippers. The view of Cairo here is very fine—a city now of 600,000.

. . . A very kind letter from D. Stuart Dodge, Beirut,*

* "Beirut, January 20, 1870.

"My dear Prof. Smith: We do not always credit accounts from Egypt, but we hear, on reasonable authority, that a few crowned heads, according to our notions, are still floating around in the Khedive's dominions. All the royal personages this year, excepting the Empress, whose example is hardly to be quoted, have not ventured to omit Syria in their pilgrimage. We cannot entertain the thought that *our* princes are to do otherwise. But I send this line, on its uncertain course, to follow your colors up the river, to announce our united and eager expectancy. We will promise you all royal salutes and every ecclesiastical salaam. A small regiment of your pupils and friends lay claim to a visit. And, in all sincerity, I think we may also plead *duty*. The first of April there will be held here a missionary conference with delegates representing a wide range of American effort in this part of the world. Not only would you have an opportunity to talk face to face and on the ground, with men who could give you fresh and personal views of the work, not only could you cheer and aid them at this gathering, but, if I am not mistaken, it may prove of peculiar value to the settlement of the questions of *missions* in the readjusted operations of the *Presbyterian* Church, if you could come here and learn, from conversation

wanting a visit from me, especially at a Missionary Conference, in Beirut, the first of April; but it is doubtful whether I can be there then. Mr. Hale has just sent me the itinerary of the royal progress up the Nile by Mariette Bey; also a permit to see the Khedive's palace and garden.

Yesterday, 16th February, we all went to the Ghizeh Pyramids, about ten miles. I was rather disappointed in the immediate impression. Sand hills all around, to the west unbroken sand; twelves miles off the Sakhara pyramids (nine). I didn't go up; inside, a dark, close chamber (pyramid of Cheops), thirty or forty feet square, and high. But the *Sphinx* (a mere torso) is still wonderful; also the temple of the Sphinx.

To-day we have been at Heliopolis. I send you a leaf from the five-trunked sycamore, where Joseph and Mary are said to have found refuge.

. . . On Friday, the 18th, to Old Cairo (Coptic still), and the grotto of the Virgin; also to a whole service in a mosque; and to see the whirling Dervishes, some twenty spinning round one way for full twenty minutes.

February 17th, to palace and garden of the Khedive at Ghezirah; very fine; also to the Egyptian Museum.

February 21st, at home; sirocco and sand.

February 22d, to Sakhara pyramids (nine), and the wonderful cemetery of the Apis (sacred bull); thirty immense sarcophagi, etc., in subterranean vaults, hewn out of the rock. Also to what remains of Memphis, a grand fragment of a Colossus, forty-two feet high, in a mud hole. We lunched in memory of Washington, in the largest sarcophagus, eight people, and had room to spare.

and observation, the opinions of missionaries themselves. It is not a small subject, nor one to be easily settled. A few weeks here, too, in our charming climate and surroundings, would be just the rest, I am sure, the medical faculty would advise. We feel that we have a pre-emptive right to seize upon yourself, and I only wish our tent could stretch its stakes to include all your boat-load; but the whole brotherhood here will demand a share in the spoils.

"Please give us a single steamer's notice in advance, that we may save you from the Philistines on landing.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"D. Stuart Dodge."

February 22d, at Sakhara pyramids, met the Hitchcocks coming down the Nile, also the Tylers. . . . I have to give up going up the Nile; it is now too late. I wish now with all my heart that you and I had joined the H.s up the Nile. They have had a splendid time, basking in sunshine and fanned by breezes.

And now we have made up a party for Mt. Sinai; to Suez by rail, then some eighteen or twenty days; back to Suez (not through the desert), thence through the canal, to Jaffa and Jerusalem; in Jerusalem two or three weeks till about the 10th of April, and then, by horses, to Beirut, about the last of April. . . . Our party is Prof. Park, Prof. and Mrs. Hitchcock and myself, only four, with two other parties, starting about the same time. Our tents, fine and large, are now pitched near the hotel, and make a fine show. We are all in the best of spirits.

Last Sunday I heard a Turkish sermon, and an Arabic, and Dr. Robinson at the Mission (U. P.) in the afternoon, and Dr. Newman Hall in the evening. Hall came with Cook's excursion party of sixty, a third of them Americans, and they swept off to Syria yesterday morning.

CAIRO, February 25.

Yesterday was just a year since we sailed from New York, and I begin to realize how much better I am. . . . What great cause for gratitude! I hope I am thankful.

CAIRO, EGYPT, February 23, 1870.
Amchir 17, 1586, Egyptian.
22 Zoul Kaada, 1286, Moslem.
22 Adar, 5630, Hebrew.

MY DEAR MOTHER: At last I am in the land of the sun. It is like July weather, ranging from 60° to 80°; but such perfect weather we never know in New England. Here there is now no rain; midday is warm, but almost always with a fresh breeze; the mornings and evenings are cool. It is a luxury to be here. I only regret that I did not come six weeks ago, and go up the Nile; it would have been a gain to me in health and life. Since I left Germany, I have been constantly gaining, and am better now than at any time since I left New York, a year ago to-morrow.

. . . Cairo is full of life ; no Italian town is so manifestly growing. The Khedive, the Suez Canal, and French, English and Italian rivalry for commerce are stimulating the whole Egyptian population ; but few people were ever more oppressed by taxation. The Khedive (Ismail) owns more than half the land, besides all the factories, railroads, etc. He lives magnificently ; his palace and gardens at Gezireh, are really splendid. Cairo has six hundred thousand inhabitants, and their name is *motley ;* you never saw such a commingling of colors, natural and artificial. It is like a perpetual show, by day and by night. The streets and bazars are crowded, but the mosques are deserted. The Moslem faith is declining, though not, perhaps, the Moslem fanaticism.

Mother, I have seen the pyramids of Ghizeh and of Sakharah, the cemetery of the Apis, the grand old Sphinx, Heliopolis (On) where Joseph got his wife, and where Plato studied, and Memphis, where Moses stood before Pharaoh, the monuments, ruins and fragments of the oldest human civilization, but I would give more to see you again, than for all these. May the Lord spare you and me to meet once more ! I celebrated your seventy-fifth birthday with grateful memories.

To Rev. Dr. Stearns :

CAIRO, EGYPT, February 28, 1870.

It is the last day of winter with you ; here it is like the last week of your June, only finer still—cool nights, at midday about 70° to 80°, yet always tempered by a delicious breeze. We have been here now nearly a fortnight, enjoying every day. It is well that I did not venture to return home in the autumn ; how much I thank you, dear friend, and so many others, for their kindness, their noble liberality. May I, through God's great mercy, but live to do some humble work for our beloved Seminary and our reunited Church ! I may never be able to work as much as once I did ; but I hope and pray that it may be a more sanctified work. Meanwhile, what great things you at home are doing for the Seminary and for the Church. There is some use in working hard, with such stimulating results. The Seminary is doing better *without* Hitchcock and me ; so much the better. I congratulate you with all my heart for your part

in the great reunion; and how much Prentiss has done for the Seminary. How often I think of and pray for you. I thought of your great loss, on its anniversary in January; time cannot lessen it, but grace may make it even a blessing. May your home be full of comfort and peace.

Here in Egypt it is like being in a new world; though I am half sure all the time that I have seen it all before. Oriental statistics are most uncertain; but in Cairo, there are probably half a million of people; in the older parts of the town, chiefly Arabs, with Copts and Greeks in narrow streets. The external observance of Mohammedanism is declining; its fanaticism survives. In the old Coptic churches, the service is less reverent than in the mosques. I went on Saturday to the mosque Ezher (the splendid) where, they say, seven thousand Mohammedans are studying the Koran. The U. P. Mission is doing an excellent work. Drs. Lansing, Barnett, Hogg, and others, labor most faithfully, and are universally respected. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, preached yesterday.

Under the Khedive a new European Cairo is growing up, by a forced and desperate taxation. What the result will be seems doubtful. Can commerce and railroads regenerate a decrepit and degenerate people? Can a worldly, sensual, and oppressive ruler build up a nation? It is said in Europe that the slave-trade is here abolished; but slaves are every day bought and sold in Cairo, and all up the Nile; and for every slave sold, the government receives a tax; this I have from the most unquestionable sources.

I breakfasted (lunched) the other day with Hekekya Bey, former minister of foreign affairs to the able and unscrupulous Mehemet Ali—a highly trained and courtly gentleman, most hospitable and genial. The partisans of Ismail (Viceroy) accuse him of croaking; but he has a keen eye, and long experience. He looks upon the whole present stimulus of Egypt as artificial, feverish, oppressive, and extravagant to the last degree. *E. g.*, the Viceroy has built, beside the railroads, fourteen palaces, in the last eight years, and stocked his harem with three hundred concubines. The Moslem hatred of the Europeans, especially of the women by whom the Viceroy is surrounded, broke forth in violence at the time of the last Mecca pilgrimage (about Janu-

ary 27) as it went through Cairo on its way to Mecca; white women were pelted with stones. The one hundred and thirty-seven millions of Moslems will still make a fight for their faith and manners. The game of the Khedive is hazardous; his father and uncle both died from poison.

Many Americans are traveling in the East; about one hundred in Cairo the last fortnight. Edward Prime and wife, of the *Observer;* William Prime and wife; the Van Rensselaers, etc., etc. Another American party starts with us for Sinai—viz.: Dr. Lyman (Episcopal), Reverdy Johnson, Jr., etc.

Best love to George, when you see him. When shall we three meet again? Early in next September, let us hope.

To Hon. Erastus Hopkins:

CAIRO, February 28, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER ERASTUS: I have thought of you and prayed for you very often since I left you in Heidelberg, and have wished that you might be breathing this more quickening air. It seems to me it might do you good if you could only come here. I was never in such an exhilarating climate; and all around is strange and full of interest. . . .

I am very glad that we had so much of a quiet winter in Heidelberg. I think we all came nearer together, to know and love one another more and more. Whatever may be in store in the future, I am sure we shall thank our Heavenly Father that our two families were allowed to become one in these past months. These months and days of pain and weariness have their compensations, through the grace of Christ. Perhaps we judge this life better at such times; certainly another life becomes more real to us, if by faith we can lay hold upon it. Our light afflictions are but for a moment; through divine grace, they may work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory.

If not on this side of the ocean, then at home, I hope, dear brother, that we may meet on this side of the better land.

And in that land may God grant that we may all meet at last.

To his wife:

SUEZ, Sunday, March 6, 1870.

A bright, particular day, perfect June, with breezes from the

Red Sea, just before us; beyond, the sand banks of the opposite side, where the Israelites went over; just below is the long mountain range and promontory, Gebel (hill) Atakah, at whose base, perhaps, Moses (Ex. xiv. 21, 22) led the children of Israel across. The places in Ex. xiv. 2 can no longer be identified. We are encamped just by the last lock and the basin of the Suez canal, with a view of the narrow belt of the Red Sea, and of two ranges of hills (one the Atakah) coming down on the west side of the sea, and of the mountains on the other side. To-day we are spending quietly here, after three fatiguing but not exhausting days. We left Cairo Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock. . . . On the previous day I went to Miss Whately's school of a hundred and forty boys and sixty girls; saw Miss W., very pleasant and full of her work. . . . We made a great parade near our hotel, on leaving Cairo; thirty-six camels, and about as many men, all told, for our two parties. That afternoon, Wednesday, we went out to a camping ground, about three miles, and pitched tents in view of the minarets of Cairo, and just over against Heliopolis, and near two or three of the late Pasha's palaces. This camping was a new and strange scene. Besides our camels there were some twenty more of the same Bedouin tribe, and the whole was picturesque confusion; camels loaded heavily, hen-coops and turkey-coops, barrels of water, all sorts of provisions, eight tents, great grumblings and groanings of the camels, loading and unloading, and the loud and wild gibberish of the Bedouins, till late into the night; with a brilliant sunset of the fairest tints, and, later at night, the sky filled with stars and constellations, shining as we never see them at home.

Thursday morning, bright sunrising; striking tents and loading camels, two and a half hours; twelve miles in the forenoon, lunch an hour and a half, twelve miles more of riding, and again a camping ground, in the very midst of the desert. We were no sooner in the tents than a violent rain came on, with thunder and lightning for a full hour, but we were well sheltered, and had a good dinner and a fair night's rest.

On Friday, all the way through the desert. We made thirty miles on camels, and had a cool, overcast day, but no rain. We were pretty thoroughly tired, but woke yesterday morning

refreshed, and were ready to start at eight o'clock. We made eighteen miles before dinner, camped an hour, and then eighteen miles more to Suez, arriving at eight in the evening, all together, pell-mell, and did not get shaken down nor have dinner till eleven o'clock, but slept well afterwards, and to-day we are enjoying rest. . . . I am getting to like the camel motion; it is not jarring but swaying, and as soon as you catch the trick it goes easy. I have now no doubt that I shall be able to go to Sinai and back here. . . .

To-morrow we cross the Red Sea, two miles, in a boat. The camels go round and meet us on the other side. To-morrow night we encamp at the Wells of Moses.

THE DESERT, JUNCTION OF WADY FEIRAN, AND WADY ESH-SHEIKH, Sunday, March 13, 1870.

Thermometer 80°, breezy. Here we are, in the midst of this so-called desert, which is, properly speaking, no desert, but sand or pebble plains between the bold peaks and ranges of crumbling mountains. It is very grand and solitary. Right in front is the Sheikh range, of which Sinai (Jebel Mousa) is a part; to the right the magnificent, jagged, serrated, lofty range of *Serbal*, which many suppose to be the real Sinai. The mountain called Sinai is 9,000 feet high. We are, in a straight line, about twelve miles from it, and shall reach it by the road (eight hours) to-morrow afternoon. To-day we are enjoying an unbroken rest (the other party took another road last night, and were to travel on to-day).

This week, since we left Suez on Monday, has been wonderful; such wild scenery, so varied in wildness, I have never seen. Two or three days sand plains, but the most of the way has been among and around barren, broken, fantastic, grand peaks; narrrow strips of sand, or rather of pebbles, between, winding about and about, through long defiles on each side guarded by the rude hills, changing every hour. And the mountains have all sorts of hues. . . . There is more of shrubbery than I expected, accacias, gum-trees, aromatic plants, some still in flower, now and then a few palm trees, all dwarfed, but springing up with strong life in the midst of the expanse of sand.

On Monday last (the 7th) we spent the morning in Suez, looking round the basin of the canal, etc., looking up the banker, getting some stores, etc. . . . The town of Suez is very rude and dirty; the main hotel is good, the head-quarters for English and other travelers to India. . . . As yet we have had no cause to complain of our fare or care. The Bedouin Arabs are as simple as need be; my man kisses his hand to me when I mount or dismount, and would kiss mine if I would let him. A little present (dates, figs, bread, especially tobacco) will make them very attentive. . . . Our train of over thirty camels, heavily loaded, makes a picturesque show, winding round among the defiles of these mountains. One big camel carries two tents (400 or 500 pounds); another has three large blue chests with the kitchen things and a hen-coop on top; another the bedding. On my camel is all my baggage and the camel's beans and my leader's traps. I can now drive my own camel (named Sverra, her owner is Hussein), and even to make it trot (very hard) for a few minutes at a time. . . . We are all better and bearing everything right well and enjoying all, though wishing every day and hour that you were here also. The weather, thus far, has been without a flaw. To-day it is superb, very warm but breezy. The nights are cool and slumberous, and the stars keep bright watch. The moon is near its fullness, 'twill be just right at Mount Sinai.

Wednesday, March 16.—Yesterday we ascended Mount Sinai, so-called, both the peaks that contend for the honor. Our camp is right under the awful shadow of the holy mount. . . .

We came down and lunched where Elijah is said to have been in Horeb (a chapel there), where is a garden and a cypress tree a hundred feet high. Then a walk, so to say, *inside* the mountain, for an hour and a half, across the wildest, grandest masses of rock, up and down and winding, till we came up a hard, narrow, broken ravine, and a steep climb to near the summit of the real Sinai (probably) commanding, just in front, 2,000 feet below, the plain of Rahah, two miles long, and about one broad, large enough for two millions of people to be in and hear the law. A very fatiguing descent down a steep ravine, and to-day, fagged out.

The moon is now about full, and the view by night is very, very grand.

To his mother.

SINAITIC PENINSULA, Sunday, March 20, 1870.

. . . Well, mother, we have been up to the Mount of the Law and are about half way back to Suez. It is nearly twenty days since we left Cairo and have lived in tents and on camels, and in all that time we have not had a rainy day (a thunder-shower one night), and the thermometer has been from about 45° at night to 80° at midday; but the heat is every day relieved by a breeze which springs up, usually from the north, at about nine o'clock, A.M. and continues till nightfall. This whole peninsula is much more wild and grand and impressive than I had supposed. The usual notion of a desert, meaning sand-plains, applies only to a strip on the Rea Sea and a few interior plateaus; the rest is simply ranges of bold, bare, barren mountains, of all shapes and hues, with valleys, or "Wadys," made up of mountain débris between, coursing in all directions, fertile where there are springs, but otherwise just tufted with low, coarse shrubs, some highly odorous, such as only camels and goats can browse upon.

The mountains are low on the edge of the desert and near the sea, and gradually heighten as you advance, until, at Sinai and its neighborhood, they reach a height of 9,000 feet. They are at first of limestone, then sandstone in all varieties, then sienite (red granite) mixed with porphyry. Many of the ridges are shot through for miles with what seems like basaltic (volcanic) rifts or seams, which are left exposed in long lines, as the more friable materials are eaten up by the elements. Such infinite variety of wild beauty and solemn grandeur, such a wealth of rock colors, . . . I think must be unique. I never saw anything like it; it is a perpetual revelry for the eye. And the shapes are as varied as the hues.

The Sinaitic range is the grandest of all; but there are two masses that contend for the supremacy, and even for the sacred name of "Mountain of the Law." One of these, "Serbal," is doubtless the most prominent and imposing object in the Peninsula, a long, jagged yet artistic line of peaks and domes, one of

the most beautiful as well as splendid of mountain ranges. Some suppose that on the dominant central peak the Law was given; but there is a want of breadth at the base; ravines run near it; the valleys that lead to it are rugged, though near it runs the Wady Feiran, the Paradise of the Bedouins, full of palms and tamarisks and running water.

The other, probably the real Sinai, is about forty miles (S. E.) further down the Peninsula. It is approached from the north by a valley two miles long and a mile wide at the base—a noble amphitheatre for a vast multitude, fully large enough to hold two million spectators. The broadest Wady of the Peninsula, called Esh-Sheikh, also leads directly to it, and answers all the needful conditions for the march and encampment of a great nation. The mountain has two faces, one on the valley above named, and the prominent peak on that side (the central one of three) is now called Sassafeh, and is probably *the* mount; the other, southern side, is the traditional Sinai of the monks, with a bolder face, but less accessible and a narrower plateau in front.

We ascended both peaks last Wednesday (16th.) On the summit of the latter (the Jebel Mousa) is a Greek chapel; the view from it is grand and even awful. Right across the mountain, for a mile, through deep chasms wrought out of the solemn rock, we went the same day to the other peak. The convent is interesting, secluded—a garden in the wilderness, with a rich chapel to which all kings and countries send their gifts. Here, you may recollect, Tischendorf found his celebrated MS. of the Bible.

To his wife:

Wady Badereh, Sunday, March 20.

From hill back of camp fine view of the blue Red Sea, with the African hills beyond. The journey back by Wady Esh-Sheikh and Feiran, the paradise of the Peninsula, is even finer than the way we came. Serbal, as a group, is much more picturesque than Sinai. We kept the range in view two days. The Sinaitic inscriptions yesterday in Wady Muk-heb are remarkable. The coloring of the mountains is beyond comparison, all the yellows and purples, and olives and grays, white and black; and the shapes are as fascinating, picturesque and varied as possible. We are encamped near old mines, worked, says Lepsius, before the time of Abraham.

LIFE IN THE DESERT : CAMELS AND TENTS.*

Two parties, keeping, for the most part, together, and Howadji and Howadjiunes; thirty-two camels, two camel sheikhs, with about twelve camel-leaders, two dragomans, two cooks and three waiters; *i. e.*, circa four camels and four attendants (Arab) to each traveler.

Morning.—Waked up by Arab jangling, cock-crowing and the rising sun, about six o'clock (in March). After fifteen minutes the Arabs begin to pull up the stakes of the tent; we dress and wash and pack in haste; in half an hour the tent is scattered. Breakfast—coffee or tea, eggs in any hasty way, cold meat, canned salmon, a jar of jam, crackers, bread ad libitum and hard, Irish stew, all in a mess, but enough—in the lunch-tent. Twenty minutes for breakfast and then the tent goes down. For four persons we have four tents; one of twelve ropes, *i. e.*, twelve feet diameter, and one of fourteen, for sleeping; roomy enough; one for the cook and dragomans, etc.

Camels, sixteen for a party of four, loading, and while loading keeping up a most disconsolate groaning—for the camel is constitutionally a grumbler. As soon as the driver makes the camel kneel down, and begins to put the pack on, the camel begins to grunt or groan or low, and every time that any new rope is tied on him, or any new parcel put on him, he keeps on groaning, a discontented beast! When the rider mounts he snorts worse than ever. But as soon as the loading is finished or the driver mounts, the camel marches on, it may be for ten or twelve hours, perfectly sure-footed, at an even pace. The best camel of our party bore the tents, a heavy burden, groaning and growling till the burden was put on his two sides, and then he would march off, strong fellow that he was, for ten hours, even and straight, and not need food or water all the way. It is surprising how little the camels live on; stray and rude shrubs, clumps of coarse grass which the riders collect at night, two or three quarts of beans or corn, water once a day, and all the time keeping up a steady pace of about three miles an hour. I cannot say that I like a camel personally as I should a horse,

* These pages were written in pencil and sent in a letter.

but I respect him very much. The walk of a camel can be endured, but his trot is cruel (except in the case of the trained dromedary), and cannot be borne for more than five minutes or so by any invalid. They walk easily about three miles an hour. But even the walk is a perpetual bobbing, to which one has to get accustomed. It is rather comical to see a squad of a dozen persons on camels loitering along, and all slightly bowing at every step of the beast, first forward and then backward ; but the feeling is not as bad as it seems, and one soon becomes accustomed to and forgets the awkward movement. But whenever the rider changes his position the camel gives his uneasy grunt ; when you get off and when you get on, still he snarls and groans. Round the camp in the morning, when thirty camels are loading (at breakfast), they are all clamoring and snarling and groaning as if their last hour had come. Such music fills our air morning and evening ; it is worse than the braying of donkeys, and more incessant. Then, once in a while, in the evening and night, you will hear a gurgling sound ; it is still the camel, drawing up the water from his inner sac, and drinking it afresh, not fresh. And whenever he stops or is going slowly, he evokes a cud from his inner buttery and chews it o'er again.

The process of mounting and dismounting is peculiar, too. The driver pulls at the thong round the camel's nose (no bit), and strikes his neck, when plump he goes down on his fore knees, back up three feet high in the air, another jerk, the hind legs go down ; then, thirdly, the fore legs are drawn under ; fourthly, the hind legs ditto, then you mount ; the camel jerks up his fore legs, and you are in the air, at an angle of 45° ; then the hind legs come up and restore the balance ; two more jerks, and you are up in the air ten feet, and he begins to move, and you begin your day's bobbing. Isn't there an old nursery rhyme, " We're all a-nodding ? " The camel-song would be, " We're all a bobbing, a bib-bib-bobbing," etc., all the day long.

We usually traveled from seven and a half to twelve and a half o'clock, and then lunched—cold fowl or mutton, preserved salmon, sardines, jam of some sort, nuts, figs, oranges, wine or ale ; then a bit of a nap, stay about an hour and a half ; the signal to start is given, in ten minutes camp is struck, camels going, and the place knows us no more.

The afternoon's ride was usually three to three and a half hours. The pack camels do not stop to lunch, but keep trudging on, and get to the camping ground about half an hour before us. We see from afar the white tents. As soon as we get into tent and dismount (reversing the process of the morning), tea is ready. It usually took an old Arab cook two and a half to three hours to get dinner ready—half-past seven to eight o'clock, and dinner was always quite an affair, about an hour long. Soup, roast or boiled chickens or turkeys, and roast or boiled mutton, sometimes fish; peas or beans, canned; apples or pears, a fresh compôte, figs, raisins, nuts, crackers, cheese, etc., etc. We really lived exceedingly well. The dragomans, both on the Nile and in the desert and in Syria, are ambitious each to set the best table. Some of the Nile boats are fitted up lavishly, and the living in them is quite as good as in the best hotels. Our whole outfit, tents, furniture, table service, cooking utensils, linen for tables, and beds and bedding, were entirely new when we left Cairo. The expense, of course, is considerable, and rather on the increase from year to year. For our Sinai expedition up to this point (from Cairo twenty-six days), we have averaged not much less than two pounds sterling a day, all told. In Palestine, our contract for thirty-five or forty days from Jaffa is made out at a pound and a half; but other things of course swell the tale.

Each camel has its boy; I had a little, straight, well-favored chap of about twenty, who walked most of the time holding the rope, and not swerving to right or left, bare legs, thin and wiry, erect, shoulders back, no shoes (sometimes sandals for rocky places), always attentive and pleasant, living on cracked corn or beans, overjoyed when I gave him dates or figs, and especially a bit of smoking tobacco. None of these Bedouins drink at all of strong drink.

PORT SAID, March 27.

. . . We came here yesterday (Saturday 7th) from Suez; to Ismailia, by railroad; and then by the great canal, from one to half-past seven, P.M. The Bitter Lakes, which make a part of the canal, we saw from the railroad—blue, like the Red Sea, with the desert all around. At Ismailia we took the steamer, a

small one, making eight miles an hour, and for a large part of the way saw chiefly the banks of the canal. For twenty-nine miles the canal is *built into* a large shallow lake; up to Ismailia it is made in the ever-shifting sands of the desert (for a large part of the way), and can be kept open only by constant dredging with powerful steam machines, which pump up sand and water to clear the way. There are several hundreds of these dredging machines at work almost all the time.

Port Said, the entrance of the Suez canal, is a new town, now counting some 10,000 inhabitants, rescued from the waste of sand and the Mediterranean Sea. It is built on the sand; immense piers and moles have been constructed, so as to make a harbor on the insecure coast. The buildings, with few exceptions, are one story high, roughly constructed, like our new American towns; all is to be torn down.

We hear that the boat is detained, and we must stay here till Tuesday, not a pleasant prospect in such a rude place; but the rest will be agreeable, for we have, on the whole, been doing rather too much the last three weeks, full of interest and profit, spiritually as well as physically, as they have been. The last three or four days of our desert journey were rather tedious; the sand-hills and plains, interesting when first seen, seemed tame after the grand Sinaitic range. One fine part of the way was for five hours along the sea where the Israelites undoubtedly encamped (Numbers xxxiii. 10, 11). The place of this encampment was very broad and ample, and the view of the sea and of the African coast and hills was beautiful. That day and the next we had a regular sirocco and sand-storm, very severe and debilitating. . . . The tents could hardly be pitched, and for most of the night the storm raged and howled—a "howling wilderness." But on Wednesday the storm abated, and no rain followed; and by one o'clock we lunched by the Wells of Moses, under the beautiful palm-trees, and in the afternoon sailed over to Suez. S. was full; two Indian steamers and a British regiment, Lord Napier, Sir R. Alcock, a crowd of fine-looking Englishmen, who bore themselves as a conquering race; fair and pale women, and seventy-two babies, going to England for the summer, to save the babies' lives. A party of six other Americans came with us by the canal, and two English ladies.

We send on our heavy trunks, full of Sinaitic stones, to Dr. Van Dyke's care at Beirut. . . . I am very well, very brown, and stand the fatigues remarkably well, everybody says. I had not seen my natural face in a glass for a fortnight, when I arrived at Suez, and thought I had got Bedouinized.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

April 17.—This, dearest, is an event in one's life; everything seems here to bear more directly and profoundly upon the question of our salvation, and of the fact of a personal Saviour, incarnate for our sakes. Whatever superstitions or even frauds abound in the traditions of the rival factions, the grand historic facts still remain; and I hope that I do really believe in Christ more than ever before, and believe less in mere tradition. The Mount of Olives, Bethany, Gethsemane (about the place) still remain. But Jerusalem itself, as it now is, is a saddening place. The Christianity is of the most superstitious kind; the lights, processions, rites, seem rude, and all the Christianity there is here seems overborne and trampled on by the domineering Moslem. I shall not, on the whole, regret to leave it.

I must give you just the outlines of my itinerary:

March 29.—From Port Said by French steamer (very good) to Jaffa (Joppa) at eight, A.M. What a motley, and noisy, and rapacious crowd! Landing difficult, just one cut among breakers, in bad weather no harbor. At noon on the way to Jerusalem, fine orange groves in and near Jaffa, air full of perfume. House of Simon the tanner, and grave of Lydia. Went to Ramleh. Noble church towers; good camping-ground.

March 31.—Jerusalem! Approach, not the best, but there is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of Omer, and, beyond, the Mount of Olives. Narrow streets and motley population, no wheels. At Damascus Hotel, in a low, dark, damp room (afterward changed). Mr. Calhoun, missionary, and the Carruth family here. Mr. Prime and wife at the Mediterranean Hotel.

April 1.—With Mr. Calhoun, etc., through the Via Dolorosa, to Church of Flagellation, and Pilate's house, out of St. Stephen's gate; near this a reputed site of crucifixion and entombment of Christ, and of the stoning of Stephen. Gethsemane,

the enclosed, formal garden, not the true one. Tomb of Mary, full of votive offerings (crowd of pilgrims), also Joseph's, neglected. Across the Mount of Olives, Church of Ascension, and foot-print of Christ, down to Bethany. Tomb of Lazarus (two caverns), house of Martha and Mary; back to Jerusalem at twelve o'clock. A morning of unequaled interest. I never before saw so much, and never expect to see so much again. . . . Same afternoon to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Greek, full of the places and the traditions of the Greek Church. . . .

April 2.—Mosque of Omer (probable site of old temple), with Mr. Calhoun, Prof. Park, Carruths, etc.; very interesting. The mosque itself rather a disappointment, the architecture secondary, even the dome is not imposing. The stone in the very midst of the temple, borne up, it is said, by a miracle (being the stone that fell on Mohammed), really supported only by masterly art and imposture.

Rode all round the city with a party—Valley of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, Pool of Siloam. Saw the walls, south; also the Hill of Evil Council.

Sunday, April 3.—Morning, Bishop Gobat in English church. Afternoon, most interesting and touching service at Dr. Calla's room, conducted by Father Calhoun, who is one of the most godly men I ever saw; remarks on Christ's last words, and distribution of the elements of the Lord's Supper. It was most affecting and absorbing. Fourteen present (Hitchcocks, Carruths, Dr. Park, Prof. Ford, etc.). Afterward to Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, etc., with Carruths. A profitable day.

April 4–6.—To Jericho, Jordan, Dead Sea, Mar Saba Convent, etc. Dr. Calhoun, three Carruths, Prof. Park, and I. Fine weather, not hot, as is usually the Jericho plain. Camped at Old Jericho; grand prospect. The broad fields covered, for acres, with the most brilliant scarlet anemones, and other flowers and shrubs. Jordan wide. The Dead Sea really beautiful, too much maligned; at its ends thirteen hundred feet deep, and the sea itself thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The view of the Moabite hills and broad plain of Moab on the east side was very impressive. Nebo and Pisgah not pointed out distinguishably. Mar Saba is an old Greek convent, with a

varied history, most picturesquely situated. The "Wilderness" of the Temptation we probably passed through, and saw the place where Jesus was baptized of John. To Bethlehem on our way back.

One of his companions on this journey wrote after his death:

"DORCHESTER, MASS., February 18, 1877.

"MY DEAR MRS. SMITH: . . . To me he was not Professor Smith, the great theologian, but my kind friend, whom I met and grew to love in Jerusalem, seven years ago this next month. I shall never forget our journey to Jericho and back with him, and Professor Park, and our dear Mr. Calhoun. It was a rare opportunity to travel in the Holy Land with such men as companions, and I am sure I appreciated it. Our talk at night in the tent-door, as we sat facing the Jordan and the hills of Moab, is one to be remembered. I am grateful for the recollection. Then, too, perhaps my strongest association with your husband is that of attending a communion service in an upper room in Jerusalem one Sabbath afternoon, when Mr. Calhoun led the service, his subject, the last words of Christ; and when the service was over, though it was cold and windy, your husband walked with me out to the Mount of Olives, and finding a quiet garden of old olive trees, which seemed to us the true Garden of Gethsemane, we stood looking toward the city, and he talked of Christ our Saviour, till His life on earth seemed a greater reality to us both than it had ever been before. Both he and Mr. Calhoun now see Him face to face in that other Jerusalem."

April 7–9.—Hitchcocks, etc., off to Jordan; had a rainy, haily time. Dr. Post here from Beirut. Unexampled weather, hail and snow for two or three days; Mount of Olives covered with snow. Miss S——, an English lady (niece of Lord Palmerston) made for me a charming sketch of Mount of Olives. Another ride round the whole city with Miss S——, Miss F——, and Dr. Post, including all the chief points—very fine.

Saturday, 9th.—With Drs. Park and Post to Mizpah, two hours out, a commanding site; on return, drenched with rain.

Sunday, April 10.—Rainy. Afternoon with Miss S—— and Miss F—— through church of the Holy Sepulchre, visiting the chapels and different churches; many processions of pilgrims. Also to the gallery of the new dome. The Greek Church, the Latin, the Armenian, and the Copts have churches opening into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church pretty plainly not the site of the Crucifixion (though Dr. William Prime of New York, now here, gave a lecture to prove that it is).

Monday, April 11.—Weather clearing. In the afternoon to Bethlehem; met the Hitchcocks returning from their wet expedition. Fine view from camping-site. In the night a fierce sirocco.

April 12.—Back to Jerusalem. Some of our party on to Hebron. In the afternoon Dr. Post and I made a crazy expedition, all round the walls of the city, including the sacred mosque, which, this week, no infidel is allowed to see inside. 'Tis considered here quite a wonder that we went through unharmed. No "Frank," they say, has done it before. The Sheikh of the mosque came out, just as we were through, to warn us off, saying that if the dervishes should see us, we should be stoned and perhaps killed. But we escaped with only a stoning (which didn't hit) from some boys.

April 13.— . . . Round the walls, etc., with Mrs. Hitchcock.

April 15–17.—Good Friday to Easter, the Latin Easter. Great parade and processions, and mummeries.

Monday, April 18.—Left Jerusalem for the north.

19*th*.—Encamped at Bethel. We have had a heavy rain all night, and are not doing much better to-day; this is instead of seeing the angels of God ascending and descending (Genesis, 28th chapter for H——; see also Gen. xxxv. 6, 8–15).

Bethel, April 20.

I had written so far when the tent was suddenly blown down in utter confusion. I found myself under the table, surprised, but not really injured. This letter, on which I was at the time

writing, was blown away, and was in rain and water all night, and here it is, good English paper!

April 20 (continued).—As I told you on my defaced sheet, we had a complete overturning and drowning out yesterday afternoon, all of a sudden. Prof. Park and I had to go to the Hitchcocks' tent for a time. Ours was at length put up again, though wet and slimy to the last degree; and there we had to stay through a severe blow and heavy rain, all through last night. Mrs. H. says that the first sign she had of our going down was seeing a sheet of paper flying through the air, viz., the *recovered* sheet to you; and that they hardly ever saw anything more funny than the appearance of our tent—Park in the midst of the ruins, I just emerging from under the table, the whole tent flat, and all our things in the wildest confusion. However, we have got over it very well, some colds, etc. Dr. Post was happily here, and rendered signal service all round; he is a very accomplished Arabic talker, and a great help on our journey.* Jerusalem, in a sanitary point of view, was not good for any of us; it wore on us too much. I fell into my old, sleepless way for a week. Now we are getting better.

NABLOUS, SHECHEM, Saturday, April 23.

A splendid day, which we have spent on Mt. Gerizim. This

* Dr. Post wrote after the death of Professor Smith:

"BEIRUT, SYRIA, March 9, 1877.

"Beside the intercourse of many years before and during the theological course, I enjoyed that intimate friendship begotten of a journey together through the sacred scenes of Palestine. I became sensible then, as never before, of the gentle charm of his character, and the unselfishness which, even in his then weak bodily condition, led him ever to prefer the comfort and gratification of others to his own. At such times one might be excused for some impatience or thoughtlessness of the desires of his companions; but, during the whole month which I passed in his society, I never saw any trait of selfishness, nor any unrestrained impatience at delays which could not but have been irritating to any traveler. We have lost our mental guide and instructor; our seminary has lost its proudest ornament; our country is poorer for his departure; but we have lost a dear friend, not too great to feel for us, and enter into the secrets of our hearts."

is the noblest region in Palestine yet. We are all much better. . . . Thursday we went to Ai, Ephraim, and the rock of Rimmon, encamping at Zibbon. Yesterday to the old seat of Shiloh, and then here through a wide and fertile valley, amid lofty mountains.

April 26.—Tuesday evening. On Mt. Carmel—"the sides of the North"—plain of Esdraelon (twenty miles by ten to twenty) spread out below (the most brilliant spectacle you ever saw—golden with crysanthemums, etc., as far as the eye can reach—a broad and fertile expanse); opposite, Tabor, the lesser Hermon, the mountains of Gilboa, the hills in which Nazareth lies. To-morrow we go up to the reputed place of the sacrifice of Elijah, eight hundred feet above us; then to the convent of Mt. Carmel, one of the best in Syria; on Thursday to Nazareth; Saturday to the Sea of Galilee; in Beirut not much before the 7th, then to Damascus and Baalbek. . . .

Damascus, hot Sunday, May 8.

. . . Last week has been tropical, thermometer among the eighties and nineties, and some nights up to 85°, but we have stood it bravely. . . . Two days from Cæsarea Philippi, at the base of Mt. Hermon, by the shorter route on the Eastern slope, all the way in view of the snow-capped summit of Mt. Hermon, a noble boundary to the horizon. Cæsarea Philippi has a commanding site, among the sources of the Jordan, a summer resort for Jews and Romans (*e. g.*, Herod and Cæsar Augustus were here together); now, a noble and perishing gate-way, a Roman bridge, a few rude stone and mud houses, with oleander-bough tents on top, for sleeping—a ruin. Back of the town, *perhaps*, the scene of Christ's Transfiguration; here, too, possibly, the healing of the demoniac (vide Raphael's picture).

The so-called "Sources of the Jordan" are several fountains, two or three of them large and noble, at the base of the Hermon group, bubbling out of the rocks, copious and perennial, making the plain of Huleh and the Lake Meron to rejoice, and giving birth to the Jordan River, which is, so far as man's work goes, an unused stream. . . . Damascus is the most thoroughly Oriental place we have yet seen; the rivers Abana and Pharpar

made gardens of a desert. For three miles, the approach to it is through groves and gardens, won from chaos, and bearing all manner of fruit,—such lemons and oranges! The minarets shine out from afar; a spur of Lebanon runs down to the city; in the western background is the "snowy mountain" of Hermon; seen from the western approach, it is like a fairy vision. A well-graded *chaussée* goes to Beirut; fourteen hours by diligence.

To-day (Sunday) I heard Dr. Lumsden, professor of theology in Aberdeen, preach an excellent sermon. Dr. Duff, too, I saw; he is visiting the Scotch Missionary schools here (forty in the girls' school); the Mission Church, Irish Presbyterian, here has twenty-five members and three missionaries, Scott and Wright from Ireland, and Crawford from America.

. . . Notwithstanding heat and fatigue, I am getting better and stronger, week by week; and so, I think, are we all. . . . I do not sleep, perhaps I never may, as I used to do; but all the sleep that I have now is perfectly natural. . . . I may never again be what I was, in ability to work, etc.; but I think, on the whole, I am *very much* better in body, and I trust and pray in soul also.

BAALBEK, May 12, 1870.

We left Damascus yesterday morning in the diligence, at four; seven hours' good traveling to Asturia; . . . this forenoon up the magnificent valley Coelesyria, to this place; hot weather still continues.

We are encamped inside of the Temple area, the grandest ruins in Syria. I have never seen any ruins so imposing. It is next to Karnak in greatness, and superior to it in finish. Corinthian-Roman, finely worked. . . .

This Beeka'a, or Coelesyrian valley, is admirable. It lies between the Anti-Lebanon and the Lebanon ranges (seven thousand to ten thousand feet high), and runs up some eighty or a hundred miles, by ten to fifteen miles wide; and on the south, Mt. Hermon still presides. Where we are encamped, the high range and summit of Lebanon, covered with ridges of snow, is just in front, toward the west. S. W. is the next highest Lebanon range, also of perpetual snow. Below the snow are billows of red and purple, and gray and white, on the hill-sides; then the

cultured mountain sides, up to six thousand feet; and then the green and fertile plain, now rejoicing in its beauty. To ride through it is a feast to the eye; and the Baalbek Temples,—on the whole I am inclined to say it is the most romantic place I have ever seen. . . .

BEIRUT, May 23.

There has been no chance to send this until to-day, by the Austrian steamer for Constantinople, and we are going in the same; Professor Park and I to Athens, the Hitchcocks to Constantinople. . . . We came here, by a fine road, over Mt. Lebanon, last Saturday, and were all warmly welcomed; have not been in such *homes* since leaving America.* I am with the Van Dycks, who are all kindness, Park at the Blisses, and the Hitchcocks with the Posts. Dr. Van Dyck has a charming family, and is a delightful companion as well as the best Arabic scholar in the land. . . . It's really delightful; a fine body of American men and women, and their unusually bright children, some good Scotch and English people, college, high-school for girls, medical school, a new and beautiful church, filled by the Arab congregation. I am strongly tempted to come and stay here. How would you like it? . . . Wednesday to Saturday I spent upon the mountains with Jessup and his lovely wife and children; place called Arbeih (pronounced Arbay); theological school up there, taught in church history from my lectures and books, in part. Mr. Calhoun and family, too, are there, and delightful. It is twenty-three hundred feet high, air pure and cool, and the view of the sea and mountains enchanting.

To his mother:

THE GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO,
Three hours from Smyrna, May 27, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER: We are steaming among some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe. . . . I need not say that I have enjoyed this tour in Palestine and Syria. Many parts of the Bible have come to be almost like a new book, so fresh and living when read on the very spot. To be where Jesus was born,

* Drs. Bliss, Jessup and Post had all been his pupils.

and stand near to where He died; to walk, probably, on the very road He walked, up the Mount of Olives, and to Bethany to see Mary and Martha; to be on the hill in Nazareth from which He, too, saw the Mediterranean, and the range of Carmel, and Mt. Tabor, with the splendid plain of Esdraelon; to be on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where so much of His life was spent, and where most of His sayings were uttered, all this makes and leaves an ineffaceable impression, and I hope it has deepened in my heart the reality and power of our Lord's blessed kingdom, and fitted me better to teach others its gracious truths. . . . I only wish that I had gone to Palestine years ago; I am sure I should, at least, have been a better professor of theology. . . . I send this to Horatio, with best love to him and S. and all theirs. *How* I long to see them and you, dear mother. The East is well enough for a few weeks or months, but America, *home*—is the best of all. There is more living Christianity in the United States than in all the East, and in two-thirds of Europe. . . . The Lord bless and keep you and me and all of *us* to meet again.

To his wife:

May 28.

We sailed from Beirut, May 23, our friends attending us to the last, with their urgent hospitalities. . . .

Tuesday morning, May 24.—Island of Cyprus—spent day there; beautiful collection of antiquarian objects by our consul, General Cesnola, worth fifty thousand dollars; many gold ornaments, Assyrian and Phœnician. He discovered, two months ago, a temple of Venus, got out hundreds of Assyrian and Phœnician statues, and other objects of "virtue and bigotry;" very polite to us.

This morning, Thursday, we reached Rhodes, at four; rose at five and went ashore. Hospital of Knights of St. John, and churches, some five remain; the island is beautiful; Mt. Tairos forty-five hundred feet high; the site of the Colossus is still pointed out.

To-day we are steaming up the Archipelago, along the coast of Anatolia, a warm, sultry day, relieved by fair scenery, islands which are hills (volcanic), in an endless profusion of form—the blue sea—on the whole, as fair a scene as you ever gazed on.

Smyrna Harbor, May 29, 1870.

Yesterday I posted a letter for you in Smyrna, and then went on a donkey with Mr. H——, of Newark, to the citadel (extensive ruins) back of the city, commanding a grand view of this beautiful harbor and town, with a panorama of far-reaching hills. Smyrna is a striking place of one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, one half of whom are Greek. The houses are better built, and the style of things is cleanlier, more European than we have been used to of late. Polycarp's burial-place we also went to see. The earliest missionaries to France went from this place.

To-day we were to go to Ephesus, forty-eight miles, by special train; but our consul advised against it, as twenty brigands, driven from Greece, landed near there about a week ago, and the government troops are after them. The consul even said that the trip I took yesterday to the citadel (only one hour off) was not safe, and that everybody was coming into town from the country. What a population! . . . This afternoon we sail for Constantinople, where we are due on Monday morning. I've telegraphed to Bliss. And in C. shan't I find one, two, three letters from you? . . . A Turkish Pasha is coming aboard; his harem is arriving, at least twelve veiled and peeping women; as many children; as many or more servants; five times as many beds, baskets, packages of all sorts; general confusion reigns on deck. . . .

Constantinople, Tuesday morning, May 31.

We arrived here yesterday morning at five o'clock. Mr. Bliss came and took me to Bebek, where it is charming; my room in view of the Bosphorus. . . . Yesterday was the the last day of the missionary conference, some twenty missionaries, etc. I was at the closing prayer-meeting, and spoke, as did Hitchcock and Professor Cameron, of Princeton; many old friends, Dr. Riggs, the Richardsons, Schneider, Washburne. Hamlin is building his noble college all day; spent last evening here; to-day goes round with me. . . . The Bosphorus *is* magnificent.

Wednesday morning, June 1.—Yesterday we went all round the old wall of the city, and came back along the Golden Horn,

etc.; a fine time. I also called on our ambassador, Mr. Morris. To-day we are to go up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, and take tea in Hamlin's College ; and this evening, Mrs. Bliss has all the Americans here to see us. Everybody is very kind. . . .

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday morning, June 4.

. . . We leave to-day for Athens. I've been having such fine times that I've had no time to write, but I'm getting better. Constantinople is charming, and so are the people.

Yesterday to see the Sultan go in a boat to the Mosque, a great display ; also to the Sweet Waters of Asia—a festive place—thousands there. Thursday, saw the Mosque of St. Sophia, and all the other mosques and public places.

June 5, 1870.—Nearing Syra, where we change boats for Athens ; perfect air and sailing through this lovely Archipelago. All things look propitious. . . . The weather was cool and delightful at Constantinople. . . . Such a site for a city the world has not elsewhere, so far as I know.

Wednesday, June 15.—Adriatic, off Lissa, where was the great naval fight in 1866. I am coming on to you as fast as steam can bring me, and having such fine weather and such splendid views all along. Yesterday, at Corfu, I parted company with Professor Park, much to my regret, after four months of being together, in season and out of season, day and night. He has been a true friend, always a kind as well as a most interesting companion ; he goes to Rome, etc.

We left Athens, . . . took a boat at the Piræus, then crossed the Isthmus to the Bay of Corinth—very magnificent ; and we have been ever since sailing through the Archipelago, by the Ionian Islands (Zante, Cephalonia, Corfu), all very beautiful ; and now we are in the broader Adriatic, not far from the coast of Dalmatia. . . . At Athens we had a capital time, . . . the heat was almost all the time tempered by breezes from the Phalerian and Salamine bays. One day we had a fine drive to Eleusis, without any guard. . . . Mr. Tuckerman, our minister, and Mr. Finlay, the historian of the Lower Empire, were courteous. Dr. Kalopathakes was with us a great deal, very

kind and useful. . . . We saw nearly everything. The Akropolis and the Parthenon and the Theseid surpassed my imagination. The moon rode high and the nights were brilliant, and all the ruins were lighted up with a befitting splendor. Then there was the University, with a thousand students and a good library, the girls' High School, with eleven hundred, the Academy of Plato, the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Stadium, just uncovered. At the outer Ceramicus, we saw a charming sepulchral monument, *just* uncovered.

Charles Lever, the novelist, British Consul at Trieste, was at our table in Athens, very animated. . . .

TRIESTE BAY.

Thursday morning, all right and bright.

VIENNA, June 19.

. . . I have seen Dr. Oppolzer, the best physician here for such cases, and he says, go to St. Moritz for six or eight weeks, and then a month somewhere by the sea-side. He says he thinks I shall come out all right in the fall, ready for work. . . . I shall then go to Munich on Wednesday, probably reaching M. Thursday noon, spending Wednesday night at Salzburg. . . . The Dr. says I must keep out of the heat. . . . I want to get to coolness as soon as I can.

On the twenty-third of June, 1870, Professor Smith rejoined his family in Munich, where he had parted from them five months before.

The hopes which had been raised by his letters were not justified by his appearance. As usual, he had made the best of his case. He had, indeed, gained in muscular vigor, but the weary eye indicated the still weary brain. His friends in Beirut and Constantinople had felt great anxiety in regard to his health. Professor Park, too, strongly deprecated his return to work that autumn. The advice of Professor Oppolzer, whom he consulted in Vienna, was not what would have been given to a patient in a hopeful condition. He, himself, now confessed that the fatigues of his Eastern journey-

ing and his exposures to the Syrian sun had been far from beneficial.

The meeting in Munich had been arranged in reference to a trip to Ober-Ammergau, this being the year for the decennial performance of the Passion Play. No description in Professor Smith's own words is preserved of this remarkable representation, which impressed him deeply; he gave an account of it orally to the ministerial circle of Chi Alpha after his return to New York.

Directly after this he proceeded, with his family, to St. Moritz, where he spent the remainder of the summer. There they were joined by their old friends, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Bliss, of Constantinople, and Dr. and Mrs. James B. Gould, of Rome; other friends, too, were in the vicinity. The place proved no less attractive and beneficial than in the previous year.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Woolsey: St. Moritz, July 9, 1870.

My dear C. and Z.: After five months of absence, I am enjoying every hour of being with my family again, and it only needs to have you two and that famous grand-baby here, to make it quite complete. I am quite eager to see you in your new-made house, and to enjoy it with you. St. Moritz is doing me good, as it did last year; I have found no place that suits me, on the whole, so well. We are all feeling sensibly exhilarated by the cool, bracing, mountain, glacial air, the walks and drives, the drinking and bathing, with plenty of people about, too, though we are having quite a quiet life of it with Madame Peters, our former hostess. About three miles off, in four directions, are pretty villages and good hotels, where we can go and dine by way of a pleasant variety from our not ambitious boarding-house fare. I have not yet got worked up to glacial and mountain climbing, but hope to rise to that pitch before long; H—— will keep up with me anywhere; he is well and has improved very much this winter—as they all have, I think—so that I feel quite unfit for such progressive society. We hope, ere long, to have W—— from Berlin. I have now been here ten days, and if I keep on improving in anything like the same (geometrical!) ratio, I

shall be better in the fall than I have been for years. May God bless and keep us for a happy meeting.

To the same:

July 17.

The last report is that France has declared war against Prussia, that French troops are already in Baden, etc., etc. So far as the immediate occasion is concerned, the course of France seems to me to be high-handed and insolent, just provoking a fight by an inexcusable demand on Prussia; but you will have all the details long before this reaches you. It is a great pity for the cause of civilization and Christianity that England has ceased to be a fighting power—not that I think war to be especially Christian or civilizing; but some bullying nations, like bullies themselves, can only be kept in check by brute force. And if England, at the outset, had said to France, "This Hohenzollern affair is none of ours, but if Spain wants the prince, and he is willing, England will not object but will stand by him,"—if England had only said this, there would probably have been no war. The *Times* has been toadying to the Emperor all through this business, as ever before; just like it! England's turn may come yet. No nation can forsake others in their need, in the long run, and be safe in the end. England is valiant about Abyssinia and Greece, but it doesn't dare to run against France. It has got into the hands of free-traders and the like, and is fast losing its Continental influence. Way off in this corner of Switzerland we are now sheltered from the storm, nor will it probably interfere with our movements. We have sent for W—— to come here from Berlin. The weather has been quite perfect here, and we are all the better for it. I am feeling, on the whole, much refreshed. I'm afraid that this war, unless it be only six weeks long, may seriously interfere with the Evangelical Alliance in New York.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss:

St. Moritz, Engadine, August 20, 1870.

My dear George: At length we are thinking definitely of turning our faces homeward. If the Prussians get much nearer

Paris, or if Paris revolts, we may be hindered. It is also doubtful when we can find accommodations in the steamers. I have written to three lines and may hear at Geneva in ten days; I could not write before, as I did not know when it would be well for us to start. I hope now to leave England the last of September, at the latest the first of October. I suppose the Seminary Executive Committee will give me so much more rope. I have hesitated about any final decision, for I wished to be quite sure. Dr. Gould and others say, of course, that it would be *more perfectly* sure if I wintered here again, but they do not veto my return. I feel myself quite convinced that I can get along well enough with my usual routine in the Seminary, if directors and students do not expect too much of me at first. I must work back by slow degrees. These two months here have done me great good. I feel well.

A——, of course, comes with us. Even if there were no war, I should hardly be willing to leave her (any more than I would M——), unless the circumstances were extra favorable; it would be very difficult, I think, to find just the right sort of person to leave a daughter with abroad, for a whole year. I really hardly know what would induce me to leave M—— so. This war is becoming a revolution; I'm afraid the "balance of power" will be quite changed and Pope and Emperor become second-rate and antiquarian! The Prussians are doing wonderfully, and all Europe shakes and resounds with the tread of these German hosts; may the Lord go with them!—though, if the Prussians do not get some defeats, I'm afraid they'll become quite unbearable—they are quite self-sufficient enough now; Europe won't be able to hold them.

How I long to see you all! The hope of getting back to my old friends and my old work is like the hope of a new day after a dark and troubled night.

Farewell, ever yours,

H. B. Smith.

The war and the Vatican Council, still in session, were the two prominent topics with the little American colony at Madame Peters' pension. Dr. Gould brought in, late at night, the last news from the armies, received by

dispatch at the Culm House, while letters from Mrs. Gould's correspondents, both Protestant and Catholic, in Rome, kept her informed of the less public proceedings and incidents of the Council. Professor Smith watched its course with strong interest, collected the principal articles and pamphlets concerning it, and wrote upon it for American readers.

At the end of August he went with his family to Lake Lucerne, and remained for a while at Gersau. On the third of September the landlord of the hotel came into the dining-room, and read in a loud voice, to a large company of guests, French, German, English, and American, a dispatch announcing the capitulation of MacMahon and his army at Sedan, the surrender of the Emperor as a prisoner, and the flight of the imperial government from Paris. The excitement which followed can be imagined.

From Gersau, he proceeded, with his family, to Geneva, which was so crowded with refugees that a resting-place in it was not easily found. The onward journey was made by rail to Basle and Mannheim, by boat down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence to Antwerp and London. All along the way from Basle to Cologne were signs of war. Soldiers guarding the railroad, clouds of smoke over Kehl and Strasburg, long trains of fresh troops, wounded and prisoners, extemporized hospitals, English ladies with the red-cross armlets, German officers conversing, in high spirits, on the incidents and prospects of the campaign—all these gave great interest to the journey.

The American-bound steamers were thronged at this time, and Professor Smith, after several unsuccessful attempts, was glad to find accommodations on the steamer *France* of the National line. A day's delay in her sailing from Liverpool gave him time to make an interesting visit to Chester, where he found Dean Howson, whom he had met in Florence, and Canon Blom-

field, who courteously showed him the cathedral, then, as now, undergoing the process of rebuilding, or *recasing*, by an entire new covering of stone.

After a long and rough passage he reached New York on Friday, the fourteenth of October. The morning of Saturday found him at the Seminary, and the evening in the beloved circle of Chi Alpha, to whom, at their request, he recounted his history during his long absence. He had gone from them in feebleness and doubt; he returned with partially renovated health, in thankfulness and in hope.

On Monday he made an address to the students of the Seminary, and on the next day began a course of lectures.

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS.—1870–1877.

It was with inexpressible joy and eagerness that he resumed his work in the Seminary, after his exile of twenty months. It was an experiment. "Got through very well," he wrote, after his first lecture. And he was able to go on for a time, feeling his way, as it were, in an uncertain path.

He was much interested this autumn in the collection of a fund to be presented to Professor Tholuck on his semi-centennial "Jubilee," in December. Drs. Prentiss and Schaff were his co-workers in this labor of love. As the result a sum of nearly five hundred dollars was contributed by the American friends and pupils of Professor Tholuck.* The whole fund, collected from all parts of Germany and from other countries, amounting to over six thousand Prussian thalers, was devoted by Professor Tholuck to scholarships for academic students of theology.

But the events which touched him most deeply this winter were the deaths, in quick succession, of his two beloved and revered friends, Rev. Albert Barnes and Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D. Mr. Barnes was one of the directors of the Seminary, and Dr. Skinner its senior professor. With both, emphatically with the latter, his relations had been those of close and warm friendship. From Dr. Skinner, as we have seen, he had received re-

* "Dr. Tholuck," as Professor Schaff wrote, "seemed particularly touched with this expression of sympathy from across the ocean."

peated proofs of affection during his absence; on his leaving home Dr. Skinner had said to a friend, "*I would willingly lay down my life for Dr. Smith.*"

At the memorable funeral services for Dr. Skinner at the Church of the Covenant, in February, Professor Smith paid a heartfelt tribute to his honored friend, which was published, together with other addresses, in a memorial volume.* It was the first time that he had spoken in public for years, except his brief address at the Waldensian Synod.

During the Seminary term he was able, with occasional interruptions, to deliver his course of lectures to his class. But he was sensitive to the influences of the weather, and a slightly unusual exposure or fatigue brought on insomnia and the feverish attacks, which passed with him under the general designation of a "bad cold," and which he always made light of, as accidental and transient. During the first months of the year he had repeated turns of this kind, which kept him at home for days. These days were usually devoted to reading and "noticing" for his *Review*, and to collecting materials for its pages of "literary intelligence."

To his mother:

New York, February 26, 1871.

My dear Mother: We were, as always, very glad to hear from you again, and that you are getting through this trying winter so comfortably. I suppose I have felt it more from having been away so long; for about a month I had an influenza on me, not bad, but annoying, and the perpetual changes of snow and melting kept up an irritation. But now I am about over it again.

Last Wednesday E. and I went to Poughkeepsie to attend the funeral of Miss Lyman, one of our very best friends. She died of consumption, fighting it bravely to the last. Her last fortnight was full of suffering; but her faith was calm and sure.

* See Appendix, F.

She was a rare woman, to whom thousands of pupils owe a debt they can never pay. In organizing Vassar College she did a work no one could have done better, and which will not need to be done again.

March 26.—A year ago I was at Suez, on my return from Mt. Sinai, and on the way to Jaffa and Jerusalem. How different it is here and with me now. I call vividly to mind, almost every day, the scenes I was then passing through. I was gazing that day on the part of the Red Sea, where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed over on dry land—a most impressive place, as well as wonderful history. And to-day, in our pulpit, the old story of the Israelites was told anew, as fresh as ever, by our preacher, Dr. Humphrey, of Philadelphia, with whom Dr. Prentiss exchanges. Dr. H. is an impressive speaker. This evening, too, we are to have a meeting in behalf of the Palestine Exploration Committee, which has been recently organized here, in the hope of sending some of our missionaries on exploring tours.

May 9.—Last evening was our Seminary anniversary, and to-day I feel relieved from so *much* responsibility; the rest of the summer I can go about and do little.

On the whole, I have gone through the term very well; I am, in fact, better than at the beginning, and can do more work, though I am also glad of a respite.

Next Monday I start for Chicago, to attend the General Assembly, with Prentiss, Hatfield, and many others After the Assembly breaks up (about June 1st, probably) I may go up Lake Superior, or out on the Northern Pacific, etc., so that I shall be away three or four weeks.

We had a delightful visit for two days from Goodwin. It was good to be with him again. He has changed outwardly, but his heart and mind are to me as they were forty years ago. What a comfort and blessing are such long and tried friendships!

To his wife:

Chicago, May 22, 1871.

Saturday I made the report on Education, and made a *speech*, my first and last one, without doing me any hurt, and Prentiss

says it was as good as ever. I am glad I tried it, since I got through so well, and I really need not make any further great exertion. Yesterday morning I heard Sutphen (a good sermon) at Kittredge's; evening, Upson at Goodwin's church, and a part of Dr. John Hall's sermon at Kittredge's—a great crowd; if I could only preach the gospel like that!

I also called on two of my old students, Goodwin and Helmer, who are pastors of large Congregational churches here; another of my students, Bartlett, has a third Congregational church; twelve of our Seminary students are in or near Chicago, and twenty-five or thirty (I should judge) in the Assembly, and they seem really glad to see me again.

I think it possible, if a good company goes, that I may join the expedition to Denver, etc. It will take about a week more. It must be grand.

Do not be anxious or troubled about me, dearest. I am doing very well, indeed, and sleeping well, and bearing the Assembly well.

June 2.—To-day has been very fine. We have been passing through the *desert*, the western half of Kansas, unsettled; immense plains of stunted buffalo grass, short, stiff, and yet nutritious. There is very little rain here; 'tis stopped by the Rocky Mountains. The land is rich, but lacks moisture. A lieutenant, Romayn, on board has been at Fort Wallace (where we shall sup at eight o'clock), and he says that the railroad and immigration and settlements are sensibly increasing the rain. All this desert may, by-and-by, prove immensely fertile; but at present it is arid plains. We have seen buffaloes, antelopes, Jack-rabbits (twice as large as ours), and great numbers of prairie dogs, and prairie cities; they live in holes with owls and rattlesnakes.

Two weeks ago, one of the passengers says he passed in the cars, for twenty-three miles, in the midst of a vast herd of buffaloes moving northward. They are not at all afraid of the trains, but march right on. Their carcasses are all along the line of the railroad—shot by sportsmen from the cars.

Our company is a very pleasant one—fourteen ministers. Just now we are near Sheridan, mud huts, three thousand feet

above you, four hundred miles from Kansas City. There is something very curious and wonderful about this western country, so fertile and unvaried (one station is called Monotony); we have been in Kansas, traveling by railroad, since last night at ten, and we shall not get out of Kansas until about nine o'clock this evening; a State about five hundred miles long, all prairie and "desert."

DENVER, COLORADO, June 4, 1871.

Here I am in full view of a vast amphitheatre of a hundred and fifty miles of snow mountains, about twenty miles from the nearest, in the capital of the Territory. Fifty of us Presbyterians left Chicago last Wednesday, and about twenty are here, going up to-morrow into the mountains.

CENTRAL CITY (BLACK HAWK), COL., June 7.

This is Wednesday evening, and I have just come from a prayer meeting here, where I have been talking.

We are having great times. The weather is cloudless, bright, and cool. Monday we went by railroad, fifteen miles, to Golden City, and by stage, forty-five miles, to Georgetown, in the heart of the mountains, all the way mines, etc.—twenty-seven in the party. Yesterday we ascended Gray's Peak, 14,500 feet high, higher than I ever expected it to be—a superb day, clear as crystal, and a perfectly magnificent view. Fifteen reached the top thus, *viz.*, twelve miles in wagon, a mile on horseback, two hours climbing. Guyot made the scientific observations, etc. Reached hotel fairly tired out. This morning refreshed. To-day stage-riding, fourteen miles to Idaho; took hot sulphur bath; six miles on, mountains of mines, to this heart of the mining regions; this afternoon visiting mines, etc. To-morrow back to Denver. I am getting stronger in spite of fatigue.

KANSAS PACIFIC R. R., June 9, 1871.

About half way down from Denver to Kansas City (on Missouri River), warm day, endless plains. Dinner of buffalo meat, antelope, etc., very good. We came back to Denver yes-

terday afternoon, all well, though jaded, and the dispersion of the remaining twenty soon began.

I had thought of going to Salt Lake, the "Garden of the Gods," the South Park, etc., but it is rather too early to enjoy these places to the best advantage. So I have turned my face eastward. Sunday I shall probably spend with my former student, Col. Lewis. I stop to-night at Junction City with Dr. Monfort. . . . We have had a very pleasant party, and all regret its breaking up, on many accounts.

The ministers through the Territory I like very much; they are doing a noble work.*

This whole mountain and mining region surpasses my expectations. Such an energetic population is seldom found; half of the miners are said to be college bred.

HUMBOLDT, S. KANSAS, Monday, June 12, 1871.

Yesterday a bright day. Col. Lewis had help enough, four ministers and an elder. Mr. L. took me home. Dr. Kendall preached in the morning; in the afternoon a nice ride through woods and over plain to a school-house meeting; evening several addresses at church, I made one. All glad to see me. . . .

On his return from Colorado he visited his brother-in-law in Wisconsin, with whom, and other clergymen, he drove to a ministerial conference at Fond du Lac, where he made two stirring addresses. "We little knew what a weight we were carrying, until we heard him speak," said afterward one of his companions.

In July he attended the Semi-Centennial Jubilee of Amherst College, and afterward spent a month at Old Orchard Beach near Portland.

In September he preached the sermon at the ordination of his friend and former pupil, Rev. T. S. Hamlin, over the Woodside Church, in Troy, New York. Mr. Hamlin writes of this: †

* Many of them, among them one whole Presbytery, had been his students in the Seminary.

† *New York Evangelist*, March 8, 1877.

"In kindly consenting to preach, he said, 'I don't know how I may succeed, nor how my strength will hold out; but I want to begin some time, and I might as well do it now.' The text was 1 Tim. iv. 15: 'Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all.' The sermon was a powerful plea for theological training as a constant requisite to the practical work of the ministry. We all knew beforehand how excellent it would be as to matter, but all were most agreeably surprised at the force with which it was delivered. Many passages were as eloquent in utterance as they were clear and cogent in argument and beautiful in language. The Presbytery unanimously requested a copy for publication, but Dr. Smith felt constrained to decline to give it, as it was largely extemporaneous, and he could spare neither time nor strength to reproduce it in writing. The regret which we all then felt at not having so noble and useful a discourse in permanent form, is renewed and vastly deepened now by the thought that his voice is hushed on earth, and his pen laid aside forever. For myself, that sermon and the touching, tender ordaining prayer that followed from the same lips, are among my most treasured memories."

He had come, in the spring, to an agreement with Rev. Dr. Atwater, editor of the *Princeton Review*, to unite the two Quarterlies, which had been the organs of the old and new school branches of the Presbyterian Church. This union, one of the sequences of "Reunion," was consummated in November, 1871, and the consolidated Review took the name of the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*. Each side was to express itself, and the interests of each, in case of the resignation or death of either editor, were guarded by a clause in the contract of agreement.

Together with his colleague, Rev. Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., he had begun the editing of a series of text-books for colleges and theological seminaries, under the title of a "Theological and Philosophical Library." The first

book of the series, "Ueberweg's History of Philosophy," was now going through the press.*

It became evident, before the close of the year, that his health was by no means re-established. The settling of the arrangements for uniting the *Reviews* cost him days of prostration. In December, he presided, though in great suffering and weakness, at a meeting of the newly-formed Bible Revision Committee, at which Dean Howson was present.† The next day, and for many succeeding days, he was under the care of his physician. Shortly after this he resigned his work on this committee. It was more evident to his friends than to himself that his physical strength was by no means equal to his resolution, or sufficient for more than a regular modicum of work. Yet he pressed on.

At the beginning of the next year he attempted to go on with his work, ordinary and extraordinary, but before the close of the second week he broke down. When somewhat better he wrote to a friend:

> I am jogging along in the Seminary ruts, and glad to be able to do a moderate extent, day by day. On the whole, I am gaining. I have given up nine-tenths of my schemes, and am gradually getting loose from the rest; and so, in the course of time, I hope to come into a comfortable, resigned state.
>
> This morning, by the way, I have been breakfasting with Baron Bunsen (German chargé at Peru), a son of *the* Bunsen, an accomplished man of the best German sort. It has quite revived old times and memories.
>
> But I must be off to my Seminary lecture on Decrees.

On the twenty-sixth of January he attended the funeral of his brother-in-law, Hon. Erastus Hopkins, at

* After the publication of the two volumes of Ueberweg and of Van Oosterzee's "Christian Dogmatics," the series was discontinued.

† Arrangements had recently been completed, through Dr. Schaff, for co-operation with the British Committee, and confidential copies of the revised version of several books of the Old and New Testaments had been forwarded for the use of the American Committee.

Northampton. Since his return from Europe, Mr. Hopkins had spent many months in New York under medical care, at which times Professor Smith had given him the attention of a brother.

During February and March he was under treatment for a serious and painful trouble, which interrupted his lectures and all out-of-door occupations. At this time he wrote the article, partly a translation, "Bishop Hefele on Pope Honorius," published in the April number of his *Review*, for which he also prepared, as usual, book notices and the literary intelligence. Among the book notices is a critique of Dr. Hodge's "Systematic Theology."*

About this time he undertook the revision of Mr. Plummer's English translation of Dr. von Döllinger's "Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages," adding his own translation of Dr. Döllinger's essay on "The Prophetic Spirit and the Prophecies of the Christian Era," with an Introduction and Notes.

In April the professors of Union Seminary went in full force to Princeton, in honor of the venerable Dr. Hodge, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship. As the senior professor, Dr. Smith made the address in behalf of Union Seminary. In a letter to his mother, dated April 29, he thus refers to this memorable occasion:

I went to Princeton last week to attend Dr. Hodge's semi-centenary. We had (E. went with me) a very good time; it was a noble occasion. Dr. Hodge was duly and highly honored. Some one said to him, while they were eulogizing him so largely: "It must require a great deal of grace to bear all this." "Not so much as you think for," said he; "I never felt so mean in my

* Of this, President Asa D. Smith, of Dartmouth College, wrote to a friend: "Say to Dr. H. B. Smith that that review of Dr. Hodge is about the best thing he ever did; so kind, so conciliatory, so well-balanced, and yet so discriminating and faithful to fundamentals."

life." I made the short speech for our Seminary. There were fully a thousand there, and at least five hundred speeches not delivered.

At the Seminary Anniversary in May, he gave the customary address to the graduating class, on Theology as a Science, which the class requested for publication. On this occasion he invited the alumni to his house, where nearly forty of them had a delightful reunion.

The first volume of Ueberweg was now going through the press under his inspection. He also resumed his work upon Gieseler, which had long been laid aside, and remained in New York through the early part of the summer, busied with this and with library and review work. Then, with his family, he went to the coast of Maine, and, later, made a pleasant trip to the British Provinces. While at the seaside he wrote, in reply to a letter from one of his former students:

I have read your proposed form of admission, etc. . . . I like it, because it does not propound doctrines in too dogmatic a way for private church members. At the same time, I must say, that I decidedly prefer a very short and simple form. For those baptized in infancy, it should be, on their part, a recognition of their church membership, and on the part of the church a *reception* to the *communion*. They do not *then* "join" the church; they are church members by baptism. For those not baptized, it should be a *general* acceptance of the doctrines and order of our church. This is my theory; it is the Presbyterian theory. I hope that all local confessions will come into disuse. In your proposed formula of baptism of infants, I miss the recognition of their church membership. Your formula makes it chiefly a parental act, and does not imply any relation of the child to the church. . . .

Accumulated work awaited him on his return to New York in the heat of early September, and before the end of a week he was seriously ill. He rested for a few days at his daughter's home on the Hudson, before he

was able to begin his lectures toward the last of the month. For a fortnight he gave them regularly, and also worked at times in the library, but then he was obliged to stop. In his own words, he "lectured too hard."

And so he struggled on against the adverse current, always hoping, when others saw but little ground for hope; and always the hardest of task-masters to himself.*

During the winter months he was feeble, and his lectures were given irregularly. One day his strength failed, and he could not finish. Yet, even now, he objected to so much of the appearance of invalidism as a carriage to bring him home. The sufferings of his weary brain were at times very great, and from them there was no safe relief; but these were times of the utmost patience, gentleness, and tenderness. The humblest members of his family felt this, and responded to it with rare devotion. And the less he could receive help and comfort, the more desirous he seemed to give them to others. Never, probably, in all his years of constant pain and weariness, did he once think of these—he certainly never spoke of them—as a reason for withholding any service from any applicant. His unselfish, unmurmuring, prayerful endurance through the long night-watches could not well be imagined by those who saw him daily at his post.

The election, in December, 1872, of Rev. Dr. Prentiss to a newly-established professorship in the Seminary was, to him, a long-desired event, which gave him the most heartfelt satisfaction. But before Dr. Prentiss, by release from his pastoral charge, could enter upon his office, his friend was an invalid exile from what they

* "What more are you doing," wrote Professor Park at this time, "besides revising the Greek Testament, editing Döllinger, editing the *Presbyterian Review*, lecturing, editing the series of Theological Books, etc., etc., etc., etc.?"

had hoped would be their common work in the Seminary.

During the first months of the following year he endeavored to perform his usual work, though with still failing strength. His large correspondence made constant demands upon him, and he made his usual preparations for the forthcoming number of his *Review*. He gave his lectures at the Seminary almost regularly. Frequently, too, he worked for hours at a time in the Seminary library, sometimes imprudently, in very cold weather. Early in March he took a cold, which affected him seriously ; although he still lectured at his regular hours until the middle of the month, when he completely broke down. For several weeks his condition was alarming. By the prescription of his physicians he had been trying to keep himself able to lecture by soporifics, as he had little natural sleep, and the ordinary alleviations of insomnia were to him exciting rather than soothing. Hydrate of chloral, whose evil influences were not then so well known as now, and which had proved the surest and, as he had been led to suppose, the safest sleep-bringer, had poisoned his blood, and its effects were torturing and well-nigh fatal. For years he suffered, in one way or another, hourly pain, which, according to high medical authority, was traceable to this poison.

Toward the last of March he spent a few days at his daughter's home, and was somewhat refreshed by the change. On his return to New York, he met his class on two successive days, but his feebleness and inability were so evident that they sent him a united request to attempt no more lecturing during the few remaining weeks of the term. Their private expressions of sympathy and affection were very strong and very dear to him.

His brother and physician, Dr. Horatio S. Smith, urged the necessity of cessation from all mental labor.

Accordingly he went to Northampton. The journey aggravated some painful symptoms, and he was so prostrated after it that he was unable to leave his bed for a week. His condition caused great solicitude. By the imperative advice of his physician he most unwillingly gave up the thought of resuming his Seminary work that spring.

At this time, when unable to write, he dictated the following letter to Dr. Prentiss:

NORTHAMPTON, April 27, 1873.

MY DEAR GEORGE: We are very sorry to be absent from New York to-day, though we have been with you in spirit. It is a day of special interest to us as well as to you. We have sat under your ministry for many a year, and want to thank you most heartily for all the good you have done us, and for the counsel and comfort we have had from you as our pastor. Your ministry has been an untold blessing to our family. All our children have come into the fold of Christ under your guidance. I feel that we can never thank you enough for all that you have been to us. May the Lord bless you and yours! We never expect to have such another pastor. I hope that this has been a good day for you, and that you have been able to feel something of the blessing you have been to so many families, who will ever look to you as their best spiritual guide. I am very much disappointed that we are not able to be with you to-day, and celebrate this last communion with you. Please give my love to your wife, and tell her I thank her very much for the kind letters she has written us. I have found here an excellent physician, who has taken hold of my case faithfully and done me great good. Give my love to Chi Alpha, and tell them how much I miss our seventh day festival. Every Saturday night I think of their gathering, and how much I owe to the fellowship of my Christian brethren.

We expect to occupy Mrs. H——'s house in her absence, and if you go soon to Dorset, why could not you and your wife come and spend a few days with us on your way? It would give us the greatest pleasure. I hope that you will have a good directors' meeting, and that something will be done toward

pressing for the filling up of the endowments of the professorships. Also that the opening of the term may be deferred, at least a week. I hope the directors will look leniently upon my imperfect services the last winter. I shall send in a short report as librarian. As to my Middle Class examination, perhaps one of the directors or one of the professors might take charge of it, or it might be deferred.

Under the skillful and friendly care of Dr. Samuel A. Fisk of Northampton, he slowly and fitfully regained strength and tone. When he was able to journey he went, by advice, to Saratoga, as an experiment, which was not successful. The waters affected him unfavorably, and there was an increase of inflammatory trouble, with a doubtful issue for a time. Early in July he went to Portland, and spent the remainder of the summer on the coast of Maine. In September he tried the mountain air at Jefferson, N. H., but without benefit. Late in September, still feeble and suffering, he returned to New York.

The long-deferred general meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was held in New York, in October. No one had labored for it and looked forward to it with more ardent interest than he, but now that the time had come, he was in no condition to take part in it. So far as his strength allowed, he attended its sessions. His house was open, day by day, and he enjoyed the society of many friends, European and American, at his own table. But his prepared paper on Pantheism was not read, and the only public part which he was able to take in the great assembly was to pronounce the benediction at the close of one of the sessions.

He wrote to his mother, October 19 :

We are subsiding after the great convocation, which was, indeed, an occasion to be rejoiced in and thankful for. We saw a great many old friends and made some new ones, and enjoyed it all

very much. The gathering was unprecedented. No past Conference of the Alliance has really done as much for its main object. The enthusiasm rose and grew, without let or hindrance, to the very close. I would not have missed it, even if I had been put back somewhat; but instead of that I am decidedly better than when I came home. I lectured at the Seminary three times last week with no bad results; so I begin to hope for the best after all this waiting; though I still expect to need something of the patience of hope.

Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., the honored pastor of the Madison Square Church, was in September elected President of the Seminary, and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric. This had been much desired by Professor Smith. Simultaneous with Dr. Adams's acceptance of this appointment was the magnificent gift by his friend, Mr. James Brown, of three hundred thousand dollars, intended specifically as a fund for the salaries of the professors. This was a matter of joyful congratulation; and the suffering invalid, who was to have no part in the prosperity of the Seminary for which he had labored in its low estate, wrote feebly in his diary that he "was glad it was so good while he still lived."

On the twenty-fifth of November he gave to his class the twentieth and last lecture in his "Introduction on Faith and Philosophy." The next day he was hoarse and ill. But he joined the family party at his brother's house on Thanksgiving day, the twenty-seventh; and after his return home in the evening, held a long conversation with Bishop Cummins, who had come for consultation on the matter of his resignation and withdrawal from office, and on the "Indelibility of Orders" in the Episcopal Church, a subject which he at once studied with care.

Through the first week of December, disease made rapid inroads. In his own words, he was "running down, mouth and all worse, no lectures." His brother,

as well as his New York physician, the late Dr. E. R. Peaslee, so eminent in his profession, considered his condition as very serious and alarming, and both insisted upon his entire and immediate relinquishment of literary work, and removal from the inevitable risks of his New York life. He consented, although very reluctantly, and it was decided that he should try the treatment at Dr. Foster's Sanitarium, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., which had proved of great benefit in similar cases of nervous prostration. Accordingly, on the ninth of December, accompanied by his wife and oldest son, he made the long journey, in pain and feebleness. Before he left his home in the morning, Rev. Dr. Adams came in, with expressions of brotherly sympathy, and offered in his behalf a touching prayer: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!"

For ten days after the wearisome journey, it was doubtful whether he would rally from the extreme exhaustion. Drs. Foster and Prince each visited him several times daily, and watched him with skillful care, considering his symptoms very unfavorable. After a fortnight, during which time stimulating rubbing baths, gently administered in bed, were the chief remedy, he fell into a deep sleep, from which he was scarcely roused for twenty-four hours, and from which his waking was thought doubtful. This was the crisis, after which his improvement was surprisingly rapid and constant.

He wrote to his brother, January 7:

I am steadily gaining, so that the doctors take a good deal of comfort in me. I now go down to all meals; have a good appetite, and eat all proper things; and, what is yet better, I have been sleeping the last four or five nights, without any foreign aid, from five to seven hours. Though the weather is damp, chilly, cheerless, snowy, foggy, nasty, and all that, I am out of doors three times a day, walking a mile or so, and feel the better for it. There is a gymnasium (Dio Lewis's system) here—

every day exercises at nine o'clock, on which I mean to begin soon ; also a bowling-alley, where I just made two *strikes* running—which, of course, was purely accidental. The Dr. is giving me now "brain food"—a preparation of phosphates, I believe. My nerves are quite steady ; muscles picking up reluctantly, and head rather weak but clearing up. How I want to see you all!

His brother replied :

"Your letter does great credit to your doctors ; I could read every word of it. And you are in the way of finding out what doctors can do when they have a fair chance. . . . It matters little whether the care is called Homœopathy (though there is no such 'pathy' now practiced), or Hydropathy, which failed in Noah's time. Give any wise man the control of his patient's eating, drinking, and sleeping, his goings and comings, and he will cure anything but the 'last sickness.'"

To Rev. Dr. Prentis

CLIFTON SPRINGS, January 9, 1874.

MY DEAR GEORGE : Many, many thanks for your letters, and more than that, for all that you have been to me and done for me. What a blessing it is to have such a friend, in season and out of season.

I am really doing wonderfully well here, much to the joy of the doctors! I gain every day. The treatment seems just to fit into the weak places with strength and healing ; the general tone of my system seems gradually changing, like a new flush of life. Now I sleep naturally an average of six hours, eat well, walk and exercise moderately (am beginning on Dio Lewis's gymnastics), read and write a little, and the days pass quickly by. There is a *genius loci* which is unmistakable. I never knew so many patients together who were, as a whole, so cheerful and so religious. Religion is really a part of the cure ; it tends to hope and trust, and is called into constant exercise. I take some tonics (phosphates, etc.), two bath-rubbings a day, and the rest is left to air and food and sun (when there is any). The doctors, Foster and Prince, are diligent in taking care of me.

Really I have lectured many a time during the past year

when I felt no better than to-day, and when my bent was downward, too.

. . . In respect to the meeting of the Board next week, and their action in view of the probabilities of my future (on general grounds), I want to add a word or two. Those probabilities are more in my favor than I supposed possible a month ago.

Since I came back in 1870, I have, with all drawbacks, carried my classes through, excepting about twelve or fifteen lectures at the end of last year.

My present breakdown is not so much a new one, as a continuation of that of last spring. I ought not to have begun to lecture till my mouth, at least, was healed ; but I had a morbid feeling that if I did not begin and go on, I must give up finally.

Then I have rallied from this last depression in such a way as to show that I have some vital power left. As you say, I am "tough" in some respects.

If I am not well by the fall, everything can be so arranged that there shall be no break in the department. The extra cost this year I will gladly assume. . . . But you know all this, and all about it, a great deal better than I can now write it to you.

Please give my love to your wife. Her poems* are going the rounds here. The more they are read the better they are prized.

Meanwhile the exigencies of the Seminary must be provided for. For years, with the utmost tension of his enfeebled powers, his work had been irregular and incomplete. The students were now urgent in their just demands for instruction in this important department. His New York physicians gave, at the best, no encouragement for the next year. There were phases of his disease which well-nigh shut out hope. The strongest efforts had been ineffectual to secure a temporary substitute. On leaving for Clifton, in his extremity, he

* "Golden Hours; Hymns and Songs of the Christian Life," then recently published.

had intrusted the matter of the resignation of his chair to the judgment of three of his friends, the Rev. Drs. Stearns, Adams, and Prentiss. With great reluctance and pain, after consulting with the President and other members of the Board of Directors of the Seminary, they decided that it was best, both for the Seminary and for himself, that he should retire. "Necessity was laid upon them to take some prompt and definite action."

Accordingly, on the 13th of January, he wrote his letter of resignation. His true and tried friend, Dr. Prentiss, was at his side. His letter but faintly reveals the sharpness of the stroke, and the tender dignity of his submission to it, as the will of his Heavenly Father.

To the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary, New York:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., January 13, 1874.

In view of the uncertain state of my health, now continued through several years, and of the interruption thereby caused in the performance of my duties in the Seminary, I beg leave to tender you my resignation of the Professorship of Systematic Theology, subject to your decision as to what the best interests of the institution may demand. My physicians now give me some good ground to hope that I may yet, through God's help, be able to resume, at least, a good part of my accustomed work, after a few months of rest. At the same time I feel that the welfare of the institution should not be sacrificed to such a personal contingency. I cannot make this communication to you without expressing my heartfelt sense of the kindness and forbearance you have often shown me, during the twenty-three years in which I have been connected with our beloved Seminary.

May it be still more abundantly blessed in the future! May our blessed Master give to those who minister to its affairs grace and wisdom to use aright the sacred trust committed to their charge!

HENRY B. SMITH.

His resignation was accepted the next day by the Di-

rectors of the Seminary, with strong expressions of regret and appreciation,* and, at the same meeting, Rev. Professor William G. T. Shedd, D.D., was appointed his successor.

To his friend, Dr. Prentiss, he wrote, January 18:

We are having a very beautiful Sunday, clear and cool, and I am enjoying its peace. I have had a long walk, and am just from an animated Bible class, and only wish I had some *special* friend here for the best communings,

Many thanks for your kind letter which came yesterday. You are indefatigable in your goodness. I think my present mission is to help develop the Christian graces of my friends. I am sure your perfections, to say nothing of others, never shone so brightly on me. I may, perhaps, yet do some good in this way, if in no other.

I think I see everything more and more clearly, and I feel better and stronger for it. I am looking away more and more from the incidents and accidents, and trying to read God's purpose in it, and that seems to me clear. I needed the chastisement; I pray it may do me good, and cause me to live wholly and only to my Master. . . . I have no special fear about the future; the Lord will provide. I humbly hope that He who has spared me will not forsake me; that He will, in very deed, deliver my life from destruction, and let me yet see His goodness in the land of the living. . . .

To his mother:

Clifton Springs, January 20, 1874.

My dear Mother: . . . Dr. Prentiss came and spent a day with me last week, and was surprised at my great improvement. He came to talk about Seminary matters. After long debate and consultation with my physicians and members of the Board, it seemed best, in view of the needs of the Seminary and of my own condition, that I should resign my professorship. This I did, and the Board has accepted it; retains me as Professor

* See Appendix, G.

Emeritus; continues my salary for the present, and promises to provide for the future, and to give me work in the Seminary as soon as I can do it. This gives me time and freedom to get well. My department has suffered during the past two years; it is the most important in the Seminary. Even if I should rally well, Horatio and others think it *very* doubtful whether I could go on full work next winter. Dr. Shedd will take my place; he taught in it while I was in Europe, and has the confidence of the Board.

Of course, this is something of a trial, but it seems necessary, and I am not troubled by it, but see the hand of the Lord in it. Though I leave my special chair, yet my connection with the Seminary is continued. Though my salary will be a good deal less, yet I shall have enough, probably, to live on. I feel entirely calm and trustful about my future, and so does E. The Lord will provide.

February 2.—I have a good many very kind letters. I have just answered a characteristic and excellent one from Professor Park. I received to-day a very kind note from Mr. John Neal, to which I will reply by-and-by.

Week by week I find myself somewhat better and stronger . . . So I keep on hoping.

To his successor, Dr. Shedd, he wrote:

The Seminary is to be congratulated upon your accession to the chair of Systematic Theology. Under all the circumstances I was, of course, obliged to resign, however reluctantly, and beside you there was no second choice. I am sure that your appointment will be greeted all through the church with great satisfaction. It is a self-sustaining department, if the fit man be in it. May you make up for my imperfections, and strengthen as well as adorn the chair. It suits you, too, more fully than the one you leave, and will enable you to add your "Dogmatics" to the invaluable works with which you have already enriched our theological literature.

I am still improving, week by week—a wonder to myself, and filled with wonder and praise at the goodness and compassion of

God. Whatever the uncertainties of the future, I think I can say, I put my trust in Him. The fruitful part of my life may be past, but there is still work enough, for the weak as well as the strong, so long as life lasts.

To Hon. Joseph Howland:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., January 30, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am very much obliged to you for your most cordial and welcome letter; it comforted me. Adversity has its trials, but also its tests—especially of friendship and its quality.

To receive so much true and loving sympathy is a great help, physical even, as well as moral. "I was brought low, and He helped me," is a touching proof of the Divine compassion.

I *was* brought very low when I left New York, and I hardly wonder that so many thought my prostration to be hopeless. It was a very kind Providence that led me here, for, after a fortnight's battle, I began to gain slowly, week by week, without a lapse. If I were in New York and had to work, I should say I was "pretty well;" but being banished for my infirmities, I only say that I am better. My head is clearer, my nerves are quieter, my sleep more natural than for a long, long time; and I have little conscious pain, even in my tongue, which has been for eighteen months an unruly member. The treatment has been just right, it would seem, and I have got into such a state that I do not even care if homœopathy and hydropathy have done it, which is, for me, quite a confession.

I am even getting reconciled to being a Professor Emeritus—which has always seemed to me a title of imbecility; but I shan't mind it if I get well, which seems now quite possible. I am content with my lot. If I am able I shall find enough to do, and I trust and pray that the Lord who has spared me will not forsake me and mine.

I hope your organ can play "Auld Lang Syne" as well as "Old Hundred."

To his wife:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, March 6th.

. . . And now I may as well tell you what I've been about

for three weeks--writing my article on Strauss.* It is *done*, working from one to one and a half hours a day only, and none in the evening. Dr. Prince thinks it hasn't done me any harm, and I know it hasn't. I read it to six or eight of the brethren here (Drs. Kendrick, Van Doren, Labaree, Phelps, MacAtee, etc.), and they approved.

I sent a part to Sherwood, who says the printers find it hard to read--German names, etc., and written on both sides. He has half of it, and I have written him if they can't get along with it to send it to you. . . . It isn't really so very badly written! I think S. was to send proofs to you and to me. I hope you will like it--and forgive me! . . . I wish George could somehow read the article. It *must be* in the April number.

This article excited much attention. Here are two of the letters it called forth:

"New Haven, April 5, 1874.

"My dear Professor: I have just read your article on Strauss, which you were so kind as to send me. It strikes me as conclusive and admirable in all respects—a demolishing review, which has the additional merit of raising a substantial structure in the room of the unsubstantial building which it pulls down.

"Poor Strauss! He seems to have illustrated, in his new degeneracy, the baleful character of his intellectual tendencies, and to have shown, in his gloomy death, the ruin and desolation which they bring in their train.

"Very sincerely yours,

"George P. Fisher."

"Newark, May 27, 1874.

"My dear Sir: I have just finished reading the *second time* your grand article on Strauss in the *Quarterly*, and feel impelled irresistibly to tell you how much I thank you for the pleasure it gave me in many ways, not the least of which is the evidence it furnishes of your vigor and continued leadership in that department to which your life has been devoted. I intend

* "The New Faith of Strauss."—*Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*, April, 1874.

to read the article over again, and by that time it will be mine almost as fully as it is yours.

"I sincerely hope and pray that you may get entirely well and resume all your customary duties, and that Union Theological Seminary, in the future as in the past, may *through you* keep its hold on the minds and training of our rising ministry.

"Do not trouble yourself to reply, nor feel in any way bound to respond, since I write, as I said, because irresistibly impelled to make an acknowledgment to you.

"Truly and sincerely yours,

"JAMES P. WILSON."

To his wife:

March 10.

I am about through with book notices and intelligence for the *Review*. By Thursday I shall have everything off, very easily. I have done more of *Review* work the last month than at any time since 1868, and am the better for it. Dr. Robert Booth has written me a very kind letter, and says there will be as much in the Seminary for me to do as I can do.

March 11.—To-day I finish the final revision of my articles, and to-morrow I shall send off the last of book notices and intelligence—all easily done; is it not fine? I can do more in half an hour now, and without feeling it, than I could in an hour a month ago.

I had a very kind letter from Dr. John Hall to-day, ostensibly on some Presbyterian matters, really to do me good.

March 17, 1874.— . . . I am packing up. I snatch a moment to say that I shall soon be with you—home again! It seems strange—and blessed. Last evening I talked in the meeting and they liked it. . . . Everybody is very kind about my going.

To his mother:

BRIER CLIFF, SING SING, April 3, 1874.
(On his return from New York to Clifton Springs.)

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have just finished my "vacation" in New York, and am on my way to Clifton Springs, taking H—— with me for a few weeks, as he has been drooping a little.

I had a very pleasant time in New York, and everybody was "surprised and delighted," as Dr. Peaslee said, at the great and rapid change in me. The "regular" physicians hardly know what to make of it. Horatio asked me what it *could* be that had done so much more for me in so short a time than ever had been done before. In New York I was out, at dinners, breakfasts, and teas, a good deal, and had considerable work to do in the Seminary library, and, of course, it was all somewhat exciting; yet I am better now than I was when I left Clifton. . . . The prospect of my complete restoration is now very good. I heard Dr. Peabody* several times with great interest; he breakfasted with us one morning. He said in one lecture, that Christ was "consubstantial with the Father," using the very battle-word of the Orthodox against the Arians. . . . I leave for Clifton to-morrow. . . .

Thank Mr. John Neal for his cordial words about my article on Strauss. I am especially glad to receive them, as everybody was saying, three months ago, that my working days were over.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, Sunday, April 5, 1874.

MY DEARLY BELOVED: Here I am in exile again, and comfortably quartered, in a room swept and newly papered and garnished. We arrived at about 11:20 last evening, in a shivering snow-storm, but the room was all ready, as L. had chosen it, and there were flowers, and oranges, and milk, and sandwiches, from different friends, and we were soon asleep, and I slept straight through till six o'clock, and awoke not tired but refreshed. At breakfast I had most cordial welcomes all around; 'twas very pleasant to find so many friendly hands and hear so many pleasant words. . . . Everybody congratulates me on my improvement since I left here. Dr. Prince says I am much better than when I went away.

Saturday, April 11, 1874.—I am sorry that Horatio's judgment is so unfavorable†—I think needlessly cautious; but it may

* Rev. Prof. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., who gave this year the course of Ely Lectures before the Seminary.

† "Horatio has as much dread as ever of your coming back to the old ruts next winter. He says that you *will work* (which is true) to the end of

be inevitable; only I think he and others might reserve final judgment until the fall, as to my next winter's possibilities. Dr. Prince does not agree with this opinion. . . . A letter from Prof. March. He wants me to write an introduction to his Eusebius (Harpers), which I have rather declined. . . . I am to write to-day to President Barnard, declining, for the present, co-operation on the Cyclopædia. . . . Last evening, meeting; considerable speaking, in which I joined for a few minutes.

After his return to Clifton Springs there was no improvement in his health. He had entertained sanguine hopes that it would be so far re-established before autumn, as to permit the resumption of regular work of some kind in the Seminary. The adverse opinion of his brother, and the subsequent non-action of the Seminary Board, which left his position and duties still undefined, had a depressing effect upon him. His strength failed, his painful symptoms were aggravated, and the old sleeplessness returned. The sudden and critical illness of his friend, Dr. Prentiss, immediately following his inauguration,* was a great shock and trouble to him.

Through April and May he fought with suffering. Friends were with him who knew his patience, and comforted him "with the comfort wherewith they themselves were comforted of God;" while his usual ready interest in all around him, and his cheerful, witty conversation were a vail to others. At times he conducted the morning prayers in the chapel, and spoke, in the evening meetings, on matters of Christian truth and experience. "It was good to be there," as he wrote, and

your strength, and you cannot tell beforehand when that will be, and then comes the danger, which no *will* can guard against; that no case was ever known of brain disease of so long standing being *cured* in a few months; that, bright and well as you may seem and *be*, you can have no reserve of strength to fall back upon." (Extract from a letter from New York.)

* As Professor of Pastoral Theology, Church Polity, and Mission Work, in Union Theological Seminary.

undoubtedly his own less emotional and demonstrative religious life received an impulse from the warm glow of devotion which characterized these services. And the warm thanks expressed to him showed that he was a giver as well as a receiver. The very tones of his voice touched the fountains of tears in some of his auditors. "His sweet spirit," wrote one of them, "was an inspiration to the house."

To his wife:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, April 25, 1874.

. . . It is a raw, chilly, raining day, snowish too. . . . It seems to me that I now need sunshine more than almost anything else. Last evening meeting was on the Person of Christ. I summed up, and got quite worked up about it, but had a good fair sleep after it. . . . The weeks do pass away. June will soon be here.

May 4th.—Yesterday, at Bible class, we had an animated discussion on the mode of Satan's temptations, and on Perfectionism. I said that the Bible did not authorize us to say that Satan had direct access to the soul, or that he could put thoughts or feelings right into us. . . . We had a thoroughgoing perfectionist, Mr. L——, English, who took the entire ground, "perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect, etc." Mr. L—— afterward gave me an hour's account of his religious experience, very interesting. To-day the Seminary Committee meets, but I am not anxious. . . . May God prepare us for all his will!

May 9th.—I came back safe and sound last evening, after a very pleasant time at Auburn, of which anniversary I send you a newspaper report. I met a good many old acquaintances and formed some new ones, and the two days passed quickly. I was the guest of Prof. Dr. Huntington, very hospitably entertained. Everybody is interested in the Seminary, quite a contrast to New York. . . . In the address of Dr. Strong on the laying of the corner-stone he quoted quite a sentence from my article on Strauss. . . .

May 10th.—A beautiful, quiet Sunday, which I trust you have enjoyed, as I have, with quiet, trusting thoughts. The leaves are bursting out on all the trees, and the fields are getting green again all round—nature ever the same and we ever changing. Dr. Torrey preached a simple, earnest, edifying sermon this morning, and we had Bible class after dinner as usual. . . .

I am entirely quiet, not at all disturbed about the future. It seems to me, more and more, as if it would all come out right in the end.

May 15th.—What terrible news that was about George and his imminent peril ; it gave me a great shock. But I hope and pray that the peril is past. What should we do without that blessed man ! I never realized before how much he was to me and to all of us.

In a similar strain he wrote to Dr. Stearns :

I have been greatly grieved at George's alarming attack ; it was a real shock at first, but the later tidings have been encouraging. If we had had to lose him ! It would have been a terrible blow all around ; New York and the Seminary would have lost their best personal attraction for me. Thank God for his better state ! . . . How little we all know before hand what the Lord may think best for us ! But He is wise and good in spite of our unchastened hopes and plans.

. . . I thank you, dear Stearns, with all my heart, for all that you have done in my behalf. God bless you. I shall, with God's help, do the best I can. But it is up-hill work, at fifty-nine to begin again.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss :

CLIFTON SPRINGS, June 4, 1874.

MY DEAR GEORGE : I am rejoiced to hear, from time to time, of your convalescence, which may be all the more sure from not being too rapid.

I shall be in New York on Wednesday or Thursday of next week, and I hope you may all stay to the wedding, if possible.

I have not gained quite so rapidly of late, but the doctors say the future is safe. These alternations belong, perhaps, to

chronic cases. If my future were somewhat less uncertain I might, perhaps, feel differently. But I believe the Lord will make all things straight and plain when the time comes.

I am sorry to miss seeing Stearns before he sails. I have sent him a few cards of introduction. The Lord bring him back safely!

I had the kindest of letters from Dr. Wilson; it was a most grateful surprise, to which I heartily responded.

Do get well, and fast, old fellow, and I will do the same, and we will have some good palavers yet.

Love to your wife and children.

He returned to New York in June, a few days previous to the marriage of his second daughter. He remained at home till July, when he went, feeble, yet busied with work till the hour of starting and correcting proof-sheets on his journey, to Portland and Prout's Neck. Here he was somewhat invigorated at first, but the sea-bathing induced severe neuralgic pains in the chest, from which he found little relief for more than a month. It was a summer of weakness and suffering, borne in gentle patience, comforted by the presence, from time to time, of all his children and grandchildren, and of other dear friends. Before leaving he made a visit with some of his children to the old home at Scarborough.

To Dr. Prentiss:

OAK HILL, MAINE, July 12, 1874.
(Post office of Prout's Neck.)

MY DEAR GEORGE: It is raining beautifully, and so it has been doing the last twenty-four hours, and so it is likely to do for some time, and so it did for three days after we came here (ending last Sunday). We have had a service—twenty people—in the parlor, "Mac" reading one of Farrar's beautiful sermons. With so many of our family here (all excepting W——), we have had high times, the best for a long, long time; it seems an age since I went off last fall. . . . I meant to have gone to our class's *fortieth* at Brunswick, but it was very warm, and all the family

had just come, and I did not like to run any risk, especially as I am doing so well. I take a dip in the ocean every day and have a good reaction, and I do enjoy my native air and this seaside at Prout's Neck—it always quickens my life, and I mean to stay about three months. This week I am looking for a visit from Hamlin, who was to be at Brunswick. Have you seen Farrar's "Life of Christ"? We are reading it with great interest. It is quite after a way of his own, running very much into homily. I was drawn into that Swing and Patton business in the *Evangelist*, seeing how the thing was drifting, but I do not mean to be drawn into a controversy.

To the same:

September 3, 1874.

How quickly autumn has come again, summer gone once more and the workers again going to their work! Your welcome letter from New York came yesterday; and we have made a plan for you, *viz.*, to come here next week and stay a week, and go to New York with us by the outside boat, leaving Portland 17th inst. It is charming here, just the weather for you, quiet, cool, bright, fishy, boaty, rides and walks and excellent company. There is plenty of good room for you. We had a capital visit from your boys, of whom any parents might well be proud and sin not. . . . I am gaining sensibly, having got acclimated through much neuralgia and rheumatism, and hope now for the best, though I shall probably spend October in Clifton with Goodwin, Park, etc. There is no pressure about my beginning work in the Seminary.

I am very glad you are getting along so well, and trust you will soon be entirely restored and be hard at work. You and the other professors have a great and good work to do, and enough of it.

After returning to New York in September, he busied himself with writing and with work in the Seminary library. He wrote, for the *Evangelist*, a series of articles on the "Minutes of the Westminster Assembly," which occupied him for several weeks. Then he acquiesced, reluctantly, in the judgment of his friends, and, instead

of lecturing in the Seminary, as he had hoped, he went back to Clifton Springs.

A choice company of invalids was, at this time, gathered at the Sanitarium: among them were Professors Goodwin of Philadelphia, and Park and Phelps of Andover, and Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal church.

After keeping up a good appearance of health for several weeks, Professor Smith was seized with the prevalent severe type of influenza, the effects of which became very serious. He lay for some days in a very doubtful condition, and then slowly rallied. He yielded to the situation so far as to consent to give up a portion of his *Review* work to his friend, Rev. Dr. Gillett, but he still wrote reviews of books and collected the "Literary Intelligence," which was a special feature of his editorship.

To Rev. Dr. Prentiss he wrote, October 19:

Many thanks for your kindest of letters. I am rejoiced that you are back in New York and able to resume work, though it ought to be by degrees. . . .

I am in the tide of baths and other Clifton works with good effect; not that I needed it so very much, but it is well enough to be here and make assurance sure, and I am not particularly needed elsewhere; besides, I escape temptations to various sorts of extra labor which crowd in.

There is a good deal of pleasant company here, and the time is well and profitably filled up. Goodwin gains only slightly as to sleep; at times he is well-nigh discouraged, but he keeps on bravely, and the doctors think he can get well. . . . Bishop Simpson preached an *excellent* sermon yesterday, strong and true and deeply felt; he is a real bishop, and needs not that Bishop Potter re-ordain him. I should like to know what an "Episcopal bishop" could add to the gifts and graces of such a Methodist bishop.

. . . I do not know exactly when I shall return, or what I shall do when I get back.

On the evening of his birthday, he was surprised in his room by the entrance of a long procession of friends, many of them bearing little gifts, the last two a tray of birthday-cake bright with lighted tapers. A poetical address was read; speeches were made by Dr. Prince, Professor Goodwin, etc., a very witty one by Professor Park, and the various gifts presented with appropriate witticisms. In reply to all this, the surprised host was called upon for a speech. This was one of the pleasant episodes of the life at the Sanitarium.

The next day, Sunday, several of his friends met in his room and conversed on holy things. On the evening of Thanksgiving day, the same week, he spoke with fervor in the chapel, and a few evenings later he gave some impressive farewell words. The next morning he started for New York, accompanied to the station by friends, more in number than the large omnibus could hold.* He was welcomed home by his children, in his house, and the next evening by the beloved circle of Chi Alpha.

But before the close of the month "his plans," as he wrote, "were again broken up." Peculiarly sensitive to the influences of climate and weather, he had again taken cold, "fighting against it all along." He had come home as an experiment, which had failed, and he sadly yielded to the judgment of others and went back to Clifton. Before he left, he selected Christmas gifts for friends in various places, with a touching sadness which seemed like a foreboding.

His return to Clifton was hastened for the convenience of his oldest son, who wished to accompany him on the long journey; and it was the more trying, as it

* A few days afterward he received, in New York, a famous "Round Robin" from the Sanitarium, inscribed with many names and friendly sentiments.

involved the disappointment of his strong desire to be present at the approaching marriage of this son in Portland.

To his wife:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, December 31, 1874.

. . . Good meeting last evening in the chapel, the first I have attended, and I feel it much. I hope it did me good. I trust and pray that all these evil days may not be without fruit. . . . I am better, quite over the worst symptoms; sleep quite well, walk and talk. This is a good place for me in many respects.

Friday, January 1, 1875.— . . . I write in haste, for I have been with Professor Park nearly all the forenoon; he is very ill. I dread the worst. He knows me, and wants me with him. . . . God be with him. I can't write more. God keep us in his love. . . . I am glad and thankful to be here now, for Professor Park's sake.

January 3, 1875.—The visit of W—— and Z—— was bright and cheering to everybody; it was a blessed thing to me. . . . Professor P. is very weak and worn. He has been very affectionate to me, and I see him all I can. I spent most of New Year's day with him, and it almost wore me out, so that I did not appear to W—— and Z—— as well as I really was.

January 6.— . . . I have been and must be with Professor Park, day and night, for the dark shadow is over him; and he is more tender and loving to me than ever. His son and daughter came yesterday, and I have been with them, in and out, for the past days. . . . I love him and he me, better than ever before.

To Dr. Prentiss he writes, February 9:

I was right glad to get your note, for letters are a boon to exiles; especially to hear that all is going on so well with you and yours. To-day is tempestuous, thermometer minus 10° this

morning, and now a blustering storm of snow, beclouding and whitening everything. But in our pleasant, warm room we are above or aloof from outside weather. For four days it has been very cold, the depth of winter.

But in the midst of this, I am getting better day by day. I begin to feel as if there were something left worth striving for.

In reference to advice that he should give up the *Review* and library work, and give himself wholly to preparing his lectures for the press, he proceeds:

I intend, of course, to begin this work on my lectures as soon as I can; but in doing it, I must be where I can have access to the library, etc. It will be my hardest work. My lectures at the Seminary on Apologetics and Natural Theology, etc., could all be worked in and make a part of it. And I and all other men need to be where there is something definite to do every day. The library is a kind of recreation to me, and a change of work. . . . Goodwin is doing better; he has just published a volume of three or four hundred pages, a syllabus of his lectures, clear, strong, well done.

To the same:

Clifton Springs, February 25, 1875.

. . . As to the [Seminary] library, I should say that fully two-thirds of it could not be replaced excepting at great additional (to what it cost) expense. One-third of the two-thirds could not be replaced at all. This is true of a large part of the Van Ess collection, which numbered about seventeen thousand titles. The Incunabula (earliest printed editions between 1487 and 1510), one hundred and fifty in number, are, as a whole, invaluable; and so is the Reformation literature, about two thousand original editions. If there is any plan about a fireproof building, I should like to see it, for it is quite imperative that the alcoves and shelves should be so arranged that we be not obliged to rearrange and renumber all the books and the whole catalogue.

March 31.—Best greetings to you and yours. This is really

like spring, and it is as the breath of a better life. I hope you feel the goodness of it as much as we do.

Your news from Hamlin is very encouraging, and I do hope that I shall see him in New York this spring. He will get that $50,000,* I am sure, and all the rest that the Lord has need of through him. He is a noble man.

I am doing very well indeed. I was threatened, a fortnight ago, with such another neuralgic siege as I had last summer; but Dr. Prince put me through a decisive course of electro-chemical baths (iodine and iron infused by electricity), and he has broken up the trouble, and now I'm beginning to enjoy air and tonics again. By next week I hope to be in a good condition for coming back to New York, at least for a time. I must be in New York to finish up library matters, and to see what is before me for the next year. I have resolutely done nothing here for three months.

To Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.:

CLIFTON SPRINGS, April 5, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to see that you keep busy in your work of informing and stimulating the public on literary and religious matters. For myself, I have been cut off again this winter from literary labor and condemned to bare living—which doesn't amount to much. But I have worried through the worst, I hope, and may be in New York again in the course of a week or two.

But I specially wanted to thank you most heartily for the kind words you spoke of me lately, in the *Evening Post*, and also, as I heard, at a Seminary gathering when Dr. Dawson was in New York. To a man laid by, as I am, such kindly remembrances are most welcome, even when felt to be undeserved; but it is a good thing that one is not wholly forgotten, especially by such as yourself—"to be praised by the bepraised," etc. (if you will pardon the translation), is always grateful.

May you long continue to write for our pleasure and profit! I trust, too, that as you have the health and strength, you will

* For Robert College, Constantinople.

give yourself to some permanent work of high scholarship and thought.

With the highest regard,

Most truly yours,

HENRY B. SMITH.

From Hon. George Bancroft.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13, 1875.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I sent you, last autumn, an advance copy of my history, vol. x. I hope you duly received it, but have my doubts. I have been reviewing the History of the English Reformation, and find your Gieseler most judicious, clear, and useful. Answer me this question: If Latimer, Hooper, and Ridley, and Cranmer, provided he had remained true to his latest views in the days of Edward, had lived under Whitgift, must they not, every one of them, have been driven out of the Church of England for non-conformity? I should like your opinion on that question. The martyrs whose heroism made England Protestant, must all, it seems to me, have been proscribed by Whitgift—perhaps Cranmer excepted.

"Remember me kindly to all your household.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"GEORGE BANCROFT.

"What right had the English Episcopal party in the Church to call themselves Protestants? They held none for their peers but the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Greeks. Is there any distinguished man in theology in this district? I miss your historic knowledge, and ability and candor very much.

"G. B."

In April he returned to New York, more confident than were others of his ability to work. A few weeks later he made, with his wife, a round of visits to his three married children, in their pleasant homes. In Butler, Pa., he preached impressively, in the pulpit of his son-in-law, Rev. C. H. McClellan, a sermon on the Incarnation. This was the last time that he ever preached. His last sermon, like his first, was on the one great theme of his life—CHRIST.

A great shock and sorrow awaited him on his return to New York—the knowledge of the fact that his beloved brother, who had long been failing in health, was a sure victim of fatal disease, his own conviction having recently been confirmed by other high medical authority.

The brothers resolved to spend this, probably the last, summer together, partly at the sea-side and partly in the country. Accordingly they went by steamer to Portland, reaching Portland in time for Professor Smith to go on to Brunswick and hear, the same day, the beautiful "Morituri Salutamus" of Professor Longfellow—his poem to his classmates at the end of half a century. The poet, with his fine serenity of face and voice, the words so expressive of his own feelings, the dear old scenes and the faces of many friends, all stirred his spirit to unwonted enthusiasm, and left a vivid picture in his memory, to which he often recurred.

On this occasion he saw, for the last time, his old friend, President Woods, who was already under the shadow of the infirmities which gradually bore him to the grave. The interview with him in his sick-room was most interesting. In his choice, well-arranged words, and rhythmical cadence, he told how the "Morituri Salutamus," which he did not hear, had haunted his dreams of the previous night; and, as his visitors were leaving the room, he lingered upon many emphatic charges in regard to Dr. Smith's health.

The month of July was spent at Prout's Neck. During August and early September, the two brothers, with their families, were together at a farm-house near the village of New Canaan, Ct.

It was good for them both to be together. Horatio used playfully to say that they were "the two doctors Smith, the one that preached and the other that practiced," and each, in his own way, was now a helper and comforter to the other; the one with his rare professional insight and discrimination, his accurate and

varied knowledge, and the fine wit of his conversation; and the other with his earnest yet unobtrusive spiritual sympathy and guidance. "Were there ever such prayers as Henry's—asking for exactly the right thing, in exactly the right words?" said his brother. Pain and suffering were accepted things with them both; it would be hard to say which of the two accepted them with the greater fortitude and dignity.

One Sunday at New Canaan, after Professor Smith had assisted the pastor of the Congregational church in his service, he went to the Episcopal church, and, kneeling at his brother's side, partook with him of the sacred bread and wine.

All this time he had been hoping against hope, always sanguine about his own future. He felt the old fire burning within, and did not see, as others saw, that it was consuming him. Far from acquiescing in the advice that he should thenceforth allow himself the relief of a well-earned rest,* he had always kept before him the hope of resuming professional work in the Seminary, which, as was understood at the time of his resignation, was to be assigned him, partially or fully, so soon as his health might suffice—"whether by a new division of the department of theology, or a new casting of the professorships." To this he had been looking forward. The check of inactivity galled him. He felt like the imprisoned knight, hearing the music of the march of his old comrades on their way to the battlefield. Moreover, he had words to say, and he longed for the time and place to say them. He had been gradually shaping his gathered treasures of reading and thought into a course of lectures on Apologetics.

His brother was too much in sympathy with this ardent desire, and also too wise a physician, to oppose it, considering the invalid as, in some sense, the best judge

* This advice was emphatically seconded by his excellent physician at Northampton, Dr. S. A. Fisk.

of his own working powers; and it was with his consent that Professor Smith announced to the President of the Seminary his readiness to begin lecturing at the opening of the Seminary year, in September.

A weekly lecture to the junior class was assigned him by the faculty. On learning this, the senior class sent a deputation to him, requesting that they, also, might be present, and it was finally arranged that all the three classes of the Seminary should hear them together.

This course on Apologetics, his "aftermath," as it may be called, was heard with great enthusiasm. Referring to his notes of these lectures, one of his students writes: *

"Hurriedly written and incomplete as they are, I prize them above everything I brought away from the Seminary. Yet they are not at all satisfactory, as representing the lectures themselves. Apart from the general difficulty of making a rapid abstract, which should do justice to close and condensed argument, there was much, very much, characteristic of the lecturer, which the most eager student could not take down. Many must have spoken to you, and spoken often, of the air of breadth and candor and generous thought, not less remarkable than the vigor, but still less capable of representation in a note-book. There was a quiet humor, keen but kindly, which could not be reproduced. It lay not merely in the words, but in the most delicate shading of tone, the most suggestive quickness of glance. It lingered in the mind, unforgotten, but eluding all attempts to grasp it. It was a thing to be felt and remembered—not described. The unfailing enthusiasm, which made each lecture a tonic to the listeners, stimulating every faculty, imparting eagerness and courage—one can more easily speak of this, though it is hard to do it justice. It always seemed to us that Dr. Smith had the freshest interest in his subject—an interest as fresh and sincere as if the thoughts were new and almost surprising to himself, instead of being the product of many patient hours of brain-work. The impression he thus gave was due in part, I

* Mr. Francis Brown.

suppose, to his method of preparation, which made every lecture in some sense a creation of the hour, but still more due to a mind that took true delight in a large activity, and to a strong sympathy with his students, that would not let him speak to them tamely of the great questions so important for them to understand. What this enthusiasm must have been when bodily strength was sufficient for its full and continuous expression, those who came years before us know. On us it made an impression perhaps still greater, because it was so often an evident victory of the spirit over physical weakness—a voice of triumph in the very midst of the struggle. I have not said half I might, nor expressed at all the feelings of reverence and affection I had for him."

If he had limited himself to the preparation and delivery of these lectures, he would have done much, but he was always an unsparing task-master to himself. He wrote, at this time, many editorials for the *New York Evangelist*, on important and exciting subjects; as, during the absence and at the request of the editor, Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., he was partially responsible for the tone and direction of that paper.

In addition to his ordinary work as librarian, he had now the superintendence of the rearrangement of the Seminary library, after recent changes in the building. "The library is a plague and a puzzle," he wrote; "it will need a good year's work of a competent man to put it into order, and I suppose I must do it." He gave, too, his usual labor to his *Review*, although he wrote no elaborate articles for it this year. Among other things, he wrote for the October number a notice of Rev. Ezra H. Gillett, D.D., by whose death he lost not only his most frequent visitor, with whom he had constant intercourse on literary matters, but also "a faithful friend and brother." He made an address at the funeral of Dr. Gillett, at Harlem, September 6th, "though not as I should have wished," he wrote; "I shrink from such things now."

In the ardor of his resumed work, he miscalculated his strength. He was, indeed, able, with some interruptions, to complete his course of fifteen lectures, but it was done at a great cost. Those who heard him so eagerly, and were so inspired by his enthusiasm, little imagined from what dark mines and fiery crucibles were brought the treasures which he gave them.

At the close of his lectures, about the middle of December, he was weary and worn. Following the advice of his physician to leave the sea-coast for a time, he went with his family to Northampton, where he spent the next two months.

From Northampton he wrote frequent letters to his brother, from which a few passages are given:

December 22.—I think that I am more sanguine and hopeful than you are, both in general and particular. I hold on, for myself and others, to the last chance. But, after all, faith and love are the best things, and they abide forever. . . .

I think of you, and am with you, and, in my poor way, pray for you, very much, night and day. May the Lord be very near you all this time, with all His comforts and strength! I feel being so far away just now, but it could not very well be otherwise.

January 9.— . . . You certainly are coming out delightfully strong as a correspondent. It was good to hear from you. You gave such a cheerful picture of your surroundings in your room, that my heart echoed your wish that I, too, might be with you there, as I would most gladly be, if it would be any comfort to you. And I am thankful at the thought that it might be so. May you have, day by day, morning and night, all the strength, and comfort, and faith, and patience that you can ask or need. And more than we can ask, and all that we need is promised by Him who knows us better than we know ourselves, and who has promised to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or even think.

January 23.—How fast the days and months go by, sweeping

us on ! We have been here now over five weeks, and are all the better for it. Snow has just come, thin, but giving a welcome outline of winter scenery in the country. . . . My thoughts begin to turn homeward. I must, before long, look after several things in New York, and, foremost, I want to see you again.

What a remarkable letter that was of mother's, with her infirmities ! She is superior to fate.

God bless and keep you, my dear brother. My whole heart is with you.

February 3.—I long to do something for your good and comfort. May God give you more and more of patience, and trust, and love. After all, we have to come back to it in daily trust and submission,—the Lord knows best what is best for us, here and hereafter.

To Dr. Prentiss he wrote, January 9:

I should like nothing better than to ride up and see you this afternoon and have a good, long talk. . . .

I am getting along very well, better of my lameness, though my ankle is yet weak, and I do not like to venture much with it. There is enough to do, enough people to see. Northampton is still one of the best of country towns. There is an excellent public library, with books, well-selected reviews, etc. There is a good proportion of cultivated men, and we have a good deal of pleasant society. I have got to work translating Gieseler again, which does not try the sensibilities. Besides that, I manage to write something each week for the *Evangelist.* And I hear H——'s Greek and Latin. But, after all, time goes rather slowly. Still, I am very well off here, and do not care quite yet to fix any time for coming back, about which there is this also to be considered, that I am not very much needed.

H. is keeping up with his class. He was sixteen yesterday. I was a junior in college at his age, and am glad that he is not.

I wrote in the *Evangelist* an article on Roman Catholics and Public Schools. Will you look at it, and tell me if you agree in the main? If you approve, I should like to follow it up. The fact is, the public schools are now between two fires, the Roman Catholics and the Infidels—priestly demands and secularists' denials. For one I am strongly disposed to say, yield not an inch to either.

February 1.—This robbery * has filled everybody's thoughts. Some lose very heavily, and fifty families are straitened by it. . . .

I made a long talk, by request, at the Northampton Club last week, on Roman Catholic law and American law. To-day I attend the Ministerial Association—like old times.

Early in February he returned to New York, and at once resumed his usual occupations. His diary for the next months give a crowded record of multifarious labors.

At the annual dinner of the Alumni of Bowdoin College, in February, he gave an account of Mr. Longfellow's poem at the last Commencement. A few days later he spoke at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, following Mr. Bancroft and Rev. Dr. Osgood, on a paper by Washington.

In March he began lectures at the Seminary, preparing them as he went on. This course was a continuation of that given in the previous autumn, on Apologetics, and embraced the topics of Miracles, Materialism, Evolution, etc.

He gave more strength than he could well spare to the library and to his *Review*. He was urged to give up the *Review*, but he considered its editorship as an important trust from his branch of the reunited Presbyterian Church, and as, possibly, his only future sphere of service for the Church. He went on with his lectures, giving them regularly for a month, until one day he came home very weary, and a week of prostration followed, before he could resume them.

His brother, during these weeks, had been gradually failing, in great suffering; and it was not without serious effects upon himself, that Professor Smith made his frequent visits to Brooklyn. On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth

* Of the National Bank of Northampton, of securities to the amount of a million and a quarter of dollars.

of April, he found his brother greatly changed, though still preserving the gentle dignity and courtesy which had been remarkable through all his months of suffering. The brothers were by themselves for a time, and the interview deeply affected Professor Smith, although he did not suppose it would be the last. The following nights revealed its effects upon his excited brain. When, on the morning of Thursday, a dispatch from Brooklyn gave notice that the last hour was at hand, he was so exhausted, after a night of suffering, that his physician, whose advice was sought, forbade his being informed of it until he should be somewhat refreshed by sleep. Later in the day he went over to Brooklyn, and, after his return, he wrote the following letter to his mother:

NEW YORK, April 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER: As you have already heard by telegraph, our dear Horatio was released from his bodily sufferings this morning about nine o'clock. He was seemingly unconscious from midnight. For the last two or three days I think he suffered little. I saw him on Tuesday afternoon (he rode out on Monday), and he was weak and weary, and longing for the change to come. He consciously, and solemnly, and joyfully committed his all to Christ. His trust was like that of a little child—no doubt, no questions. He was ready and glad to go and be with Christ.

He had that morning received your dear letter, and aunt C.'s and Miss F.'s. All three came on that day—his last words of love from home—and he was deeply thankful. Over and over he expresed his thankfulness for those loving epistles—especially yours. He loved you deeply to the end, and knew all he owed to you. He deferred writing you the fatal message as long as he could, so as not to add to your burdens, but you were always in his thoughts. He knew last summer that he had probably seen you for the last time. Whenever we met, he talked of you tenderly. God gave you to us to be the guide of our youth and our comfort through life.

I think that Horatio and I have known each other better and

loved each other more the last year than ever before. He talked more unreservedly than he used to do—all about himself—the past and the future. His whole heart came out. And he was so honest and earnest, so penitent and grateful, so full of patience and faith, that it was a good thing to be with him. He knew all along, unerringly, what he must go through, all the bodily torture, the whole progress of the disease. He prayed to be spared the pains, if possible, but he did not murmur. And in the midst of all his sufferings, he trusted in the Lord, and found more peace than ever before. He wanted to live to see how his children should grow up; his sharpest pang was parting from his wife and children. But he had them all around him to the end. And in these past few months they have had such a lesson of Christian faith and patience as will be hallowed to them all their days. They have all been everything to him, and he has been more to them than they could ever be to him.

Dear Horatio! I see him now in his sunny youth, in his ardent manhood, when he was so handsome and noble and manly. I recall all his brotherly love for me and care of me when I was weak and low; how he helped and strengthened me; and I thank God for all this. No jar ever came between us. And then at length, he told me of his malady, and at the same time of his renewed consecration to Christ. And so we walked together till he has fallen by the way—fallen to rise again. When and where shall we meet again? Father, Fred, mother, and you, our second mother, to whom all our hearts were bound; a few months more, and we may all meet again.

Dear mother, the Lord bless and comfort you. I know He will, for He doeth all things wisely and well.

Your loving son,

HENRY B. SMITH.

On the day of the funeral, a friend in his house said to him, as he was leaving, "A week ago, Henry, we thought you would go first." His only reply was a quick, bright smile, at the welcome thought. He was hardly able to go through with the services in church and at Greenwood, from which he returned so exhausted

that his son, from Trenton, anxiously remained with him through the night.

In the privacy of home his bereaved heart gave itself unwonted expression, but outwardly there was no change in his life. The next day he went, as usual, to the Seminary, and his work in the library and at his own study desk went on day by day. At the close of the term, early in May, he attended some of the examinations at the Seminary, wrote his annual report as librarian, and addressed the alumni at their meeting, but feeling, all the while, that his day was past.

He was not one of those who find comfort in speaking of their own infirmities; he bore them, for the most part, with a silent and noble patience. Yet there were times, when the long, tense struggle with pain and insomnia seemed more than even his strong will could endure. More gentle and tender than ever toward others, lamenting that his heavy cross, which he called "*all right*" for himself, should touch those whom he loved, sensitively thankful for every expression of sympathy, his soul yet seemed to dwell apart among the high things which were its home and birth-right, bearing, as it best could, with its poor foster-brother, the body. When asked, during a period of unusual suffering, whether he could think of Christ, he replied, in a tone of gentle reproach, coupled with an endearing appellation: "*Do I do anything else?*" At another time, when a similar question was asked about prayer, he said with an indescribable, sad gentleness: "I am praying *all the time.*"

Sometimes, refusing companionship, he sought relief in the open air, and wandered for hours in solitary places, silently praying and repeating texts of Scripture, in his fierce, lonely conflict. Only He, the Divine One, who suffered for us, knows the full measure or meaning of that cup of suffering.

Feeble as he was at the time, he went twice to Brooklyn, to attend the meeting of the general assembly, in

May, wishing to hear the discussion on the validity of Roman Catholic Baptism, which subject came up now for the first time since his own active part in it in 1854. He was also especially interested in the proceedings in the assembly on the question of fraternizing in existing circumstances with the Southern churches. On both of these subjects he afterwards wrote vigorously for the *Evangelist*, and talked vigorously at Chi Alpha. He also, about this time, wrote for the *Evangelist* lengthy criticisms of several books, Brinton's "Religious Sentiment," Dr. Dexter's "Roger Williams," etc., and he dictated an article on Apologetics, for the July number of his *Review*.

The last of May, he spent a week, "a fine week," in visiting his children in Trenton, giving one day to the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. After his return home he wrote the article on Strauss, for Mr. Johnson's *Cyclopædia*.

During a protracted season of excessive heat, which set in about the last of June, a little grandchild was at his house, too ill to be removed. At this time occurred the great Centennial Jubilee, on the Fourth of July. Although himself seriously ill, from the effects of the heat, he rose, unable to sleep, from his bed, and walked to Union Square, to witness the memorable midnight celebration. A few days later he went, with his family, to the nearest practicable point at the seaside, New Rochelle, on Long Island Sound. For a fortnight the little child was in an almost hopeless condition, and his own sleep and health suffered much from his anxiety and sympathy. The clouds gathered still darker around him, when, on the twentieth, a cable telegram announced the sudden death, in England, of another little granddaughter, most tenderly dear to him. As soon as the first gleams of hope lightened the nearer prospect, he made the change, urgently needful for his own health, to the more bracing air of Maine.

After spending the Sunday with his mother, who felt the utmost anxiety at his feeble appearance, he went out to "Prout's Neck." There he enjoyed, as always, the fields and woods, the rocks and surf, the changeful bay and the broad ocean, which give such varied attractions to this quiet spot. His two sons and two nephews (the sons of his brother Horatio) were, for a time, together there, and added much to his enjoyment. Yet he liked, now and then, to be alone in solitary rambles, usually coming home with wild flowers in his hand.

He almost regularly conducted the Sunday morning service in the parlor at Captain Silas Libby's,* which was attended by the summer residents at the different houses on the "Neck," most of whom came year after year, having at least one point of sympathy in their common preference for this charming locality.

Here, as his strength partially returned, he was far from being idle. He wrote for his *Review* and for the *Evangelist*, worked regularly on Gieseler, and dictated the article, published in the October number of his *Review*, on "Recent German Works on Apologetics," which included a translation of the Introduction to Ebrard's Work.

OAKHILL, ME., SCARBORO', August 5, 1876.

MY DEAR GEORGE: We seem to be miles and months away, and the summer is fast passing. I have often thought of writing you, but have had little heart for that or anything else. It has been very trying to us all in many respects. I was just beginning to rally back a little. E. has written your wife about the details of sadness. ——'s death was a sudden shock; it will sadden them abroad so much, too. M. brought her wee, sick baby on in all the summer heats, and we had to stay for it, and be with her, until its fate was mercifully decided. Such a sad,

* This excellent man of strong character and simple heart, when he heard, the next spring, of the death of Professor Smith, said, with tearful eyes, "He was a good man. *He was good to me.*"

patient little thing I never saw. . . . We came to Maine, not knowing where we could find a place; but fortunately got in here again, and I mean to stay till I am better, or worse. But I think I shall be better—I was always rather on that side. I have heard from nobody, and seen nobody, excepting Briggs, who lives at New Rochelle, and kept working in New York (library and all) till the middle of July, and just escaped having a fever. Schaff, too, wrote a kind letter. . . . I have no plans nor prospects of any account. Nor do I feel specially anxious or worried. But, of course, I can't go on just so. . . . Your wife writes that you are not well. Come and try this Maine air. It is *very* good—worth a dozen Vermonts.

He lingered at Prout's Neck, reluctant to leave it, until Saturday, the 16th of September, when, after his last walk to the woods and rocks, and his usual noon game of croquet, he went into town. The next day he heard his friend and former pupil, Rev. Mr. Fenn, at High Street Church, and made visits to several friends who were in sickness or sorrow; and he also attended the evening service at the State Street Church. The next morning, in a heavy rain, he visited a number of his old friends, and in the afternoon he bade farewell, his last farewell, to his mother and to Portland.

He reached New York the next morning, and at once went down to the *Review* and *Evangelist* offices, and began to work in the Seminary library.

Professor Huxley was, at this time, closing his course of lectures in New York, and Professor Smith was in time to hear the last one—the attempt to demonstrate evolution from the changes in the leg of the horse. The subject was discussed at Chi Alpha the next evening, and he spoke upon it, considering the argument unsatisfactory—that though the lecturer was "clear and positive, he overshot his mark, in trying to prove too much."

The next week he enjoyed the great pleasure of having all his children who were on this side of the ocean

together at his house, at the christening of his little granddaughter.

At a public meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in October, he took part in a discussion on the Bulgarians, to whom attention was then directed on account of their sufferings from Turkish atrocities.

On the 17th of October, he delivered his first lecture, on Apologetics, to the new junior class in the Seminary, and continued giving one lecture each week, till the 12th of December.

He was so much refreshed by his long stay at Prout's Neck, that, in his usual hopeful spirit, he spoke of himself at this time as "very well—better than for a long time," ignoring, as much as possible, the unfavorable indications. The will so far lorded it over the infirmities of the body that others than himself were blinded. One thing, at least, was certain, that his mental powers were in their highest vigor; however thin and worn the scabbard, the steel was at its keenest and brightest.

For three successive weeks he attended the weekly evening service in the chapel of the Church of the Covenant, where he spoke, as he loved to do, straight from his own glowing heart to the hearts of others. It was the first time for three years that he had been able to do this. The third of these evenings was that of November first. We quote his pastor's account of it:

"The subject for the evening was one of the Pilgrim Psalms, the 122d: 'Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' He rose, and taking up the thought of what Jerusalem had been to the church of all ages since its foundation, he dwelt upon the love and longing which had gone out to it from the hearts of the pilgrims in its palmy days, from beneath the willows of Babylon, from prince and devotee and Crusader, touching here and there upon salient points in its history, until, with the warmer glow of emotion stealing into his tremulous voice, he led our thoughts to the Jerusalem above, the Christian pilgrim's goal, and the rest and

perfect joy of the weary. The talk was like the gem in Thalaba's mystic ring—a cut crystal full of fire. Perhaps something of his own weariness and struggle crept unconsciously into his words, and gave them their peculiar depth and tenderness. Be that as it may, we never heard his voice in the sanctuary again."

The subject of Evolution was again discussed in the circle of Chi Alpha. "One of the rarest treats of our life," wrote Rev. William Taylor, D.D., "was to hear him one Saturday evening of last October, give a brief talk on the subject of evolution, which showed that he had mastered all that had been written, from Hæckel to Huxley, and that he had his own opinion upon the subject, and could give good reasons for maintaining it." *

"They were the most eloquent words I ever heard from human lips," said one who sat at his side, impressed by the contrast between the strong intellect and the tremulously frail body. At the close of the meeting, Rev. Dr. Adams made to a friend the suggestion that Professor Smith should be appointed the next lecturer on the Ely foundation.† This suggestion was followed in a few days by an official request to that effect from the faculty and directors of the Seminary.

This appointment he received and accepted with the greatest satisfaction. It was his purpose to work into these lectures the mass of valuable collectanea which he had long been making, and which he had partially used in the preparation of his courses on Apologetics. Into no work could he have entered with greater interest, and he considered himself better able to perform it than ever before. Yet, at the same time, he said, "After this is done I think I shall be ready to go;" and again, "After this is done, I am done."

* *Christian at Work*, February 15, 1877.

† A lectureship on "The Evidences of Christianity," established by Mr. Z. S. Ely, of New York City.

About this time he wrote some important editorials for the *Evangelist*, on Dr. Spear's "Bible in Schools," "President Johnson's Proclamation a Violation of the Constitution," and "Ministers and Science."

He made, too, his usual preparation of book notices and literary intelligence for the January number of his *Review*.

He spent Thanksgiving day, November 30th, with his children at Trenton, taking great enjoyment in the home circle, and conversing in his most genial mood. The next day he went to Philadelphia, where he made a delightful visit to his dear friends, Dr.* and Mrs. Goodwin, and returned home on Saturday. During the following week he enjoyed visits from two of his college classmates, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., of Constantinople, and Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston, with both of whom he had maintained a firm friendship through life.

On Sunday, the 10th of December, he stayed quietly at home in the morning, as he was suffering from the effects of the severely cold weather; but in the afternoon he was present at the communion service, for the last time.

The next day he wrote his last article for the *Evangelist*, that on "Sunday Legislation." †

On Tuesday he lectured at the Seminary for the last time, his subject being "Relative Knowledge." After his lecture, as was his custom, he worked for a while in the library.

On the following day he had a long conference with his co-editor, Rev. Dr. Atwater, on *Review* matters.

On Friday, after evening prayers at the Seminary, he bade farewell to his friend and colleague, Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., who sailed the next day for Palestine.

* Now Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Divinity School of Philadelphia.

† His article on "Common Sense about Religion," although published later, was written earlier.

On Saturday morning he received a visit from his old friend, Rev. Frederick A. Adams, of Orange, N. J. Other visitors came, some for advice and assistance, and the day was filled up with reading. In the afternoon he went to the rooms of Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., to the weekly meeting of the "Chi Alpha," from which he was never willingly absent, and took part in the discussion on "Public Schools." It was his last presence in this beloved circle of "Christian Brothers." He was nearer than he thought to the Father's house. Yet it was very evident to his friends that God was graciously preparing him for a better world. "Those who knew him most intimately," wrote one who knew him as few did, "had, of late, often observed in him an unusual tenderness, humility, and sweet gentleness of spirit; he seemed to cling closer and closer to Christ; his prayers were full of holy fervor and unction, and his religious talk, in the fellowship of his Christian brethren, was, at times, marked by a tone of wondrous elevation, beauty, and pathos." *

He returned home from Chi Alpha thoroughly chilled; the night was extremely cold and the distance long. The next day he was suffering from a severe influenza, and a fierce attack of neuralgia in the chest. A hard cough with feverish excitement followed, attended by some painful symptoms, which he considered not serious for the present, but indicative of a fatal result in the future. At first he objected, as usual, to the attendance of a physician, feeling that medical remedies had been exhausted in his case, and that now he had only to suffer in patience and silent submission. Yet sometimes his fortitude partially gave way: "Pain, *pure pain!* do you know what that is? I hope you never will!" "Did ever a man have such a fight?" and prayers, with

* Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D.D. Introductory Notice to "Faith and Philosophy."

strong crying and tears, for God's mercy and help, were uttered in broken words.

The sufferings of these weeks need not be recounted. He had so often rallied from the extreme depths of prostration, that neither himself, his family, nor his physician (Dr. Alfred C. Post) believed that such was not now to be the case. His own conviction was that he should recover, yet there were indications that he admitted the other possibility. He spoke, from time to time, of his children, of his temporal affairs, of his relations to the Seminary, of conversations which he had long wished to have with one and another person: and in half-uttered breathings of prayer he committed himself to God.

As the weeks passed, it was evident that his strength was failing. One night he spoke of a decisive evidence of this, and after a pause, said emphatically: "——, dear, I have trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have tried to serve him, in spite of everything."

"And you do now?"

"*Yes, with all my heart.*"

"And you can commit everything to God?" was asked at another time.

"Yes, *everything.*"

One day as the words were read to him: "If we receive chastisement, God dealeth with us as sons, etc.," he responded: "How often I have said that to myself!" On another day he repeated, with emphasis, the words of St. Paul: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

But gradually disease gained the mastery, and he lay for many days in a half-comatose condition, of which his physician was doubtful whether it were not the effort of nature to restore herself.

"Are you able to pray?" he was asked, when it was doubtful whether he could understand the question.

"Verbally, no. Actually, yes. I cannot talk much of these things."

One day, when he seemed unconscious of everything around him, some choice flowers, sent by a friend, were arranged upon his bed. "Beautiful!" he said, and, at his evident wish, some of them were placed in his hand, where he held them a long time.

In one of his last moments of consciousness, he said to his friend, Mrs. Prentiss, "I have ceased to cumber myself with the things of time and sense, and have had some precious thoughts about death."

"O God . . . accept . . . thy Son," were the last words of prayer heard from his lips.

But these, with a few half-uttered expressions of earthly love, were as transient gleams from the thick cloud. Yet even his wandering fancies revealed his characteristic traits, his clear statements, his incisive words, his fine wit, his unselfish thought for others. Imagining himself, at one time, talking to one of his students, he gave the advice, "not to seek a high place, but to take the position that is offered."

Weeks passed on, in the silence of his sick-room. At last his absent children came to him, and others whom he would have chosen to be with him; and none but loving hands ministered to him, by day and night. The two faithful friends of his life, Goodwin and Prentiss, were with him in this his last need of the ministries of earthly friendship; the former had come from Philadelphia to see him once more, but he was not recognized by the clouded vision. "Do you not know me, Henry?" he asked, at length. "Yes, I know the finest thread of that intonation, and respond to it," was the immediate and distinct reply. This was on Friday the second of February. Soon after this the impenetrable cloud settled closely around him.

On Sunday morning it was thought that the hour of his departure was near. After that the soul seemed

struggling for release. For days and nights he was crossing, not the narrow stream, but the broad river of death, and could not reach the shore. Early on Wednesday morning, February seventh, came the glad hour when he entered the blessed port.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

THE funeral services were held on Friday, the ninth of February. We quote, for the most part, from the account of them in the *New York Observer* of the following week.

"At half-past one o'clock, the Directors, Faculty, Alumni and students of the Seminary, the Faculties of other institutions, and the clergy generally, met, according to previous notice, in the chapel of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, to give expression to their feelings in view of the loss sustained in the death of Professor Smith. The chapel was filled to overflowing.

"Rev. Dr. Adams, President of the Seminary, was called to the chair, and, after prayer by Rev. Dr. Hutton, a commemoratory paper with resolutions* was read by Rev. Dr. Chambers of the Collegiate Dutch Church.

"These resolutions were seconded by Dr. Hastings, an alumnus of Union Seminary, who spoke of the influence of Dr. Smith, as a professor, on his students.

"Remarks were then made by Hon. Samuel Fessenden, a college classmate of Dr. Smith; by Dr. Atwater of Princeton College, with reference to Dr. Smith as an editor of the *American Theological and Princeton Review*; by Dr. Fisher, of New Haven Theological Seminary, and Dr. Hurst, of Drew Theological Seminary of the Methodist Church, in regard to his influence on the study of Church History in this country; by Dr. Green, of Princeton Theological Seminary, expressing the sympathy of Princeton with Union in her loss; by Professor Martin,

* See Appendix, H.

of the University of New York, speaking of his system of Theology as having Christ for its central and controlling principle; by Dr. Bush, of the A. B. C. F. M., referring to his influence upon the teachers in mission seminaries in foreign lands; by Dr. Anderson of the Baptist Church, showing his broad and catholic spirit; by Dr. Osgood, of the Episcopal Church, representing the high appreciation of Dr. Smith by men of culture.* Dr. Stearns, of Newark, related an incident of his early piety and Christian influence. After the adoption of the resolutions, the procession of clergymen, students and others accompanied his remains to the Church of the Covenant, where the funeral services proper were conducted."

"The assembly in the church" it is said "was such as is seldom seen in this country. It represented whatever is highest and best in American culture and scholarship."† The services were opened by the anthem: "I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. Dr. Adams then read selected passages of Scripture, beginning with the words: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" and led the assembly in prayer.

Professor Smith's favorite hymn:

"O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!" etc.

was sung, the voices of his students joining with the

* A few weeks later, Dr. Osgood closed a critique of the "Life and Writings of St. John," by J. M. MacDonald, D.D., with the following words:

"It is well that in both directions, the ideal and the practical, the St. John spirit is spreading, and never was a more expressive sign of it given than at the funeral of our foremost theological scholar, Prof. Henry B. Smith, in this city, last month, when chosen men from all schools and churches spoke their tribute to his worth, and over his coffin, crowned with fair and sweet flowers, prayer and music wafted his cherished name upward to the communion of open vision and perfect love. There was as much of the St. John mind and heart in that devoted and gifted scholar as in any man our America has produced."—*New York Times*, March 25, 1877.

† Rev. Dr. Prentiss. Introduction to "Faith and Philosophy."

choir. The one hundred and sixteenth Psalm, that funeral hymn of the early church, which more than once had been the midnight utterance of his own cries out of the depths, was read, with deep emotion, by his friend, Rev. Dr. Stearns. Then were read, according to a wish once expressed by himself, the last verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which JESUS CHRIST is proclaimed as the Restorer, the Reconciler, the Way, and the chief corner-stone.

Addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Vincent, Prentiss, and Goodwin, after which was sung the hymn :

> "Now let our souls on wings sublime,
> Rise from the vanities of time," etc.

and the services were closed by a prayer by Rev. Dr. Paxton.

The address of Rev. Dr. Vincent, that clear, strong and glowing portraiture of his friend and parishioner, having been widely published in different forms and also largely quoted from in the preceding pages, is not given here. The addresses of Rev. Drs. Prentiss and Goodwin have not before been in print.

*Address of Rev. Dr. Prentiss,**

"MY acquaintance with HENRY B. SMITH began while we were yet boys, and it soon ripened into a friendship, which, for now more than forty years, has been to me a constant joy and benediction. My recollections of him go back so far; they touch his life and my own at so many points ; they are so varied, precious, and full of interest, and they come rushing upon me so fast that, out of the very abundance of the heart, the mouth is at loss where to begin or what to speak.

"Shall I speak of him as I first knew him in college and in his early home ? or as I knew him a few years later in Germany, and, still later, in his country parish at West Amesbury ? or shall

* It is due to Dr. Prentiss to say that the notes of his address were quite imperfect, and that more or less of it has been entirely lost.

I rather speak of him as, for more than a quarter of a century, many of you, as well as I, have known him in this city? I do not think it matters much where I begin, for to depict him in any one of these different situations is to portray him in them all. From whichever point of view taken, the picture would not vary, except in ever-growing strength and fullness of expression. The boy produced the man, and his days were 'Bound each to each by natural piety.' The same rare qualities of head and heart that so endeared him to us, secured for him the warm friendship and admiration of such men as Tholuck, and Ulrici, and Neander, and Hengstenberg, when, nearly forty years ago, he was sitting at their feet as a student of divinity and philosophy. How well I recall, at this moment, a scene I once witnessed in Halle! It was at a literary supper—a banquet, I might call it, of the genius, and learning, and wit, and *Gemüthlichkeit* of that old university, then in its palmy days. Tholuck, Leo, Witte, Ulrici, Erdmann, and other famous scholars and theologians were there. The young American student sat in the midst of them, and I sat where I had him in full view. The occasion wrought upon him strongly. Speaking German with much fluency, he took part in the conversation as though he were using his native tongue. I shall never forget his look and bearing that evening, or the impression it made upon me. Those of you, who knew him intimately, recall, doubtless, that singular intellectual radiance and spiritual glow which, at times—before disease began to prey upon it—would fairly transfigure his fine, manly face. I never before, or since, saw even his countenance so beautiful. He was not only a special favorite with his professors, but a special favorite wherever he went; and there are domestic circles in Germany to-day where, after a third of a century, he is still remembered with delight, both for his superior culture and the attractive charm of his manners. Among his most intimate friends in Halle and Berlin, were Kahnis, Godet, Besser, and others who have since become eminent, both at home and abroad, for their learning and influence.

"Let us now return to our own shores; and here let me say, in passing, that with all his hearty admiration for German erudition and German thought, he never sacrificed, in the least, his American principles, whether in Church, or State, or Religion.

The wisdom he learned in the land of Luther, Schleiermacher and Hegel was engrafted upon—it did not supplant or impair—the hardy, native stock of his New England faith, culture, and good sense. To his dying day he was through and through an American, and a true son of the Pilgrims. As such he took the deepest interest in all public affairs and questions—civil as well as ecclesiastical; and in almost my last interview with him, he spoke of the political situation with that sagacious and discriminating judgment which never failed. He came as near what seems to me the ideal of the American scholar as any man I have ever known. His literary culture was marvelously deep, varied and comprehensive; and his literary interest was all-absorbing and as catholic as the whole wide world of books; theology, philosophy, history, poetry, belles-lettres, criticism, science—at least in its highest principles—he was at home in them all. To many before me his library is indissolubly associated with himself. It was a counterpart of the man. What pleasant hours some of you have passed there! To me it is full of memories, which will be fragrant and delightful to my last hour. How often have we there talked over almost all things, human and divine! A great deal of the best of what I know was learned there. He was one of the most accomplished bibliographers in the country. And how he loved to serve a friend in the matter of books! The last time I ever saw him on his feet was in such a service. I inquired of him, in behalf of a friend whom I see before me, about a certain rare pamphlet on Spinoza. He said he had it, and instantly, against my most urgent protest, rose up from his dying bed and tottered—for he could not walk otherwise—into his library in search of it. Not finding it at once, and his strength failing, he consented to leave the search to me. It was the last time he entered that splendid library—that sweet home and resting-place of his wearied mind. His body lay there to-day while awaiting its burial, but he himself never saw it again.* The only other man I ever knew, who seemed equally fond of books, and equally master of their contents, was

* The friend referred to was the late Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., LL.D., between whom and Prof. Smith there existed a warm friendship. It so happened that one of Dr. Osgood's last acts was a kindly service in memory of Prof. Smith.

Julius Hare, the friend of Arnold and Bunsen. Books overflowed all the rooms and every nook and corner of his Hurstmonceaux rectory; and if you asked him for one he would hasten as if by instinct, to the right spot, seize it, and bring it to you with that intellectual zest and kindness which marked Prof. Smith.

"I shall say but little of the public life and character of our friend, after the elaborate, faithful portraiture of it to which we have been listening. I will only express my conviction that should the story of his noble career ever be fully told, his name will be enrolled, by general consent, among those of the most useful and most remarkable men of his generation. His services to the Union Theological Seminary, to the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and to Christian truth, are simply inestimable. Our country has produced no theologian who combined in a higher degree the best learning, literary and philosophical culture, wise, discriminating thought, and absolute devotion to Christ and His kingdom. It is matter for profound regret that he was not able to give to the public his theological system. It had been elaborated with the utmost care, contained the ripe fruit of his genius, as well as of his faith and his life-long studies, and would have been a great and lasting boon to the world.

"The last eight years have been to our lamented friend years of infinite trial, disappointment, and suffering. During these eight years—and especially during the past three or four—he has fought the battle of life, as a beleaguered, fainting garrison fight against fearful odds and give way only inch by inch. *Every heart knoweth his own bitterness.* Our dear friend, now happily at rest in God, has known, during these years, as few are ever called to know, what is it to cry unto God out of the depths. He has breathed, day and night, the *suspiria e profundis*, and had fellowship with the sufferings of his Lord. I never witnessed a sharper or more heroic struggle; struggle to resist the doom of fatal disease; struggle to hold up the weary head above the roaring billows; struggle to be patient and submissive amid sore temptations to murmur and repine; struggle to finish noble work for Christ and His church, which could never be finished. But it is all over now, and the victory has been unexpectedly won; though not in the way he hoped to win it. I do not be-

lieve that for many a day any redeemed spirit has entered into the presence of the Son of God, who had enshrined Him more completely in his inmost being, loved and strove to serve Him more ardently ; or gazes with a more exulting and large-minded joy upon that beatific vision than he, who on last Wednesday morning, passed away from our poor fellowship to that of the church triumphant.

"One of the things that embittered the struggle of which I have spoken, was a persistent and pitiless *insomnia*. How little those who have not experienced this trouble, or witnessed its effects in their own household, dream of the tragedies of mental and physical torture which, unobserved by the world, are sometimes enacted in the lives of its victims! The habitual loss of sleep, that 'balm of hurt minds,' is often a calamity only second to the loss of reason itself. And yet out of this loss, when sanctified by tender, devout, and loving thoughts, may blossom forth fruits of unearthly beauty and sweetness.

> "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
> Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
> Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
> Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

"Many a time, in the midst of wakeful, care-worn nights, did our friend, now asleep in Jesus, have intercourse with the heavenly Powers, and catch glimpses of things unseen and eternal. There was, ever and anon, a spiritual elevation, as well as gentleness, in his talk and manner, that could not otherwise be explained. His troubles made him very humble and tender-hearted also. In January, 1874, when the final breaking down of his system rendered it necessary that he should resign his chair in the Seminary, a step which cost him an agony of mental conflict and disappointment—for it seemed to say, both to him and to the world, that his work was almost over—I visited him at Clifton Springs. Never shall I forget that visit, or the sweet, Christian temper in which he submitted to the inevitable. 'I think' (he wrote to me soon after my return), 'I think I see everything more and more clearly ; and I feel better and stronger for it. I am looking away more and more from the incidents and accidents, and trying to read God's purpose in it; and that seems

to me clear. I needed the chastisement; I pray that it may do me good, and cause me to live wholly and only for my Master. . . . I have no special fear about the future; the Lord will provide; I humbly hope that He who has spared me will not forsake me; that He will in every deed deliver my life from destruction, and let me yet see His goodness in the land of the living.'

The spirit that breathes in these touching words, pervaded the whole closing period of his life. Those who heard him talk or pray in the Bible class and other devout gatherings at Clifton Springs, or in the weekly service of this church; still more, those who had most intimate communings with him in the privacy of his home, and in the inner sanctuary of his own thoughts, will bear witness that it was so. His piety had always been marked by childlike simplicity, freedom, and a fearless confidence; it was now especially marked by a keen and deepening sense, on the one hand, of the power and glory of Christ his Lord; and, on the other, of the fact that he was a poor, lost sinner saved by grace alone.

> " 'The best of what we do and are,
> Just God forgive—'

is a sentiment that met with a full response in his heart. . . .

" I looked over again, not long ago, those two gems of literature—Lord Bacon's essay on Friendship, and the chapters of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics on the same subject. A good deal of what these two master intellects of the race say about it, would strike most readers of the present day, I am afraid, as somewhat visionary. Friendship, of the sort there described, is to the many one of the lost arts. They know not what is meant by such intimate union and such devotion to another self. It requires a genial depth and sensibility of nature, fully to understand these things. Few men 'perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. . . . No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift, or confession. . . . Friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm

and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts.' I can testify, and others can testify with me, that these notes of a true friend, combined with others of a still higher, more Christian type, were all found in Henry B. Smith.

"And now, for a little time, we bid him farewell. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; henceforth his society will be that of saints and angels in glory everlasting; and he will follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Nor on earth will his name be forgotten. In years to come, many a Christian scholar will visit his grave, near by that of David Brainerd, in the old burying ground at Northampton, and thank God for what he was and for what he did in the service of the blessed Master whom he so loved and adored.

"Wherefore, let us comfort one another with these thoughts."

Address of Rev. Prof. D. R. Goodwin, D.D.

"My relation to Dr. Smith has been private and personal; so dear and deep, so intimate and sacred, that I feel my place to be rather with his immediate family, whose hearts are bleeding in silent sorrow, than with the representatives of colleges and seminaries, of science and learning, of theology and religion, who come to pour out their grief upon his bier in words commemorative of the grandeur of his life and character. If I speak, therefore, you must pardon the *egotism* of what I have to say.

"You, my friends, have known Dr. Smith as the man of vast and varied acquirements—the finished scholar, the great theologian, the profound and acute philosopher, the accomplished and beloved teacher, the learned and eloquent divine; you have known him as the faithful and helpful colleague and companion, as the trusted and trustworthy ecclesiastical leader, as the pure, humble, noble Christian man. I have known him as—*Henry*. And 'Henry' has meant for me all that you have thus known, and unspeakably more;—'Henry,'—a name whose very sound vibrates upon my ear with tones sweeter than any melody, whose thought is associated with the dearest memories, with the warm and unvarying love of a long life-time.

"My first acquaintance with Henry was upon his entering Bow-

doin College as a freshman when I became a junior. He was then fourteen years of age, and I was a few years his senior. He was a sunny, buoyant, brilliant, merry, fascinating youth, blooming in health and genial in character, effervescing with wit, humor, and boyish spirits, breathing the purity and sweet aroma of the most beautiful domestic training, adorned with high social culture, with a mind already liberalized by large and well-chosen reading, and a heart of warm and clinging affection. I saw him and knew him. I loved him, and the love was reciprocated. It was a romantic attachment; but one which has grown stronger with increasing years, without losing in age one jot of its early freshness and fervor. It has been a true and proper friendship, mutual, unique, and entire; the coalescing and interpenetration of two hearts—a love like that of David and Jonathan. My few years of seniority to him made a greater difference then than in later life, but they seemed rather to draw us together than to keep us apart. To him I was as an elder brother, and watched over him with a sort of paternal care. His extraordinary social attractiveness, and his keen relish for social pleasures increased, of course, the moral dangers of a college life for one so young. To have been, under Divine Providence, the means, in however small a degree, of saving so rich a casket from defilement and spoliation in the time of its greatest exposure and peril, is not to have lived in vain. What he was to me I cannot tell. My very jealousy for him was a safeguard for myself; and his friendship not only was the sunshine of my college days, but has been one of the chief well-springs of happiness for my whole life. I had been led to my Saviour just before our acquaintance and friendship began; and he found the Lord just after we parted upon my graduation. Thus our mutual love received at length the impress of its highest, its immortal character. Our friendship became a sacred, a holy thing—a tie that can never be severed, a feeling that can never die. And thus he had, henceforth, a safeguard amidst moral dangers better than any human companionship could afford. He went through college unscathed and unstained, honored and esteemed even by those who could not fully appreciate the purity and noble principles of his manly character, but most honored and loved by those who could sympathize with his brightest traits.

Notwithstanding his almost omnivorous reading and the distractions incident to his peculiar social temperament, in an unusually large and able class he stood *facile princeps*.

"We began our theological studies together at Andover, when we enjoyed a brief period of unalloyed happiness. But soon we were called in different directions. After completing his theological education in this country, and widening and deepening his acquirements and his culture by a residence of two years at the German universities, he, on his return, was called to an honorable but temporary engagement at his Alma Mater; and, had any permanent chair been then open for him he would undoubtedly have been invited to fill it. The wisest and best friends of the college would have made a place for him at all hazards; and if any others, in view of his youth and yet untried powers, or for any other reasons, hesitated or opposed, they have since seen good cause to change their minds and repent of their shortsightedness.

"He entered upon the pastoral office at West Amesbury, Mass.; and then his head and his heart, his tastes and his conscientious preferences were satisfied; for he always regarded the pastoral office as the highest and holiest that man can fill. Here, loved and honored by his people, he spent a few quiet and happy years.

"But nature and Providence were leading him to other and wider spheres of activity and usefulness. It became more and more evident that he was to stand among the foremost thinkers and scholars of the country. He must be a teacher of teachers.

"He was called to Andover as lecturer; and then to Amherst as professor, where he showed himself to be an accomplished and philosophical instructor, and gained the love and deep respect and admiration of his pupils. From Amherst he came to the Union Theological Seminary—and you all know the rest.

"Through all this onward career my heart has followed him with more than fatherly or brotherly pride and satisfaction. I have rejoiced in his success here. Many of you have been nearer to him in daily personal intercourse, and in an intimate practical interest in his labors among you, than I have been. But, though standing at a distance, and in the membership of another branch of the Church of Christ, I have enjoyed, as I feel that none of you could enjoy, the laurels he has won, the great

work he has accomplished, and the noble conquests he has achieved for you. His name and Robinson's will stand together on the roll of your professors to give undying lustre to the early memories of this Theological Seminary.

"And now he has been stricken down in the midst of his unfinished work; just as he was about to put forth his last great effort in defense of the bulwarks of our holy religion. Never shall I forget the interview we had on his last visit to Philadelphia, a few months since;—how, till late into the night, we talked over his proposed course of lectures on the Ely foundation; how he developed the most systematic and thorough, the most magnificent and triumphant scheme of the Christian Evidences,—a scheme meeting all the exigencies of the present times, and forecasting the future; a scheme which none but himself could frame or carry out; and with what breadth of scholarship and learning, with what philosophic grasp and clearness, with what fervent love for Christ and His kingdom, and with what enthusiasm, and vigor, and mighty mastery he unfolded his plan;—a plan, alas, never to be completed. And not only this do we miss, but also his own final *reduction* of his whole system of theological instruction, which we now have only in fragments. But, as we survey the beauty and perfection of the parts completed, and the grand proportions and plan and scope of the whole, we seem to be gazing at some unfinished cathedral, standing as it was long since left by the architect and workmen, with just enough completed to betray the magnificent conception and the wondrous art of the mind that contrived it. Had he been spared to give the Church, in a permanent form, the results of his labors in the field of theology, even as fully as he did in the department of ecclesiastical history after but a brief occupancy of that chair, we should now be vastly richer than we are. It is to be devoutly hoped that the materials he has left will require only collection and arrangement to present the structure in some approximation to the majestic proportions of the original plan.

"And yet our friend has finished his work in beautiful completeness. His record is on high. He has left a bright example of a noble Christian life. He has done a work for all time. He has exerted an influence which will be propagated through the

generations to come. His great work—his *magnum opus*—has been written, not with pen and ink, but with the living voice; not impressed on insensible paper, but upon living minds and hearts. His pupils from the Union Theological Seminary are his Epistles to the Churches, epistles which will be copied upon multitudes on multitudes of other living hearts. He yet speaketh; and his influence shall spread only wider and wider as years roll on.

"Before sitting down I must be permitted to advert particularly to one or two special points, to one or two great events, in connection with which the Church owes to Dr. Smith a debt of perennial gratitude, in connection with which his name must never be forgotten, but emblazoned highest and brightest on the scroll of memory.

"I refer, first, to the greatest ecclesiastical event which has taken place in this country during the period of his active life—to the happy reunion of the divided branches of the Presbyterian Church. Among the movers in that great work he was foremost. He spoke, and wrote, and labored for its accomplishment, removing difficulties, smoothing obstacles, answering objections, reducing differences to the lowest terms—not dodging them, not denying them, not explaining them away, not covering them up from present sight only to break out afterward, but recognizing them at their precise value when reduced to their real bases; proposing no deceitful compromise, no hollow truce, no grudging, dishonorable concessions, to be a source of constant fretting and irritation in the future; holding up the requirements of Christian duty, the wants of the Church, the demands of the times, the ideal of Christian unity, the commands and the love of Christ; urging the immense domain of common agreement contrasted with the miserable nooks of the petty points of difference, and re-enforcing with his own magnetic energy the innumerable points of attraction, in historic memories and in common views, and aims, and enemies; thus seeking a reunion on the basis of a full and honest mutual understanding, and of the highest and holiest Christian principles—a union which should have in it no seeds of future dissolution, a peace that should stay. Would that it might be but a symbol and precursor of a larger reunion of Protestant Christendom, and even of the whole

Christian world. Thus he wrought; and I happen to know, from daily personal intercourse, how strong were his personal feelings on this subject, how his whole heart and soul were in it, during the sessions of the General Assembly in Philadelphia, of which he was Moderator. But just as his work was reaching its culmination in the consummation of success, he was stricken down and compelled to retire from the field. He labored, and other men entered into his labors. He fought the fight, and others wore the garlands of victory. I desire to say this the more emphatically, because I conceive that, under the circumstances of the case, there is a possibility that Dr. Smith should not receive his full meed of credit, as having done more than any other man did for the accomplishment of this grand result —the reunion of the Presbyterian Church in America. And I take the liberty to say this as one who has watched the progress of the efforts toward the great end *from without*, and yet with the most lively interest.

"Another point, another great event to which I would refer, and in which Dr. Smith bore a foremost part, is the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city. Of the committee to make arrangements for that meeting he was chairman; and such was his large acquaintance with Protestant theologians and scholars abroad, and particularly on the continent of Europe, that he was pre-eminently fitted for that position. He entered into a multifarious correspondence, and was just bringing the arrangements to a happy conclusion, when the breaking out of the Franco-German war compelled a postponement. Before the subsequent arrangements for the meeting which actually took place could be completed, he was obliged to retire from active work. But his heart was in that grand reunion of Protestant Christendom on the shores of this new world; and it was one of the great joys of his life to witness its accomplishment. Well do I remember what childlike satisfaction he expressed when he found upon trial that he had strength of utterance enough to pronounce the benediction on one occasion when I was present; and this was the only part he was permitted publicly to take in those exercises. Thus, again, he labored and other men entered into his labors. '*Sic vos non vobis.*'

"Those two ideas and aims, the reuniting of the two great

branches of the Presbyterian Church in this country, and the fraternal gathering here of the representatives of Evangelical Christendom, as a symbol and expression of their real union in Christ, were objects that had a singular attraction for his mind and heart, objects which seemed exactly fitted and proportioned to his broad, deep, loving, John-like, Christ-like spirit. He saw them accomplished, and for himself he was satisfied. And now he has departed in peace. In that departure, my friends, not only is the Union Seminary bereaved, but all seminaries of Christian learning are bereaved, and theological science herself is bereaved; not only the Presbyterian Church, but all Christendom is bereaved."

"The foregoing is the substance of what I said at Dr. Smith's funeral; but, as my remarks were not written down at the time, it cannot be expected that, in all cases, the exact language should be reproduced.

"I venture here to add a brief estimate of Dr. Smith's character, in what have struck me as some of its salient points.

"Gifted by nature to an extraordinary degree with generous and noble endowments, Dr. Smith owed much to a happily-guided and guarded education, to that wise, beautiful, early training which gave the keynote to his life, and to that large and liberal culture which he subsequently received at home and abroad;—a culture which found in his mind a congenial soil, and which, except as it was appropriated and assimilated by the reaction of his own right instinct, sound judgment, and strong intelligence, would have been to little purpose. But, happily, on the other hand, he did not rely upon the great brilliancy, reach, or strength of his own intelligence, but he was from youth, and more and more, a thorough, patient, diligent and devout student. He was systematically a student. In this he was a model for his countrymen. He was one of those few to whom is given the power to become scholars; and he had the spirit, the habits, and the attainments of a scholar, to such an extent as few, at least among us Americans, have ever possessed them.

"Geniality and spirituality were his leading mental characteristics. He had uncommon quickness of perception and keenness of insight. He united, in a singular degree, depth and breadth

of mind with acuteness and clearness of apprehension. He had an overmastering love of the ideal and an absorbing interest in the practical; but he never became so lost in the one as to forget the other. He brought and kept them both together; and this was one of his distinguishing traits. He held the profoundest principles in their living connection with their minutest every-day applications. And thus he possessed a very high organizing and constructive power.

"He loved truth more than he hated error. His system of thought was not a definite, completed, well-rounded sphere, self-poised, standing out in high relief, with an exact and clear-cut outline and polished surface; but rather a living organism, rich and varied in its full development, with boughs and foliage waving at large in the breezes of heaven, instead of being cropped and trimmed into some stiff, artificial shape by the gardener's hand, and stretching its roots down into unexplored depths, taking hold upon and nourished from the infinite. His genial mind had received too liberal a culture to allow him, with some strong-headed, self-taught and self-made men, to suppose either that what he saw clearly for the first time had never been clearly seen before, or that beyond what he could clearly grasp and see there was nothing worth looking for. He especially enjoyed tracing things to their deepest foundations. He took a peculiar pleasure in exploring that border land in which the known passes into the unknown, and where, if anywhere, the boundaries of our knowledge must be enlarged. Hence, especially in his earlier essays, he was not always easily understood.

"In discussion or controversy he was ever candid and kindly. He could see and heartily appreciate the measure of truth which belonged to antagonistic views, even to those from which he most widely differed. He had the not very common faculty of distinguishing principles from petty details. In regard to the former his contention was earnest; but, of the *odium theologicum* he never had one drop.

"Dr. Smith possessed a great power of abstraction and concentration, yet free from anything like abstractedness or absent-mindedness. His mind was always buoyant, agile, light, and free, so that, from the most profound study, it would rebound instantaneously and pass with perfect ease to any other matter,

or thought, or amusement. This, too, was one of his remarkable characteristics. He had a vein of sly, deep humor, of keen, sprightly wit, which seemed to be always at hand, ready to burst forth from the midst of the dullest and driest discussions, or of the soberest moods, in sudden scintillations, in a merry laugh, or, more frequently, in quiet, comic allusions. Through all his deep philosophy and theologic lore, he brought down from his boyhood a gay, social, sympathetic temperament.

"He was a man of deep and strong sensibilities. He had a keen sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and an extraordinary power of luminous and striking description. For his qualities of heart he was distinguished even more than for those of intellect. Great as was his mind his soul was greater. To him persons were more than ideas, feeling more than thought. No one knew him who had not penetrated beyond the porch of his philosophic speculations and intellectual activities. It was his delicacy and tenderness of feeling, his warm, deep, clinging, earnest, intense personal affection that made him what he was. Truth was his atmosphere, but love was his life. But on this I can venture no more.

"Dr. Smith was eminently a practical man. He was not one of those philosophers, who, in their ethereal speculations, are quite above all regard for passing sublunary things. He was not one of those astronomers who fall into ditches. He took a wide, a genial, and a generous interest in passing things and events, in all that was going on in the Church and in the world. His was the motto: '*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*' He kept himself abreast with all the movements of the times at home and abroad. He not only took a deep interest in the phenomena presented in the history of his own Presbyterian Church, and earnestly labored for its growth and union; but he watched with a scrutinizing eye the modern movements in the Anglican Church, and the Ultramontane movement in the Romish Church, culminating in the Vatican Council. Witness his article in his *Review* upon the New Latitudinarians in the English Church, an article which, for intelligence, candor, and impartial criticism, has not been surpassed, if equaled, by any other on that subject, even from within the English Church itself. Witness, also, the masterly and exhaustive book notices which enriched,

and uniquely enriched, each number of his *Review*, and which covered almost the whole domain of universal current literature, especially in the sphere of philosophy and theology.

"During the late rebellion he was, of course, thoroughly and sternly loyal, though he loved the right more than he hated the wrong. He used to keep himself almost as minutely acquainted with all the movements and positions of either side, both political and military, as were the authorities at Washington. He was an ardent patriot. But not only that; he took an absorbing interest, also, in the late movements abroad, whether in Italy, or Turkey, or Germany, or France, which have reconstructed nationalities and empires.

"His moral convictions were clear, and his moral judgments decided and firm; but he was entirely free from fanatical extravagances, and from the narrow and impatient judgments of a reckless absolutism. He was considerate, many-sided, comprehensive. Such was the basis of his practical and moral character.

"The religious character of Dr. Smith is summed up in one word, "Christ." The leading element of his mind was enstamped upon his religion—absorption not in ideas, but in personal relations. His religion was personal love and devotion to Jesus Christ. To him Christ was all and in all. While he lived he loved, and he ceased not, to teach and preach Jesus Christ. And now he is with Christ, which is far better."

His burial place is at Northampton, Mass., in the old cemetery, sacred by many memories. The dark stone, brought from his native State, bears the inscription, chosen by himself for his brother's monument: "In Pace Domini;" and, beneath, are the words which were the text of his first sermon, and whose blessed import was the inspiration of his life:

"In Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us Wisdom and Righteousness and Sanctification and Redemption."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX, A.

Minority Report on the Validity of Roman Catholic Baptism.—1854.

To the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened at Philadelphia, May, 1854.

The undersigned was appointed by the last General Assembly a member of a committee to report upon the question of the validity of baptism as administered in the Roman Catholic Church. This committee has not been called together during the year, and it was only a week ago that the report of the majority was presented to the undersigned for consideration. It is his conviction that the committee were not prepared to make an adequate report. Being unable to agree with the recommendation of the majority, he begs leave to offer some reasons against their views, and in support of the position *that it is inexpedient for the Assembly to decide that baptism in the Roman Catholic Church is necessarily invalid.* The Assembly's Committee on Church Polity last year recommended that "each pastor and session should be left, as heretofore, to decide upon the cases as they might come before them."

The report of the majority seems to take for granted that baptism in the papal church is necessarily papal baptism.* But

* Cf. Calvin Inst. Lib. IV., Cap. xv. 16. Tales hodie sunt Catabaptistæ nostri, qui rite nos baptizatos pernegant, quod ab impiis et idolatris in regno papali baptizati sumus; itaque anabaptismum furiose urgent. Adversus

strictly speaking, there is no more a papal baptism than there is a papal doctrine of the Trinity. The simple question is whether baptism may not be valid although administered in the Roman Catholic Church.

1. A presumptive argument for the affirmative may be derived from the almost unanimous consent of the Reformed Churches and theologians. The French, Dutch, German, and English Churches, the great reformers—divines like Calvin, Turretine, and Hooker—admit the validity of such baptisms, while contending against the corruptions of the papacy. Only the Anabaptists, and they in part on other grounds, in the century of the Reformation advocated the contrary opinion. With the exception of the other branch of the Presbyterian Church in the United States,* no considerable Protestant body has taken the position advocated by the majority of your committee. Only the strongest reasons, it would seem, could authorize the assembly to decide against such a consent of testimony, and in favor of such an ecclesiastical novelty.

2. The report of the majority does not seem to recognize the common position that baptism, like marriage, may be valid, even when irregular. Even those churches which insist most strenuously upon sacramental grace, allow the validity of lay baptism in certain cases. Baptism is esteemed valid when administered as to form, matter, and intent in accordance with its original institution. In the Roman Catholic communion, it is administered with water, in the name of the Trinity, and as a sign and seal of grace. Superstitious additions to the ordinance, while they impair its regularity, need not annul its validity.

3. The same report further claims, that the Confession of Faith is conclusive against such validity, since it asserts (27. 4) that baptism can only be dispensed by "a minister of the Word lawfully ordained." Without now remarking upon the question

quorum ineptias satis valida ratione muniemur, si cogitemus nos Baptismo initiatos, non in nomen alicujus hominis, sed in nomen Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, ideoque baptismum non esse hominis sed Dei ; a quocunque tamen administratus fuerit.

* Cf. The article against this decision in the *Princeton Repertory.*

whether a Roman Catholic priest may not be just such a minister, which is not necessary to the argument, we find no evidence adduced to show that this was intended to exclude irregular or lay baptisms, in cases of necessity generally allowed. Nor is it at all probable that this clause was intended to have a bearing on the question in discussion, since the authors of the Confession may be presumed to have held the common Protestant position of their times.

4. Nor when the same report, whose argument is almost exclusively based upon the Confession of Faith, asserts that this teaches (25, 5, 6), that the Church of Rome is a "synagogue of Satan," and that the pope is "the Anti-christ," does it seem to come any nearer to a decision of the question. No Protestant ever contended for the validity of this baptism on the ground that it is of papal institution, which it is not; nor on the ground that the priests of the Roman Catholic Church receive all their authority to administer it from the pope, which they do not. We allow the validity of the ministry and its ordinances in other Episcopal bodies, while denying the theory of apostolical succession. Even in a corrupt church an ordinance may be administered according to the institution of Christ and the apostles.

In its papal usurpations and sacramental system, the Church of Rome has, doubtless, become anti-christian; the papacy is one form of Anti-christ, and it is the duty of Christian men to separate themselves from such an apostate body. So thought and acted the Reformers of the sixteenth century. But we ought, at least, to pause before coming to a decision, which necessitates the inference that the Reformers were and remained unbaptized persons, and that the Protestant churches of the Reformation were made up of unbaptized persons. The validity of a Christian rite, administered by a Fenelon, can hardly be doubted in consistency with Christian charity.

5. To establish, then, the possible validity of such baptism, we do not even need to claim that the Roman Catholic Church is a true church, or its ministers lawful ministers. So far as this church and its ministry are papal, so far they are corrupted and apostate. But, on the Protestant view of what is essential

to the being of a church, we cannot deny to the Roman Catholic communion the name of a church, despite its manifold corruptions. Even a ministry is not essential to the being of a church, even in a corrupt church there may be a lawful ministry. Israel, doubtless, remained a church, even when apostate. And the Roman Catholic Church, in its public confessions, retains Christian truths on fundamental Christian doctrines, as the Trinity, and the necessity of grace, though intermingled and overlaid with fatal errors. But take away the errors superinduced by the papal and sacramental systems, and there still remains in its creeds and ordinances whatever is essential to the Christian faith or to the due administration of Christian rites. Therefore it is still a church, and its ministry lawful, despite its apostasy, and the sacrament of baptism when administered therein, according to its institution, may be held to be valid.

If we deny to this communion the name of a Christian Church on account of its corruptions, we should be compelled, in consistency, to go still further, and deny the validity of the baptism of the Greek, the Armenian, and other corrupt churches, contrary to the convictions and practice of all our missionaries in the East, whose work would thus be seriously hindered.

And may it not, in conclusion, be asked whether it is wise for us in this land, in our relations to Roman Catholics, to press so serious and doubtful a question to a decision, which will only alienate them yet more from ourselves? Our policy is to win and not to repel them. Only by the truth and power of the Spirit can they be won. Shall we, then, show ourselves more pertinacious about some special administration of a rite than is Rome itself? If even the papacy can allow the validity of lay baptism, why may we not allow that baptism, although administered in the Roman Catholic Church, may still be valid?

All which is respectfully submitted.

HENRY B. SMITH.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
May 16, 1854.

APPENDIX, B.

The following action of the fourth Presbytery of New York was taken April 20th, 1857 :

Resolved, that we record as our judgment on this subject—[slavery] :

(1). That, in the difficult and responsible position in which our branch of the Church is placed by divine Providence, in regard to the subject of slavery, we need to cultivate a spirit of brotherly love and forbearance, and to invoke earnestly the guidance of that wisdom from above, which is "first pure, then peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits."

Resolved (2), That, as a Presbytery, we protest against that interpretation of the action of the last General Assembly, held in the city of New York, which represents it as receding from the anti-slavery position and testimony of our Church.

Resolved (3), That, though in unavoidable circumstances, the external relation of slave-holding may exist, without involving the master in the sin and guilt of the system of slavery, yet, that a continuance of the relation can be justified only so far as the slave-holder also uses all just and Christian means for removing the evil from both Church and State.

Resolved (4), That the system of slavery is neither to be viewed as an institution of natural or revealed religion ; nor is it kindred to civil government, nor to the relation of husband and wife, nor to that of parents and children ; nor yet is it merely a legal claim or right to service ; but that, on the contrary, the system of slavery, so far as it gives to man the right of property in man, reducing the slave and his progeny to the condition of chattels, dependent on the will of the owner ; so far as it annuls the rights of marriage ; so far as it forbids the general and Christian education of the slave, and debars him from the reading of the Word of God—is a system which is essentially opposed to the rights of man, to the welfare of the Republic, to

the clear position of our Church, and to the principles of the Christian religion.

APPENDIX, C.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America (N. S.), in session at the First Presbyterian Church, in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, May twenty-eighth, 1866, to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, greeting :

Dear Brethren : The most welcome letter of your venerable Assembly, bearing date, Edinburgh, May thirtieth, 1865, and subscribed by your Moderator, the Rev. James Begg, D.D., has been received by our Assembly, with heartfelt gratitude and approval. We warmly reciprocate your affectionate Christian salutations, and respond with lively emotions to your expressions of sympathy and confidence, and to your proposals for a closer fellowship. Though separated by the broad ocean, we are bound together by no ordinary ties. No church of another land has a stronger hold than yours upon our love and honor. The one Reformed faith is our common heritage. We express that faith in the same symbols ; we have in essence the same Presbyterian polity ; and we are equally engaged in kindred evangelical labors at home and abroad. There are also between us many ties of a common ancestry. And we venerate the names of your early Reformers ; our ministry are still instructed by the writings of your great divines, our faith is strengthened by the bright example of your heroic martyrs, who fought a good fight for religious and civil liberty ; and in your especial conflicts and sacrifices for a Free Church you have had, these twenty years, our constant and warmest sympathy. We honor the high wisdom and extraordinary liberality which have made you prosperous and strong, and the new testimony you have given to the self-sustaining power of the Christian Church, when contending for its righteous liberties. It is a good thing that the sacred fire kindled by the old covenanters is still burning in the heart of Scotland, and that their flaming torches have been handed down from sire to

son. In all these things, dear brethren, we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

It is, then, with no ordinary satisfaction that we have received your proposal for an interchange of "accredited deputies" between our churches, as occasion may serve. As you will see by an accompanying minute, this Assembly has unanimously resolved to appoint two such deputies to represent us before your venerable body, in May, 1867. They will in due time be named and commissioned, and we bespeak for them a fraternal welcome. We also invite you to send deputies to the General Assembly of our own church at its next session in the city of Rochester, in the State of New York, May, 1867, assuring them a most cordial reception.

We have this year been favored with an address, made in your behalf, by the Rev. James McCosh, LL.D., of Belfast, Ireland, who came to us with ample testimonials from several of the honored ministers of your Church. Already known to us by his elaborate and thoughtful works, so important in relation to the great conflict between Christianity and some forms of modern infidelity, he hardly needed any external recommendation to insure him an attentive hearing. His eloquent and sympathetic words have drawn us to you by the cords of a common faith and love.

The sympathy you express in the calamities and sufferings brought upon us by our recent war, in the assassination of our beloved and venerated President Lincoln—a martyr to the cause of human freedom—and your fervent congratulations upon the abolition of slavery throughout our States, as well as your wise suggestions, derived, in part, from your British experience, in respect to the future condition of the negro race, call for our grateful recognition. These things have weighed, and still weigh, upon the mind and conscience of this nation. God has guided us by His wonder-working Providence, bringing good out of evil. He has sorely chastised us for our national sins, and we bow in penitence, yet in trust, beneath His mighty hand. He has indeed caused the wrath of man to promote His own high purposes of grace and wisdom. And in the difficulties and perplexities that still beset our path, in the vast social and political, as well as religious, problems that we are called to solve, we

humbly invoke and rely upon His wisdom and grace. Here too, we feel assured that your prayer will mingle with ours.

You say that "the divergence of sentiment and action formerly existing between us" on the question of slavery "has now ceased," and "as there is really nothing now to prevent a complete and cordial understanding between the British and the American Churches, we take the earliest possible opportunity of giving utterance to this conviction and desire of our hearts." We thank you for these words; we unite with you in the petition for the removal of all estrangements, and the establishment not only of our old, but even of a better and nearer fellowship. And because of this one common wish and purpose, we are emboldened to say to you, with the utmost Christian frankness as well as affection, that during the progress of our recent and terrible struggle for the very life of our nation, involving, as it did, by a vital necessity the emancipation of our slaves, we have at times been deeply pained and grieved by the apparent indifference of the British churches to the great principles and the manifest moral issues that were here at stake. From the beginning of the great rebellion, our American churches, as with one voice, proclaimed the real nature of the contest. Our own Assembly never faltered or wavered in the declarations, that it was essentially a conflict between freedom and slavery, and that national unity was necessary to national freedom. And we shall evermore regret that, in our darkest days, when we were in travail in the throes of a new birth, and when sympathy would most have cheered our hearts, we had, with few exceptions, such slight encouragement from those so nearly allied to us in faith, and in the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty. But these dark hours are past, nevermore, we trust, to return; and we are glad that the clouds are dispersing, and the mists vanishing away, and that we are coming to see eye to eye, and to know better each other's heart and mind.

You allude to the interest with which you "shall watch the future history of the negro race within our borders." The views of this Assembly on some of the points herein involved are set forth in a Declaration, just adopted, on the State of the Country, a copy of which will be sent to you. The freedom of that unhappy and long-suffering race has been bought at a great price

of blood and treasure. Slavery is now prohibited by an amendment to the Constitution. The civil rights of the freedmen have been secured by law. Other guarantees will doubtless follow in due time. This nation is under the most solemn responsibility as to the future destiny of this class of its citizens. Meanwhile, our chief reliance must be on those social, moral, and religious influences which alone can make men fit for freedom and truly free; and which alone can fully restore the union of these States, and bind us together in a common brotherhood.

In these troubled times, even when the horrors of war were upon us, the Great Head of the Church has given us fresh occasion to magnify His faithfulness. Our American churches, no less than our Republic, have emerged from this conflict still strong in their faith and order. The principles of our American Christianity have received a new vindication. Our benevolent contributions have been constantly increasing. And we are now girding ourselves for the great task that is laid upon us, especially in our Southern and Western States, among our freedmen and our immigrant population, and against the progress of Romanism, of materialism, and of a false rationalism, in humble reliance, as we trust, upon the grace and wisdom of Him, who will not leave us if we lean upon His mighty arm, and follow the guidance of His all-wise Providence. An increased desire for Christian union, too, has been kindled throughout our land. Many of our churches also have been visited with fresh outpourings of the Spirit of grace, showing that the Lord is at work amongst us as of old.

We, too, desire with you, in a special manner, a closer fellowship between the Presbyterian Churches in our own and other lands. We are glad to see the movements in this direction in England and Scotland and in your colonial dependencies. The same spirit is at work among ourselves. The two great branches of the Presbyterian church in this country are drawing nearer together; this year they have touched each other; and each of our Assemblies has appointed a committee of conference on reunion. Our deputies will inform you of the progress of this desirable object. And we fervently hope that here, as never before, all Christian churches may forget their lesser differences and unite together, as far as possible, in the great work of the Lord.

Dear brethren, beloved in the Lord, we send to you these our Christian salutations, beseeching you to pray for us. We commend you unto God, and to the word of His grace. May the one great Head of the church bless you with all spiritual blessings! May our churches and our lands live in amity and unity! May we all live for the glory of God in the kingdom of His Son our Lord, to whom be praise evermore. Amen.

APPENDIX, D.

Report from the Committee on the Polity, at the General Assembly at St. Louis, May, 1866.

These overtures, Nos. 5 to 15, were from the Presbyteries of New York 3d and 4th, Dubuque, Greencastle, Athens, Steuben, Alton, Monroe, Keokuk, Long Island, and Trumbull. All these Presbyteries, with different degrees of urgency, recommend to this Assembly to initiate or respond to proposals looking to an entire reunion of the churches represented by the two General Assemblies now in session in the city of St. Louis.

The General Assembly now in session in the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, have also adopted resolutions appointing a committee to confer with a similar committee of our own church in regard to the desirableness and practicability of such a reunion.

Your Committee recommend to this Assembly the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Assembly tender to the Assembly representing the other branch of the Presbyterian Church, its cordial Christian salutations and fellowship, and the expression of its earnest wish for a reunion on the basis of our common standards, received in a common spirit.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen, nine of whom shall be ministers of the Gospel and six elders, be appointed to confer on this subject, in the recess of the Assembly, with the committee to be appointed by the other General Assembly, and to report the result at our next General Assembly.

Resolved, That we enjoin upon this committee, and upon all our ministers and church members, to abstain from whatever may hinder a true Christian fellowship, to cherish and cultivate those feelings and purposes which look to the peace and prosperity of Zion, the edification of the body of Christ, and the complete union of all believers, especially of those living in the same land, having the same history, and the same standards of doctrine and polity.

Resolved. That a copy of these resolutions, with the names of our committee, be sent to the other General Assembly now in session in this city.

The Report of the Committee was unanimously adopted amid applause and demonstrations of great satisfaction.

APPENDIX, E.

Report on the State of the Country, at the General Assembly at St. Louis, May, 1866.

This Assembly records its devout gratitude to Almighty God, that He has delivered us from the calamities and horrors of civil war, and restored peace throughout our borders;

That He has so far quelled the spirit of secession that the supreme and rightful authority of our beneficent National Government is now restored in all our States and Territories, and we remain, as we were intended to be, one Nation, with one Constitution, and one destiny;

That He has so overruled the progress and results of this unparalleled conflict as to make it manifest that our republican institutions are as well fitted to bear the stress and shock of war, as to give prosperity and increase in times of peace;

That, by his wise and restraining Providence, guiding us in ways we knew not, He has caused the passions and wrath of man to inure to the welfare of humanity, so that a whole race has been emancipated from an unjust and cruel system of bondage, and advanced to the rights and dignity of freemen; so that now

involuntary servitude, except for crime, is illegal and unconstitutional wherever our national authority extends ;

That He gave to our people such a spontaneous, impassioned, and unbought loyalty—a loyalty that can neither be forced nor feigned—such resolute and abiding faith, and such a supreme consciousness of our national unity, that we were able in the darkest hours to bear with cheerful patriotism our heavy burdens and our costly sacrifices, so that our very sacrifices have knit us more closely together and made us love our country more ;

That He has purged and enlightened our national conscience in respect to our national sins, especially the sin of slavery ; and has also made us recognize more fully than before the reality of Divine Providence, the sureness and justice of retribution for national guilt, and the grand fact that a nation can be exalted and safe only as it yields obedience to His righteous laws ;

That He bestowed such grace upon our churches and ministry, that with singular unanimity and zeal they upheld our rightful government by their unwavering testimony and effectual supplications, identifying the success of the nation with the welfare of the Church. That, above all these things, He has, according to His gracious promise, watched over His Church and kept it safe during these troublous times ; so that not only has our American Christianity been vindicated, our faith and order maintained intact, and our Christian benevolence enhanced, but our purposes and plans for the future have been also enlarged in some proportion to the need and growth of our country ; while to crown all these favors with His special benediction, He has also, in these latter days, rained down spiritual blessings in abundant measure upon so many churches all over the land.

This Assembly, while humbly recognizing these judgments and mercies in the past and the present, also bears testimony in respect to our urgent needs and duties as a nation, in view of the new era upon which we are now entering, as follows, viz :

1. Our most solemn national trust concerns that patient race, so long held in unrighteous bondage. Only as we are just to them can we live in peace and safety. Freed by the national arms, they must be protected in all their civil rights by the national power. And as promoting this end, which far tran-

scends any mere political or party object, we rejoice that the active functions of the Freedmen's Bureau are still continued, and especially that the Civil Rights Bill has become the law of the land. In respect to the concession of the right of suffrage to the colored race, this Assembly adheres to the resolution passed by our Assembly of 1865 (Minutes, p. 42) : "That the colored man should in this country enjoy the right of suffrage, in connection with all other men, is but a simple dictate of justice. The Assembly cannot perceive any good reason why he should be deprived of this right on the ground of his color or his race." Even if suffrage may not be universal, let it, at least, be impartial.

2. In case such impartial suffrage is not conceded, that we may still reap the legitimate fruits of our national victory over secession and slavery, and that treason and rebellion may not inure to the direct political advantage of the guilty, we judge it to be a simple act of justice, that the constitutional basis of representation in Congress should be so far altered as to meet the exigencies growing out of the abolition of slavery ; and we likewise hold it to be the solemn duty of our National Executive and Congress to adopt only such methods of reconstruction as shall effectually protect all loyal persons in the States lately in revolt.

3. As loyalty is the highest civic virtue, and treason the highest civic crime, so it is necessary for the due vindication and satisfaction of national justice, that the chief fomentors and representatives of the rebellion should, by due course and process of law, be visited with condign punishment.

4. The Christian religion being the underlying source of all our power, prosperity, freedom, and national unity, we earnestly exhort all our ministers and churches to constant and earnest prayer for the President of the United States and his constitutional counsellors ; for the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled ; for the judges in our national courts ; for those that bear rule in our army and navy, and for all persons entrusted with authority ; that they may be endowed with heavenly wisdom, and rule in the fear of the Lord, and so administer their high trusts without self-seeking or partiality, that this great republic, being delivered from its enemies, may renew

its youth and put forth all his strength in the ways of truth and righteousness, for the good of our own land and the welfare of mankind.

5. And we further exhort and admonish the members of our churches to diligent and personal efforts for the safety and prosperity of the nation, to set aside all partisan and sectional aims and low ambitions, and to do their full duty as Christian freemen; to the end that our Christian and Protestant civilization may maintain its legitimate ascendancy, and that we become not the prey of any form of infidelity, or subject to any foreign priestly domination; that the sacred interests of civil and religious freedom, of human rights and justice to all, of national loyalty and national unity, may be enlarged and perpetuated, making our Christian commonwealth a praise among the nations of the earth, exemplifying and speeding the progress of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

APPENDIX, F.

EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR SMITH'S "REPLY TO THE 'PRINCETON REVIEW'" ON REUNION, "AM. PRES. AND THEOL. REVIEW," OCTOBER, 1867.

Everybody knows that there are doctrinal differences between the Old School and the New, chiefly in the explanations and philosophy of the doctrines and of the system. But are there not nearly as great differences in each school, as there are between the schools? We think there are. We have some pretty thorough Old School men on almost all the points in the New School; we know many Old School ministers who can only be classified as New School in point of doctrine. The Old School is divided on the question of immediate and mediate imputation; the distinction between natural and moral inability and ability is recognized by many of their divines; and they very generally preach that the atonement is sufficient for all, while we agree with them that it is applied only to the elect. All that we claim and say is, that these differences are consistent with an intelligent

and honest adoption of the standards, and should be no bar to ministerial fellowship. The technical adjustment of them is not a condition of reunion.

It would be utterly impracticable and futile to attempt such an adjustment, and embody it in a Plan of Union. Both parties have already the same Confession of Faith and Catechisms, the best extant. All that we can do is to accept them in their essential and necessary articles, with a recognition of possible, though guarded diversities of explanation, the system and doctrines remaining in their integrity. Just as soon as we go beyond this, we are involved in inextricable logomachy. The old disputes, and feuds, and warriors come into the van. Each side has its schemes and definitions. Quite a number of able men on both sides would be glad to add codicils to the Confession, and seal the final form of orthodoxy. We must be content to wait for this till the church is wiser, and better and more united; until, in fact, somebody can give us a perfect form of faith in unison with a perfect system of philosophy, adjusting all antagonisms. A united Presbyterianism may possibly, on the eve of the millennium, breed such a theologian, but the time is not yet. We do not know the man, nor even the school that is now qualified to do this immortal work. The wisest and best and most learned men we have, are just the ones who would shrink from attempting it. Our tyros and partisans are all ready for it, and would not make much of it. The points of difference we ought to be willing, on all proper occasions, to state and discuss; they are important in their place, and some of them are essential to the order and coherence of the system; but they cannot be embodied in a new confession.* Any further questions that may arise, as to the orthodoxy of this or that man, are utterly irrelevant to reunion. No one man's system is good enough for the reunited church.

How is it, now, that the *Princeton Review*, after making so

*When the Southern Presbyterian churches reunited, in 1864, a kind of Confession was agreed upon informally, but not embodied in the act of reunion. That Confession may serve as a warning; it is theologically a confusing and inconsistent document. In particular, on immediate imputation, it "surrenders at discretion." In the reunion of 1758, no new confession seems to have been thought of.

many concessions, is still able, on this point, to frame such an indictment against the New School, as to reject reunion? It does this, not by attempting to prove "the prevalence of heresy in the New School Church," or denying "its general orthodoxy," but by the unqualified assertion, that the New School admits to its ministry men who "openly deny" the essential doctrines of the Confession, such as original sin, inability, the atonement as a real satisfaction to the law and justice of God. It says, that "it is as clear as day," that this is the case; that our church "freely receives and ordains" men who do this; that the programme of the Joint Committee would allow it; and that therefore "union with the New School Church, on the proposed programme, would be the renunciation of a principle to which the Old School are pledged, in honor, in conscience, and by solemn vows." It charges the Old School members of the Committee with being virtually misled on this point by the New School; and seems somehow to have found out that, in that committee, the New School members, when speaking of the orthodoxy of our church, were speaking only of themselves "individually," and said what is quite untrue of the New School Church as a whole. It says, "the New School members of the committee assured them [the Old School members,] that as for themselves they did adopt the Confession as we do. This is no doubt true of them individually, but it is as clear as day that it is not true of the New School as a Church."

These are quite serious charges, now, all round. We venture the assertion, that the New School members of that committee did not speak of themselves "individually" on this matter, but testified, from what they know of our church as a whole, that it did honestly accept the Confession of Faith. And does the *Princeton Review* know more about the real opinions of the New School than we do ourselves? The Searcher of hearts could not be more positive than is the *Review* on this point, where it must get its information chiefly from us, and where we directly contradict it. It says that "everybody" knows, what we say nobody can know—for it is not so. Men are not admitted to our ministry who deny these cardinal doctrines of the Reformed system. The charge is reckless and baseless. If the *Princeton Review* does not know better, it ought to know better.

It is essentially unfair to judge a great religious body by hearsay and rumor, by the exaggerations and eccentricities of individuals, by past feuds and not by present acts, by prejudicial conjectures and not by public documents and authentic records. But the *Review* gives no documentary evidence. It speaks *ex cathedra* as if its mere dictum established truth and fact.

To substantiate its accusation, it refers to a certain scheme of what it calls the "New Divinity," which it says, "is publicly avowed and taught by not a few of their [our] ministers." This scheme, as here presented, is what is popularly known as the New Haven theology, an eccentric and provincial phase of New England theology. But even the most consistent New Haven men would refuse assent to some of the points and many of the inferences here made. It is reduced to three propositions: 1. That "ability limits obligation," with the inferences, that there is no moral character before moral action, no hereditary depravity, and no original sin. 2. "That a free agent can always act in opposition to any amount of influence that can be brought to bear upon him;" and that, consequently, certainty is inconsistent with free agency; God cannot control man's acts; there is no election; regeneration is the act of the sinner and not of God; and God cannot prevent sin in a moral system. 3. "A regard to our happiness is the ground of obligation. We are bound to do whatever gives us most *enjoyment*. Our whole allegiance is to ourselves. If serving the world, sin, or Satan, would make us happier than serving God, we should be bound to serve sin."

This is the system, or its caricature; and the New School, it is alleged, has "refused to allow these doctrines to be condemned," ordains men who hold them, and they are "publicly taught" in our churches. We say, on the contrary, that the New School has virtually condemned this system as here presented; that it does not ordain men who hold it; and that some of the principles and all of the main inferences, as thus given, would be as universally repudiated among us as in the Old School. In respect to the "happiness" principle, for example, Dr. Taylor himself did not espouse it in the crude form here laid down; but even in his more subtle mode of statement, it would be generally reprobated by the whole of the New School. And

on the other points, the Auburn Convention formally adopted an "Explication of Doctrine," drawn up by the New School members of the Assembly of 1837, in which these topics were candidly explained, and the inferences above made formally repudiated. This is authentic and documentary evidence. Thus, they say expressly, that "God permitted the introduction of sin, not because He could not prevent it consistently with the moral freedom of His creatures, but for wise and benevolent reasons which He has not revealed." They speak of regeneration, as "a radical change of heart, produced by the special operations of the Holy Ghost, determining the sinner to that which is good." "Original sin is a natural bias to evil, resulting from the first apostasy, leading invariably and certainly to actual transgression. And all infants, as well as adults, in order to be saved, need redemption by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost." "The sufferings and death of Christ were not symbolical, governmental, and instructive only, but were truly vicarious, *i. e.*, a substitute for the punishment due to transgressors." And so on other points.

That there are differences of opinion on certain abstract principles about the will, ability and inability, and the nature and mode of the divine influence, we do not deny. There are differences among ourselves; there are differences in the Old School also; there have always been, and may always be, differences in the church. For here is the mysterious region where the infinite and the finite, divine and human agency, come together; and what mortal vision has penetrated that mystery? Here is where moral obligation, moral agency, and personal responsibility are at stake. Divine sovereignty and human freedom here come to their closest contact, and the problem of theology is to save both. There is a fair and broad distinction between natural and moral ability and inability. The differences here, as they actually exist, are of more or less, rather than of Yes or No. We do not all agree in our philosophy and metaphysics; and do we need to do so, in order to ministerial fellowship? If any one so holds the fact of man's freedom and ability as to deny the doctrines of God's omnipotence, and of original sin, he, of course, could not accept our Confession of Faith, and would be rejected by our presbyteries. Does the *Princeton Review* know of any

such, who have been accepted? We do not. A man may hold an abstract thesis, and deny our inferences from it; and we can not hold him responsible for our inferences. He may be inconsistent; but consistency, though a jewel, is not essential to ministerial communion; else we should find it difficult to fraternize even with the *Princeton Review* in all its moods. There must be toleration on points not essential and necessary, or there can not be either union or reunion.

We say, then, if any one demands that we should tie ourselves down to any single extreme explanations of the mooted points of imputation, inability, and a limited atonement, we could not accept even reunion at such a price. Even the *Princeton Review* does not seem to stand upon this. Some may hold and continue to teach immediate imputation, an unqualified inability, and an exclusive limitation in the very design of the atonement. But no one has the right to say that such views are essential to the integrity of the Reformed system or to an honest adhesion to all its doctrines. Any school that does this, assumes what it has no right to assume; it creates a narrow and partial standard of orthodoxy, to which we owe no allegiance. Even if we held the same doctrines, we would deny the dictation. No man and no school can say, that historical Calvinism is necessarily identified with such partial views; other men, the best, wisest and most learned in both schools, know that this is not the case. The spirit that fosters reunion is opposed to such exclusive claims. For these extreme views represent one phase, and one only, of the Calvinistic system; there are other and broader phases. It was, we believe, from the very first, a historical and theological mistake to put the defense of our Confession, against the one-sided theories of the "New Divinity," on those equally one-sided theories of the older Calvinism—as though these antagonisms represented the only phases of theological belief. This is not so. The bulk of our ministry and churches have never gone with either extreme; they have kept the true *via media*. In this middle and temperate zone lies the solid faith of our churches, making them strong for solid work.

On the points of doctrinal belief, then, it is our conviction, that the two schools are substantially agreed, and can unite in a common confession. There are no differences that may not

honestly be brought under the constitutional form of assent, as explained by the *Princeton Review*. There are no differences which do not fairly come under historical Calvinism. We can both receive the Reformed system of faith, and its individual doctrines, in their integrity, while differing in explanations and proportions. If we did not believe this, we would not, and could not, favor reunion. Apart from theological technicalities and philosophical explanations, we are one in accepting that grand old system of faith, Pauline, Augustinian, and Reformed, which has been the vital substance and stay of the church in its main conflicts with error and unbelief. We believe in the one only Triune God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; in one Lord Jesus Christ, the God-man, divine and human, consubstantial with the Father according to his divinity, and consubstantial with us men according to his humanity; and in the Holy Ghost, the lord and giver of life, who alone renews and sanctifies our fallen human nature. We believe that God created all things from nothing, by the word of his power; that in his all-wise providence He sustains and governs all his creatures and all their actions; that by his decree all things stand, that in his wise, holy, and eternal purpose all our destiny, for time and for eternity, is embraced—yet so that violence is not done to the will of the creature, nor is the liberty and contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established. We also confess the essential doctrines, which make the distinguishing and vital substance of the Reformed system,—original sin, as derived from Adam, since we sinned in him and fell with him in his first transgression; total depravity, which makes us averse to all good, and unable, of ourselves, to repent and believe—yet so that this inability is moral, rooted also in our personal responsibility, and stricken with our own and not merely a foreign guilt; the atoning work of our Lord, not symbolical and governmental only, but also a proper sacrifice for sin, and thus a satisfaction to the divine justice as well as a revelation of the divine love; the covenant of redemption, wherein this atonement was made so general as to be sufficient for all and to be offered unto all, and so particular as to be effectually applied in the salvation of believers; personal election unto everlasting life, and the final perseverance of those who are effectually called. Justification

only by the righteousness of Christ, regeneration only by the power of the Holy Ghost, sanctification, progressive here and completed hereafter, and endless life in Christ, we equally confess and believe. With all the diversities of the imperfect and jarring speech of earth, there is amongst us a substantial accord in that which makes the unison and melody of the one language of heaven.

If such, now, be the state of the case as to our interpretation of the terms of subscription, and as to our real doctrinal belief, —what judgment must we and others form as to the representations made of us in the *Princeton Review?* We can not be silent under such imputations, for too much is at stake ; nor will we retort them. We are bound, on both sides, as matters now stand, to say nothing that we should wish to retract, provided the reunion is consummated. But the *Princeton Review* has said what, in common courtesy, it must take back, if we come together. It has made specific charges, which we definitely deny. They are charges which affect our Christian faith and honor. They are made in a dictatorial tone. They have aroused a general feeling of indignation throughout our church, and among many in the Old School, who are surprised and grieved at these unproved denunciations in the midst of our reunion conferences. Such accusations put grave difficulties in the way of reunion.

. . . The Old School must, by its action, disown these imputations, or break off the negotiations. The responsibility is now in its hands. We are ready to accept reunion on fair and honorable terms, and on no other.

And the question must be soon decided. Both parties will be hampered by a long delay. Both have a great work to do, together or apart. If you say together, we will join you heart and hand. And if you say, apart—so be it. We are vigorous, elastic and united. We are not yet doing half of what we ought to do. We are ready for the race. And we will contend with you in an earnest and peaceful rivalry all through our boundless prairies, and along our majestic rivers, and up and down the slopes of our grand Western mountains, rich in gold and silver ; wherever our teeming population wanders and clusters, there, too, we will go, if not with you, yet laboring by your side, for our sacred and common cause, the cause of our only Lord and

Master. And when this our task is done, and this our land has become the land of Christ, then, on the shores of the peaceful Pacific, if not now on the stormy Atlantic coast, we will clasp inseparable hands, and repeat with penitence and faith that hallowed petition of our interceding Lord—"That they all may be one!"

But better, far better, wiser, far wiser, that we go together. A separate existence, based in mutual misunderstandings and misrepresentations, cannot be best for either side. Why may we not forget or tolerate our non-essential differences, and rise to the full stature of our work? The strength of Presbyterianism is in its doctrines and polity; its weakness is in its tenacity for non-essentials—here is the main cause of its divisions. This is not in harmony with the spirit of the nineteenth century, with the true spirit of American Presbyterianism, or with the spirit of Christianity. We need a broader basis for our work. Ours must be an American, and not an imported, still less a merely Scotch, Presbyterianism. Much as we love and honor Scotland, we cannot there find the perfect type for our free and growing church. The Scotch bag-pipe doubtless discourses most excellent music, and we like to hear it; but we do not care to be restricted to it, especially when it is out of sorts; and we seem to have heard some loftier and more inspiring strains. The Psalms of David are good to be sung in the old Scotch version; but even in public worship it is also well to sing such hymns as "Blest be the tie that binds." It is goodly to sit down at the Lord's table with those who literally accept every proposition of our somewhat long Confession; it is better to sit down at the Lord's table with all who can humbly partake of the life-giving symbols of the passion of our Lord. We can have cordial fellowship with those who hold to the strictest forms of Calvinism, provided we are not compelled to repeat only their words and to withhold a freer gospel. If we can learn to bear with one another's weaknesses, we may be united and become strong. Otherwise, we must keep on, divided, and subdividing; and our willfulness becomes our folly.

The question we are now helping to decide is really this,—whether we can have an American Presbyterian Church, or whether we are to be given over to perpetual conflicts, and pro-

vincial assemblies. And to all who really love our Reformed faith and Presbyterian order, this is a vital point, that needs to be laid well to heart. There is an unbroken Roman Catholic, and a reunited Episcopal Church, each stretching all over the land. Congregationalists are working together, in spite of their intense individualism. The Methodists and Baptists, North and South, will doubtless, ere long, come to terms. If we believe that our faith and polity are better than any of these, we must use the means to insure success. Every other denomination in the land wonders why we do not unite. Impartial observers tell us that our continued separation and strife bring reproach upon our common Christianity. Our reunion is recommended and enforced, not only by all the general arguments for Christian union, by the necessity of making an organized stand against inroads of infidelity and superstition, and by the plain admonitions of God's Holy Word ; but also by the special and cogent reason, that we have the same standards of doctrine and of polity. A united Presbyterian Church, combining our main divisions, would be a powerful organization. Reunion would stimulate us to renewed efforts. We could at once lay a noble thank-offering on the altar of the Lord. All our schemes would be enlarged and vitalized. Our Boards of Foreign and Home Missions could soon double their work. Our best young men would have strong inducements to flock into our ministry. We might look, with more confidence, for the favor and blessing of our Lord. Why may not this be ? What are any partial and partisan ends compared with this magnificent prospect ? Let us come together. The one stream, flowing for a while disparted, with some debatable land between, will be reunited in a broader, deeper, and swifter channel, the debatable ground left behind, and before us that delectable land, toward which we were trending even while sundered, our common port and haven, where our earthly conflicts will be forgotten in our eternal fellowship. Then shall our peace be as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea, and the Prince of peace will crown us with his benignant blessing.

APPENDIX, G.

Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D.

Died February 1st, 1871. *A Few Words at his Funeral, Feb. 4th,* 1871.

By Professor Henry B. Smith.

Our reverend father and brother in the Christian ministry was connected with the Union Theological Seminary of this city, as a director from its beginning in 1836, and as its Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, Pastoral Theology, and Church Government for nearly a quarter of a century. Of those who were with him in its foundation, only three survive—Dr Adams, Mr. Charles Butler (now President of the Board of Directors), and Mr. Fisher Howe of Brooklyn. Our Seminary owes as much to Dr. Skinner as to any other man; in some respects, especially in its spiritual power and history, it owes more to him than to any other man. I am to say a few words on what he was to us, and of our special loss. This is not the time to speak of him in the details of his life's work.

A theological seminary needs to be poised upon a spiritual centre; not only to be rooted in Christ the Head, but also to centre in some visible impersonation of the spiritual power of a living Christian faith, animating its members by example and by word. That was the position which our venerable senior professor held (all unconsciously to himself) to both the faculty and the students of this institution. Such spiritual force is silent, it is not much spoken of; but its loss is felt as we feel the setting of the sun. It comes—it can come—only from a life instinct with the powers of the world to come; it cannot be born of the will of man; it cannot be bought—the price of it is above rubies; it is fashioned by divine grace, and its presence is felt rather than defined.

Dr. Skinner came to us in the full vigor of his intellect, and gave to our students the wisest and maturest labors of his lengthened life. The brilliant enthusiasm of his earliest ministry in Philadelphia, heightened by its conflicts; the ardent and pun-

gent evangelism, the flaming logic, of his memorable service in the Mercer Street Church, built by and for him; his varied and earnest studies; his catholic spirit, and his settled Presbyterian convictions—all worked in and enabled him, at an age when most men think of retiring from their labors, to achieve high repute in a new work. He was nearly three-score years of age when he began his instructions to our classes: but very few men have such tenacity and elasticity of both body and mind. One reason of his endurance and success is, that he wisely stuck to his proper work.

His old age, the period commonly so called, was indeed remarkable. Few men whose lives are so long spared are what he was. He never outlived his enthusiasm for anything good and true, even though it might be new. On the themes that interested him he would light up to the last with the fervor of youth. In his higher mental powers he did not seem to grow old. Now and then the brightness of his eye was dimmed, his hearing became a shade less acute, his abstraction from external things was somewhat more noticeable; but his intellect remained clear and intent; his soul grew larger with his growing years, and the scope of his spiritual vision was widened as he mounted higher and higher. How easily he surpassed us all in spiritual discernment!

And this was what distinguished him: while living in the world he lived above the world. I have never known a more unworldly character. He was absorbed by a higher life. The so-called fascinations and distractions of this teeming metropolis were no temptations to him; he was among them but not of them; they just glanced off from his untarnished shield. And even in the Church he could never understand manœuvering and ecclesiastical politics; he knew so little about such by-means that he was really amazed at them. He just thought and said what seemed true, and did what seemed right, and all the rest was no concern of his, somebody would take care of it. And he was so single-minded that, had the necessity come, he would, I doubt not, have marched to the stake singing the song of victory. He believed in another life.

In Plato's immortal description of the cave and the light, he tells us that the dwellers in the cave when they come to the light

seem to others to be dazed. There is always a kind of abstraction about great thinkers, poets, and divines. Common people cannot quite see through them. They speak from a larger view and to a greater audience than that of their own generation. Mutely they appeal to a coming tribunal. And so our departed friend was at times engrossed and absorbed in the high subjects of Christian thought. He pondered them by day and by night. He saw them from the Mount of Vision. He described them in glowing periods. His fellowship was with the Father and Son. If he thought and spake less of the things of time, it was because like Paul he was rapt in a higher sphere—where God's "glory smote him in the face."

He was to the last a reader, a student, and a thinker. No student in the Seminary had a keener relish for hard work than he, or found more to learn. Until within two or three years he was always rewriting his lectures and even his sermons. His most carefully prepared work, his "Discussions in Theology," an admirable book, was published only three years ago. Some of the essays in it are not only complete in their anatomy, but are finished with the refined art of a sculptor.

And the same volume also defines his theological position. In seeking for truth he never seemed to ask, what is the view of my side, but what is the truth itself? He did not take his definitions from any man. Cordially attached to the theology of the Reformed Churches, he was always willing to merge lesser differences for the sake of the unity and prosperity of the Church.

His Seminary duties were not official tasks; he loved his work, and it grew upon him. His lectures on Church Government, and Sacred Rhetoric, and the Pastoral Office, were wrought out with comprehensive thought and care. To the very last he read all new works on these subjects, though he did not find in them much that was new to him. But he praised many a book, and many a sermon, rather from the fullness of his own vision than from what others could find in them.

All true human greatness is also humble; it does not seem to seek its own. With his acknowledged superiority, how deferential was our brother to others, even to men of low estate! It was sometimes embarrassing to us to find that he

was not aware of his own superior position. He was among us as one that serveth. There was about him a certain grace of manner, an old-time chivalry of tone (now almost a tradition) toward those less and younger and weaker than himself, which showed the true nobility of his soul. It came from his high sense of personal honor, which made him honor all men. He was magnanimous because he was humble.

And what a helper and friend he was! His personal affections were unswerving. When I came here, he took me by the hand, and its cordial pressure was never relaxed. When the pastor of this church succeeded him in the ministry, no one greeted him and no one has clung to him as did he. He was never weary of talking of his old friends at home in North Carolina, of Dr. Wilson, and brother Patterson, and Albert Barnes—with whom he was united in life, and by death not long divided—of his teachers and classmates in Nassau Hall. What he was as a husband and a father—dearest of all earthly names—they only fully know who to-day mourn most deeply and are most deeply comforted.

A thousand of his pupils, all over our country and in many a distant land, mourn with us his loss; and many thousands to whom he preached the Gospel, will sorrow for him who led them to Christ, and by his own life showed the way.

As a teacher in the Presbyterian Church he was cordially attached to its doctrine and government. But this did not exclude, it rather favored, his love for the whole body of Christ. It not only gave him zeal for our auspicious reunion, but enlarged his love for all who profess and call themselves Christians. His charity could not be bounded by the confines of any sect. He believed more fully in the invisible than in the visible church. He loved all the brethren and labored for all men.

His power and influence as a theological teacher were also increased by his keen sense of the honor and dignity of his own profession. In this he was not humble, for he spake from a high calling. Necessity was laid upon him. No student could doubt that he really felt, Woe is unto me and to you, if we do not preach the Gospel, for eternity is here at stake. No one could doubt that he truly believed the ministry of the Gospel to be the highest and the most serviceable office which man can fill,

that of an ambassador for Christ at the service of all men for their spiritual welfare.

His personal power was also enhanced, year by year, with the increase of his spiritual life ; while the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day. He became more and more a living Epistle, a Gospel of God's grace, known and read of all men. Vexed and perplexing questions were merged in a higher life. Revealed facts took the place of disputed propositions. The living Christ took the place of the doctors of the schools, and with advantage.

Thus he lived and grew day by day, in his serene and hallowed old age, toward the measure of that stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Was he, then, a saint on earth ? He was *called* to be a saint, and he was always fulfilling his calling, not counting himself to have attained, but ever pressing onward. Upon the whole, I think he was as saint-like a man as any of us have ever seen.

So he lived on, with his wiry and flexible frame, mind and body active to the last. Every succeeding winter we have thought might be too much for him. But he bore up bravely—till he touched the verge of four-score years. The shadows of his life lengthened but he saw not the shadows, for his face was turned to the light. Ten days ago I met him at the Seminary for the last time ; and his grasp was as firm and his look as warm as ever ; though even then he said : " I cannot long be with you." He went out into the piercing cold—its rigor seized upon him ; its fatal grasp could not be loosened ; his time had come ; his Master called, and he was always ready. Of death he had no fear, though he sometimes said that he shrank from dying. But at last even this natural fear passed away, and he could say with a full heart :

> " Welcome the hour of full discharge
> Which sets my longing soul at large,
> Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,
> And gives me with my God to dwell."

To him " dying was but going home." Peacefully he passed away as a child to its rest. He has gone where there is no more winter, where everlasting spring abides. He is with the

patriarchs and apostles and saints and brethren he loved so well; and yet he hardly sees them in his impassioned vision of One whose name is above every name, and whose image was upon his soul. He has heard the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy lord." And over his grave we can only say—mastering our grief—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

APPENDIX, H.

MINUTE OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

January 14, 1874.

Whereas, the Board have heard with profound grief, of the serious illness of Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., disabling him entirely at present from performing the duties of that chair which he has so long graced and honored; and whereas, this illness, protracted already through such a length of time, makes his return to the full activities of his professorship so uncertain that he has felt constrained to tender the resignation of his office:

Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That with the tenderest sympathy for Professor Smith, in view of the necessity which has arisen in his case, for absolute exemption from official service, and out of regard to the public trusts which they are charged to administer, this Board, though with utmost reluctance, hereby accept his resignation.

Whereas, the Board cherish the highest and most grateful sense of their obligations to Professor Smith for his past services, his indefatigable exertions in behalf of the Seminary for so many years, his pre-eminent ability as a Theological Teacher, and his well-earned renown as a Christian Scholar, and, indulging the hope, that, by the season of entire repose which medical authority has prescribed he may yet be enabled to resume his usual intellectual pursuits, and this Seminary again enjoy the benefit of his invaluable services;

Therefore, be it *Resolved*,

First, That the salary of Professor Smith be continued to the end of this academic year; and

Second, That it be referred to a committee consisting of the President and the Vice-President of the Board, the Rev. Dr. Stearns, D. Willis James, J. Crosby Brown, and Joseph Howland, to consider and report what arrangements should be made by which Dr. Henry B. Smith may be retained in connection with the Union Theological Seminary, as Professor Emeritus, and what salary may be appropriated to his support during the continuance of the same, and also what duties may be assigned to him in the event of the restoration of his health.

The by-law in respect to nominations was suspended, and the Board proceeded to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Professor Smith; whereupon, by an affirmative vote of seventeen ballots, the Rev. Wm. G. T. Shedd, D.D., was chosen the Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology, in Union Theological Seminary; and the Rev. Dr. Adams was appointed to inform him of his election, and to request his acceptance of the chair to which he has been appointed. In the event of Dr. Shedd's acceptance, it was referred to the Executive Committee and the Faculty, to make arrangements for the provisional occupation of the chair of Sacred Literature.

It was *Resolved*, That Professor E. B. Gillett, D.D., of the University of the City of New York, be requested to take charge of the Library, until Professor Smith's return—or other arrangements can be made.

EDWIN F. HATFIELD, Recorder.

APPENDIX, I.

ACTION OF MINISTERS OF NEW YORK.

The following paper, prepared by Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, was adopted at a large

meeting of ministers of different denominations, in the chapel of the Madison Square church, and shows the universal respect in which Dr. Smith was held by his brethren in this city:

It having pleased God to remove from this life the Rev. Henry Boynton Smith, D.D., LL.D., it is fitting that his brethren of various evangelical communions should put upon record some expression of his exalted worth. For although our brother was a faithful son of that particular branch of the Church with which he was immediately connected, his sympathies went out warmly to all who hold the Head, and his best efforts were put forth on behalf of the common faith dear alike to all who love our Lord. Yet it is not for his sake but our own that we thus testify. Having fulfilled his course and entered into rest, he is far beyond the voice of human praise, but it is a stimulus and an encouragement for us who remain to recall what he was, and what God enabled him to do.

It is not often that a minister of the Gospel fills so many varied functions as did Dr. Smith, or discharges them so successfully. In youth enjoying the best advantages of home and afterwards maturing his culture abroad, he seems never even from the beginning to have withheld his hand from any work which promised fruit for the Master's honor. As pastor, professor, translator, author, critic, and editor, he stood in a variety of relations to the Christian community, and yet failed in none. Such was the largeness of his nature, the equipoise of his faculties, and thoroughness of his self-discipline, that whatever field he entered it seemed by the result as if that were the very one for which he was especially adapted. His intellect was keen, comprehensive, and discriminating. His action was so just and true as to seem almost intuitive. It never played around the surface of a subject, but pierced to its depths. It grasped principles, yet did not overlook details and applications. Itself clear as the sun, it imparted the same quality to whatever it treated. And its tone was so fair and manly that one felt sure that if every side of the truth were not considered, it was only because of the necessary limitation of all human faculties.

The range of our brother's knowledge was simply prodigious. He appeared to have read everything, and to have remembered everything. His chosen fields were history, philosophy and the-

ology, but his acquisitions went far beyond these limits. He was at home in Classics, in Belles Lettres, in Exegesis, in General Physics, and in the various departments of Ethics, Law, and Government. His learning, vast as was its extent, was well digested and always at command, so that it made him fulfill Bacon's three great requisites of the successful scholar, that he should be full, exact, and ready. Nor did it ever hamper him. Goliath's spear was carried by Goliath. After every excursion in any direction, his mind, though laden with spoils, was as fresh and elastic as if it had simply followed its own bent.

Like all true students Dr. Smith reverenced the past, yet he was not its slave. Thoroughly comprehending its principles and spirit, he pressed forward in the same lines to a fuller and riper development. This was especially true of his system of theology, in which the substance of revelation, the common heritage of the Church since the completion of the canon, was held with unchanging firmness, and yet so arranged and formulated as to meet every demand of the age, and overmatch the so-called "free thought" of the times, with thought yet more free, and still reverent and devout. This work, the fruition of a lifetime devoted to the highest themes of human study, alas, does not exist in a shape that warrants much hope of its appearance in print: so that those who come after us will have to judge of him by his Chronological Tables of Church History, a work wonderful for its fullness and accuracy and the felicity with which the aspects of a period are condensed into a few lines; or by his numerous utterances on a smaller scale, his translations, notes, prefaces, reports, reviews, sermons, addresses, articles in cyclopædias, etc., the extent and variety of which indicate an extraordinary literary activity, the more extraordinary because he slighted nothing, believing that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. His literary integrity was as keen as his conscience.

But after all, the man was greater than his work. The preacher, the professor, the philosopher, the debater, the critic, the writer, was admired, but the friend was loved, and that passionately. Abstruse subjects had not dried up his sympathies, nor did his own high order of intellect lift him above the fellowship of his brethren. Unpretending and genial, his presence

gave an additional charm to any company. Nothing was dry but his wit, nothing was absent but parade. A careless ease, an unstudied grace gave even to passing remarks the weight of apothegms, while on proper occasions moral indignation flamed out like a thunderbolt. Indeed, so richly furnished was our brother, and so freely did he hold all his gifts and attainments at the disposal of his brethren, that not a few will feel in his death a permanent diminution of the sources of their instruction and comfort during all that remains of their early pilgrimage.

It is then with a melancholy satisfaction that we pass the following resolutions in view of the close of a life so exemplary in its course and so fruitful of good to the Church and the world:

Resolved 1. That in the midst of our tears and regrets, we bow in submission to the will of the great Head of the Church in removing one so loved and honored among his earthly servants.

Resolved 2. That we offer to the bereaved household our affectionate sympathy and condolence, commending them to the gracious care and consolation of that Saviour in whom their union with the departed became even more sacred and tender than the natural tie.

Resolved 3. That we give thanks to Almighty God for all the gifts he conferred upon him whose loss we mourn, for his intellectual force and insight, his grasp of thought, his power of analysis, his chastened imagination, his quick apprehension of truth, his facility of apt expression, his fidelity to principle, his boldness in confronting error, and his abundant and constant ability to give a reason of the faith that was in him.

Resolved 4. That we gratefully recognize the influence of Dr. Smith's example in holding up a high ideal of intellectual and moral character, in reconciling the learning of a recluse with the practical skill of a man of affairs, in defeating skepticism with its own weapons, in elevating the standard of Christian ministry, and in powerfully defending the faith once given to the saints.

Resolved 5. That above all we bless God for that grace which made our brother a meek and humble believer, walking in all

good conscience before God and man, which led him freely to consecrate all the forces of his intellect and all the wealth of his acquisitions to the honor of the Cross, and which enabled him in youth and in riper years to count all things but a loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ.

APPENDIX, J.

Extracts from Minute of Union Thelogical Seminary, New York.

In the death of its reverend professor, the Rev. Henry Boynton Smith, D.D., LL.D., the oldest in official standing in the Union Theological Seminary, this institution has sustained a severe loss. . . .

Dr. Smith came to the chair of Systematic Theology with singular preparation for its duties. He had been a pastor, a college tutor, a teacher of Hebrew, a professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and, to crown the whole, a professor of Church History in this institution. To each department, he had, in turn, given the most earnest thought, especially in the two last named, and was prepared to make subsequently the most valuable contributions to Christian literature.

But the department which he most loved, and to which he gave his chief thought, and made all his other studies subservient, was Christian theology. Here the habits and acquirements of his previous efforts all came into place; they enabled him to discriminate keenly, state exactly, guard the inlets of error, consult independently the original authorities of divine truth, and present it to the minds of others with precision and fullness. Hence his teaching combined, in a remarkable degree, all the best features of the Biblical, the historical, and the theoretical methods.

The theology of Professor Smith, if it is ever reproduced in his own language, will be found, we think, to combine all the best elements of freshness, with very little of doctrinal novelties, for it was not a dead creed, but a living thought. He played

and wrought among the speculations of the age, not merely to resist or to accept, but to distinguish, to assimilate, to correct.

Both the theological position and methods of Dr. Smith were in singular harmony with the foundation principle of Union Theological Seminary. Avoiding all extremes, he aimed to mediate between differing theories of Calvinistic orthodoxy, and reconcile the great Christian dogmas with the general conscience and a sound philosophy, by showing their profoundly reasonable as well as scriptural character.

No other divine of our day surpassed, few equaled him in this mediating and reconciling spirit, or in the irenical influence of his theological system. He possessed the candor of one who knows his own ground exactly, and has confidence in its strength, and can therefore well afford to be conciliatory. In controversy, his great strength lay in his quiet perception of an opponent's argument, and his readiness to concede at once all that was sound in it. The familiar formula with which he grappled with an opponent who had presented his own side in its fullest strength, "Yes—but then," will be readily recognized by those who knew him well; and the opponent who did not yield the ground, was quite sure to go away feeling that he had got something to think of. In the sphere of philosophical discussion and general thought, his occasional discourses and essays, and his contributions to the able *Reviews* with which he was connected, are master-pieces of critical and speculative ability.

Of Professor Smith's services to the Presbyterian Church, especially in the great matter of reunion, in which he was among the first to break ground publicly, it is enough to say, that few equaled, none surpassed him in its promotion. Both by his writings and his counsels he was ever acknowledged to be among the very foremost leaders of the movement. In his relations to Union Theological Seminary there is little danger of our speaking too strongly. This institution owed to him, while living, and owes to his memory, now that he has gone, a debt of gratitude, which can be fully expressed only in language which might seem to those unacquainted with the facts, to border on extravagance. He gave to it five-and-twenty years of the strength and beauty of his intellectual and spiritual manhood.

His devotion to it amounted to a passion, and he wore out his life in its service. What Dr. Robinson did to identify the name of Union Theological Seminary with the highest scholarship connected with the land and languages of the Bible, that did Dr. Smith with respect to the highest scholarship in theological and Christian thought.

His social character and excellencies, all who have had the pleasure and benefit of his acquaintance, will cherish in their recollections, as among the choicest privileges. His friendship, although seldom demonstrative, often the opposite, was true as the sun to his rising and his going down. In conversation he was the peer of the most eminent. His dry wit put everybody in good humor. His rich thought and overflowing knowledge made them listen with eagerness. His friendship, where it did centre, was that which sticketh like a brother's. From a friend, or a supposed friend, none felt a wound more keenly, but none watched for more eagerly or accepted more cordially the healing word or act. Of his piety we need only say that none who knew him well could ever doubt his strength or generousness. This, too, was not demonstrative. One unacquainted with his character might think it wanting in fervor. But it was simple-hearted and sincere as a child's love for his mother, and went straight to its object, as if heart was in simple contact with heart. The last years of his life were oppressed with crushing, sometimes excruciating sufferings; but he bore up manfully, and still worked on, only yielding when the Master's call came, "Enter into rest."

While putting on record this grateful and exalted estimate of a life and character whose beautiful impress we would fain preserve as a legacy to our successors, and the future pupils in this our beloved Seminary, the Board desire to tender their most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow and family in the deep and irreparable loss, which, in God's holy providence, they have recently been called to sustain.

APPENDIX, K.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE FOURTH PRESBYTERY OF NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1877.—S. D. ALEXANDER, *Stated Clerk.*

It having pleased the great Head of the Church to call to his eternal rest, Henry Boynton Smith, a member of this presbytery, and a professor in Union Theological Seminary, we, his brethren of the presbytery, desire to place on record our sense of his personal worth, attainments, and Christian usefulness. We recognize in him one who was specially anointed of God to be a defender of the faith, to ground the rising ministry of our Church in the systematic knowledge of divine truth, and to train them in the apt wielding of the Word of God, and of Christian philosophy, for the confusion of its enemies. We have delighted to recognize in him a rare and beautiful blending of the philosophic intellect with the simple faith of the Gospel; to know him not only as the scholar of pre-eminent powers and attainments, but also as a meek and lowly follower of that Divine Saviour, who was at once the centre of his theology and the grand impulse of his life. We recognize his eminent services in preparing the youth of the church for the ministry of reconciliation; in introducing them to a method of theologic study, at once broad and severe, and in animating their enthusiasm by the purity and consecration of his own character, and by his ever-burning zeal for the truth as it is in Jesus; in the elaboration of a system of doctrine liberal and comprehensive, yet true to the principles of the Word of God. No less are we reminded of the part borne by him in healing the divisions of our long-sundered church, and of the wisdom, tact, and courage which he brought to the prosecution of this great and successful work. We remember him as one who always bore about with him the character of a Christian gentleman; whose rare learning and mental power never betrayed him into arrogant self-consciousness, nor supercilious condescension, who was true and simple, frank and manly in his attitude toward the student, no

less than toward the sage. We tender our affectionate sympathy to his bereaved household, joining no less in their sorrow, than in their joy over the priceless legacy bequeathed them in his noble life and Christian death ; and we share with the directors and faculty of Union Theological Seminary, the deep sense of their loss in the person of him who equally adorned two of its principal departments of study.

We pray that this affliction may be sanctified to the Church at large ; that our departed brother may continue to live and speak in the growing power and prevalence of those divine truths, to the elucidation of which he gave his life ; and that God will raise up from the number of those who have gone from under his hand, those who shall take up his weapons and carry on the same old conflict to decisive victory.

APPENDIX, L.

At a regular meeting of Chi Alpha held Saturday, February 17th, 1877, the following paper was read by the Rev. T. W. Chambers :

Our brother, Henry Boynton Smith, having departed this life, Chi Alpha, according to its custom, takes notice of the event. Other parties feel this bereavement, each in its own way. The world of letters mourns one who wrought in various fields of authorship, and touched nothing which he did not adorn. The denomination to which he belonged remembers him as a skillful leader of men whose far-sighted wisdom made itself felt from the centre to the circumference. Ecclesiastical assemblies feel that they have lost an accomplished debater and a judicious counsellor. The Seminary where the chief work of his life was performed, recalls him as a teacher of rare competency and of still rarer power of inspiration, a light which not only shone for itself, but had the faculty of kindling other lights. But we, the members of this circle of Christian brethren, are peculiarly saddened by the thought that we shall see his face no more on earth. Here he was at home, and here the rich treasures of his intellect and his heart were lavished

with profusion. Alike in personal intercourse and in discussions formal and informal, he endeared himself to us all. When he spoke first on any topic he left little for those who came after him to say, and when he spoke last, he usually opened a vein before untouched.

His genius illumined many a recondite theme, and his playful humor lightened many a sober hour. Scarce any of us failed to have occasion at times, and many of us very often, to draw upon his immense store of learning, sacred and secular, and we were never disappointed. Unconcious of his greatness he did nothing for display, but always for use. And each of us will carry through life precious recollections of what he was and what he did. It is pleasant, even now, under the recent shock of his departure to linger over the memorials of our former happy intercourse; it is still more so to anticipate a blessed reunion with our faithful friend and genial associate, when we too, in our turn, shall pass within the veil.

APPENDIX, M.

At a meeting of the Merrimac (formerly West Amesbury) Congregational Church, on Wednesday, the fourteenth instant, the following resolutions were adopted in token of the affection, respect, and reverence entertained for their former pastor, the tidings of whose recent death has filled with sorrow the hearts of those to whom he formerly ministered in this place.

1st. *Resolved,* That it is with a deep sense of personal loss that we learn of the decease of Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., of New York, once the faithful and beloved pastor of this church, and we lament with the friends of his later years the loss of a great and good man, an honored servant in the cause of Christ, and a devoted and steadfast friend.

2d. *Resolved,* That while we shall ever cherish the memory of our departed friend and brother with grateful affection, we would not forget the injunction "to weep with those that weep." And we would extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the

bereaved widow and children and the immediate circle of relatives in their great sorrow.

3d. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

Committee { Francis Sargent.
William H. Haskell.
James D. Pike.

Merrimac, Mass., February 14, 1877.

ERRATUM.

The statement on page 4, that Richard King was born in England, is made on the authority of his daughter, Mrs. Southgate, confirmed by some recent investigations. Others, on the basis of family records, claim that he was born in this country, although the different records name different towns, viz., Kittery, Me., Portsmouth, N. H., and Boston, Mass.

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